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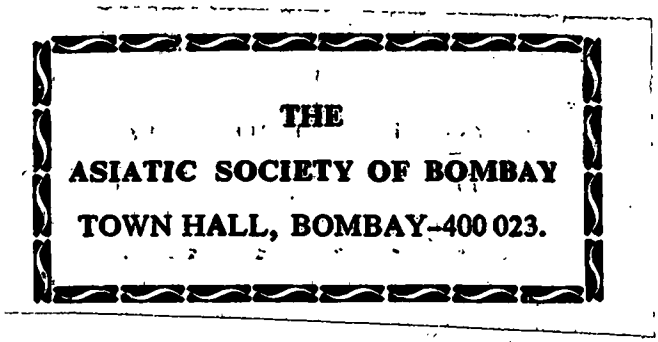

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FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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THE

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

20231

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

1827.

20231

TO

THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIRE,

To your MAJESTY, as the liberal Patron of the Arts and Sciences, as the munificent Contributor to, and Promoter of, every solid and rational improvement, and as the Advancer of that peace, security, and affluence, which incline the minds of your MAJESTY'S loyal, and grateful subjects, to the enjoyment, of all elegant, and enlightened relaxations, (particularly, to those of Literature, and the Drama,) I humbly dedicate the present work.

If I were assured the reminiscence would not be considered either presuming, or supererogatory, I would attempt to recall to your Majesty's recollection, that, during the morn of life, *the Prince of Wales* was the Patron of my first comedy: how doubly grateful then, must now be to my feelings, the gracious permission to dedicate to your MAJESTY, during this, the decline of my life, my first, and probably, last descriptive production; in which, if any single page should revive an agreeable thought, or induce one satisfactory recurrence, in the mind of your MAJESTY, the furthest wishes are fulfilled of,

SIRE,

Your most devoted servant,

And most loyal subject,

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

April 29th, 1826.

ADVERTISEMENT.

My chief motive for writing this book, was to procure for myself that occupation, which my medical advisers prescribed as the only remedy for the severe nervous disease, with which, I was so long afflicted. I trust, however, that, in this attempt to cure myself, I have not annoyed others; at least, I can truly add, no such intention ever even crossed my imagination.

If I have preserved character, that, otherwise, might have sunk into obscurity, (I mean literally *preserved*, not *injured* it,) and if I have rendered those, who were *entertaining* during *their* lives, not *dull* in *my* life, surely, I may hope to be numbered among the many, who have occasionally contributed to the "harmless stock of public amusement."

The subject of this work, not being solely confined to the Drama, but, comprising numerous anecdotes relative to fashionable, legal, and political character, I have been compelled (from the dread of unnecessary length,) to forbear from noticing, or criticising any performer, *now* on the stage. Thus, I trust, I have avoided offending all: but, I beg leave to add, that, having for many of the profession, a most sincere esteem, I lament, that, this necessary rule compels me to pass *them* over in silence.

Having only studied at Westminster School,

the Latin, and *never* the English, grammar, I shall, I fear, gratify one class of readers;—I allude to those, who treating with utter contempt, the matter, character, and spirit of a book, only toil to ascertain whether the *pronoun, adverb, antecedent, participle, et cætera,* be used in their proper places, cases, and tenses.— If, then, these *inexcusable* faults shall be proved to have been committed by me, and if every line shall not be found, "Coldly correct, and critically dull," I can only allege in excuse, that, I have many classical authors to keep me in countenance. Even Addison and Dr. Johnson have their snarlers;* indeed, until there

* As a proof, how much grammatical *Doctors* differ—Vide, *Tooke's Diversions of Purley,* page 408:—

"I imagine the word *for* (whether denominated *Preposition, Conjunction,* or *Adverb*) to be a *Noun,* and to have always one, and the same single signification, viz:—CAUSE, and nothing else. Though Greenwood attributes to it *eighteen,* and S. Johnson, *forty-six* different meanings: for which Greenwood cites above *forty,* and Johnson above *two hundred* instances!"

be an avowed, and allowed, standard, in grammar, even the oldest, and wisest authors, may occasionally fall into error, and thus, give a triumph to those,

"Who catch the author at some *that*, or *therefore*."

Warren-street,
Fitzroy-square,
April 29th, 1826.

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LIFE AND TIMES

OF

FREDERIC REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

INFANCY.

"When a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations."

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Of my ancestry, I am sufficiently ignorant; and luckily, or unluckily for the reader, I cannot trace it to the christian era, or even, to the Norman Conquest. I have heard my grandfather say, that his grandfather was Secretary to Thurloe, Cromwel's Secretary; and had therefore, most probably, an important share in

the infinite, but somewhat fatiguing, honour of transcribing, perhaps, indeed, of aiding to compile, those mighty folios of State Papers, that have often formed the delight of the antiquary and historian. Perhaps this same Reynolds, joining the military to the literary profession, was the man who dispersed the rebels at Burford, in Oxfordshire; and then allied with Jones, (another of the scribbling tribe) defeated the Marquis of Ormond, at Rathmines, near Dublin. He afterwards led over six thousand men for a junction with Turenne, at the siege of Dunkirk: which they took, and delivered to Cromwel after a victory over the Spaniards, at the battle of the Dunes. May, therefore, the reader, for the honour of *his* hero, believe that *this* hero was my ancestor.

Of my grandfather himself, I have very little recollection. He was a rich merchant, living in an independent style at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire. His house was a curiosity, which I will subsequently describe. He himself was a short man, who wore black silk stockings, gold shoe-buckles, huge and massive; a large white bushy bob-wig, partially hiding, rather than hid, by the little smart round hat on its topmost summit; and a full suit of pompadour. Even in that day of absurd masquerade, this dress was singular.

He had a curious, and good-humoured custom of presenting each of his grandsons with a guinea per day, so long as they remained with him; but either from the antiquity of the house, or the furniture, or the strict and formal habits of the inmates, we so completely voted this family mansion the "Tomb of the Capulets," that neither the kindness, nor the liberality of the old gentleman, could ever detain us beyond the third guinea. These are all my recollections of him: that they are not more extensive is no fault of his; he gave us time to stamp his image on our minds, for he lived till he was one hundred years old.

Of his wife I know nothing, she led a life of malady and affliction, and died before my birth. Her brother, Mr. Macey, was a merchant, resident at Lisbon; of him, I shall have frequent occasion to speak.

My grandfather had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son was most prosperous in the profession of architecture; Trowbridge and its neighbourhood, in their bridges and churches, still bear honourable testimony to the extent of his talents.

The daughter, Miss Reynolds, I remember as a prudent and excellent woman, retaining the vestiges of beauty; I recollect also that my

brothers and myself used to be amazingly amused with her immense pockets, in which, by constantly impounding her hands, she purposed, I presume, to prevent others from impounding their contents.

The youngest son (my father) now remains to be mentioned. He was born in 1728. My grandfather having determined that neither of his sons should lead a life of indolence, articled him in early youth to Mr. Pickering, an eminent solicitor. When the term of his clerkship was expired, he entered into business on his own account. In course, at the commencement, his clients were not very numerous; but aided, as he was, by his father's influence, and supported by his money, and his own talents, they rapidly increased. What Johnson says of Savage may most appropriately be applied to him:—"He scarcely ever found a stranger whom he did not leave a friend." He was a thorough bon vivant, friendly, and liberal to excess: dotingly fond of society; of extraordinary humour, and vivacity in conversation; captivating in his manners, and handsome in his person.

A superabundant knowledge of law was not his defect, most certainly: never man with equal success had less. His department was

to procure business; while clerks, neck deep in forensic lore, satisfactorily executed it. Consequently, he was soon on a rapid road to the highest professional eminence.

At this period, he was introduced to Miss West, the daughter of an independent retired merchant in the city. He was admitted on regular lists of courtship, and in a few months the gallant knight was rewarded with the hand of his fair lady, and with what would seem yet fairer to some eyes, a £5,000 dowry.

This sum, a little fortune in those days, I know was paid, because at the back of the marriage settlement, I recollect having read the following receipt in my father's writing :—

"August 12th, 1752. Received the sum of £5,000, being the consideration money for the purposes within mentioned."

Now, as many, in the simplicity of their hearts, may not understand for what "purposes" this "consideration money" was paid, allow me to state that a sale at Cupid's auction mart, is conducted like sales at other marts; viz. by paying a deposit, before the title is inspected.

After his marriage, his clients continued to

increase; till at length producing him an annual income exceeding £3,000, he rented a large house in Lime-street, Fenchurch-street. He likewise bought the villa and estate, called Southbarrow, near Bromley; thinking, that though kindness and attentions were the best fuel for love, a handsome establishment and worldly consideration would not diminish the affections of a young wife.

In the year 1754, my eldest brother Richard was born, and about this period, my father's intimacy with Mr. Wilkes commenced; an intimacy, that most materially influenced his future life.

Four years afterwards, my brother John was born, and in 1760, my brother Robert. There is an opinion among the vulgar, and particularly the religious vulgar, that men's pecuniary means augment proportionably to the wants of an increasing family. This, by my father, seemed verified; for at the birth of the last child, his income exceeded that, at the period of the preceding birth, by at least £300; so that each of us may be said to have been born with an attendant £300.

At length, on November 1st, 1764, was I, Frederic Reynolds, (in the words of Tristram

Shandy) " Gentleman, brought forth into this vile planet of ours, made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest."

I was reared in the lap of luxury, and by one of those unaccountable chances which occasionally occur, I became the favourite of the family, at a period of infancy, when it was impossible I could have manifested either an attractive, or repulsive character. Proving, however, as I advanced in years, to be tolerably good-humoured and lively, this predilection not only continued, but was ultimately confirmed to me.

In 1765, my father had Wilkes for a client, and towards the close of the same year, he was made country solicitor to Lord Chatham. Thus, at the same time, he was the attorney of the minister, and of the minister's most violent opponent; an extraordinary coincidence, comparable only to that of a barrister, who should be counsel for both plaintiff and defendant.

At the same period he obtained the management of all the Grandison estates, both in England and Ireland; of those of Lords King and Verney; the attorneyship in the banks of Haliday and Praede, Coote Purdon and Sayre, and

in two more of the principal in London.—This was the zenith of his prosperity; his annual income must have considerably exceeded £5,000.

The family now consisted, of my father and mother, her sister, (Miss West,) four sons, and also of a nurse, of the name of Morgan, a most faithful and favourite servant; who, having by toleration a voice in the government, both negative and positive, will hereafter form a most important feature in these most eventful volumes. Naturally among so many, there were occasional disagreements, which perhaps ultimately only increased the general cordiality; all, however, carefully refrained from quarrelling with me; and not a squall ever ruffled the sails of the *petit* pet.

My eldest brother was intended for the Bar, and sent to Westminster-school. As for John, my second brother, he was of so eccentric a disposition, nobody knew for what profession to educate him. Even before his birth, the third son (Robert) was devoted to the Church; and I, designed for the Law, but not, like my father, for a "Gentleman one, &c.:"* no, whilst in the cra-

* As Attornies are frequently designated,

dle, I was pronounced competent to the attainment of Silk Gown, Peerage, and Seals.

When I reflect on the political principles I heard inculcated in my youth, it is strange that I did not burst from the egg-shell, a perfect democrat. My father was a member of the society for supporting the Bill of Rights, and numbered amongst his intimates, not only Wilkes, but Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Sayre, Horne Tooke, Lord Mountmorris, and several of the other members. Consequently, our house was a little nest of opposition, where the radicals of the present day, might have heard the whigs of the last, daily and nightly predict the certain and immediate downfal of the nation, that still exists in increasing splendour.

The very first words I was taught to lisp by my nurse, were, "Wilkes and Liberty!"—Frequently, for this purpose, was my little personage placed on the table with the dessert, to intermingle my "hurrahs" for freedom with the diligent mastication of all the fruits and cakes that lay within the circle described by a pair of hands, as active in the pursuit of plunder, as any that ever graced the body of voracious child. Even in a gastronomic society, I should have been regarded as a performer of no small distinction, but in ours, I was admired as a phenomenon,

This epicurean intrepidity, however, soon terminated the exhibition;—the tiny, chubby hands were approximated to the region of the stomach; then followed a face of anguish; and at last the forebodings of the parent, hurried the little disgraced patriot from the theatre of his display, into the nursery.

There, commenced another scene; outcries, mischief, kicking, sobs, and all the other evolutions of a spoiled and froward child, intent on the attainment of an object. At length, as I expected, my pitying mother would ascend, and to sooth me, cry, "Stop, Freddy dear, and I will give you an orange;" roaring still louder, the young Hampden would reply, "Make it *two*, and I will."

Among the following year's events, I can only recollect that my father fought a Colonel, and a common councilman: that he canvassed the electors of Nottingham, with a view to represent them in Parliament, but failed: and that he was made under Sheriff of London, to his friend Sawbridge; in which office his political opinions then insured him a certain popularity.

In my sixth year, the family, I suspect, began to be somewhat weary of their pampered pet; for I was sent to a boarding-school, at Walthamstow, under the direction of Mr. Mac

Farlan, one of the whig historians of the reign of George the Third.—This school, I believe, is still in existence, and in good repute, as preparatory for the public academies.

At this period, my aunt and my mother were bent on removing to the west end of the town. "Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter"—What pleasure can splendour bestow, if there be none, either to censure, envy, or admire it? In their opinions, they were formed for a display in the fashionable world, and would no longer angle for the admiration of citizens, and *nobodies*.

Against this attack, my father for a time resisted nobly. He expressed a certain conviction that a removal from the centre of his connections, would materially diminish his professional income. A friend of mine once informed me, that his grandfather's cousin, had been told by his great-uncle, who had heard from his father, who had been confidently informed by his wife, that there was a traditional story of the existence of a woman, who had allowed herself to be convinced by *argument*. This may be true, but neither my aunt nor my mother, in spite of all their amiable qualities, resembled this female.—After a manful defence of

each individual inch of ground, the vanquished hero was at length driven by the Amazonian army, as far westward, as Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.

After I had been at school about a fortnight, I sent home word by the servant who brought me the common douceurs of cakes, &c. an account of my entire dissatisfaction with the whole scholastic routine; at the same time, insisting on an immediate return. This was authoritative on the part of the pet; and consequently it was debated whether the application should not be wholly rejected. But the female branch again prevailed, and the affair was compromised, by a permission to return for one day.

I found my father relating and complaining of an extraordinary circumstance, that had just occurred to him. He was solicitor to a captain in the army, in a cause against a rich brewer in the city. My father, the captain, the brewer, and several others, had assembled at a tavern in Fenchurch-street, to promote a settlement of the dispute by an arbitration. At a period when the examination appeared advancing unfavourably for the defendant, the door was suddenly burst open, and the brewer's partner

rushed into the room at the head of twelve ruffians armed with pistols. My father regarding himself as a lost man, and watching the triggers with an anxious eye, like another Cæsar, prepared to encounter death in as decent a manner as the brevity of "the warning to quit" would allow. But his hour was not yet come. Without condescending to offer him the slightest annoyance, they passed him as if they were not aware of his presence, and closed and fastened the doors. Then deliberately examining the papers, and selecting those which in a court of law would have most injured the interests of their friend, they quietly departed with them, thinking they had found a summary mode of settling the affair.

But, unfortunately for them, their calculations were incorrect. My father brought an action against the brewers for illegally, and in an outrageous manner, taking and carrying away his papers. The defendants, knowing that no real value could be attached to them beyond that of the paper itself, made sure they should escape. But the judge, in summing up, stating that this cause did not concern Mr. Reynolds alone, but every gentleman connected with the law, the jury returned a verdict, with damages, of £100 for the plaintiff.

Lest any should wonder at the vastness of a memory that can thus accurately repeat events and conversations after the trivial lapse of some fifty years, I will merely mention, before I proceed with the detail of any further minutiæ, that at that period, my eldest brother, Richard, then about eighteen years old, kept a journal, which he continued, with boyish ardour, entering promiscuously every kind of event, till he was of age. When he died, he bequeathed me the bulk of his property, and among his manuscripts I have found the data for the last, and several of the succeeding pages.

The next day I was returned to Mac Farlan's. The unhappiness and discomfort, I there experienced, were not more than I should now conceive to have been the lot of every schoolboy, though then they were to me unequalled. Yet, there are men who refer to the scholastic period, as the happiest of their lives. I will not contradict them, for many of them are of distinguished reputation. "Let each speak of the fair according to his market," says my friend Tristram Shandy. If happiness exist in fundamental castigations for trivial offences; in a diet worse than that of La Trappe; in an envious, restless contemplation of magisterial *gourmandise;* in writhing under petty tyrants;

in a paucity of amusements, and an abundance of coercion, then "Huzza for the life of a schoolboy!"

I did not again return home for several months. At length, as I was one day sitting half sleeping, half crying over "Propria quæ maribus," and "Omne quod exit in um," I was told that I had a visitor. I found below our coachman Harper, who submissively informed Master Frederic, that he was to return with him, and to go in the evening to see Barry act Othello. My heart literally leapt into my mouth as I leapt into the carriage.

The noble, the victorious warrior was personated by this great actor in a full suit of gold laced scarlet, a small cocked hat, knee breeches, and silk stockings conspicuously displaying a pair of gouty legs. As to his wife, then in her zenith of youth and beauty, clad in the fascinating costume of Italy, she looked as captivating, as he, grotesque. But, if during the play my delight was excited, where shall I find words to express its extent, when, at the termination, by Mrs. Barry's desire, I was transferred to a green-coat man, to be initiated in the arcana of the scenes, flies, and green-room. Then amazed, confounded by ecstasy, I was led

into her dressing-room, admiring my conductor, the greasy jackets of the carpenters, and even inhaling with pride the fumes of the lamp snuffs.

I recollect, that after the performance of Othello, I was much surprised by seeing a person put his head through the hole in the green curtain, and facetiously say to the audience, "*Remember me to-morrow;*" on which immediately followed a loud laugh. This person Mrs. Barry informed me was Shuter, the comedian, whose benefit was to take place on the following evening.

To gratify my mother, Mrs. Barry invited me to sup and sleep at her house that night. Before our departure, I received aside a strict maternal injunction to behave with propriety: I vowed faithful obedience, and in all probability meant to perform it; but the moment I entered the carriage all recollections vanished, and I could no longer maintain the decorum of either hands or tongue. The whole of our short journey I was enquiring, whether she were really the identical Desdemona that had just been smothered, or touching her to ascertain the corporeity of her existence. At so distant a period as the present, I cannot de-

cidedly determine the precise feelings that then prompted me; but I can well remember that several times, with a most good-humoured smile, and a slight blush, she checked me, exclaiming, "Barry, what an extraordinary boy this is!"

At that period, they lived in Norfolk-street, Strand; supper was on the table, and according to Barry's invariable custom, after acting, a boiled fowl: Mrs. Barry cut off both the wings, placing the one on her husband's, and the other on my plate. *Trifles* have caused dissensions between more kings and queens than those in theatrical life; unfortunately, mine was the liver wing. By signs and winks, Barry endeavoured to attract his wife's attention, but she was too much engaged by her hospitality to me, to heed him. Barry's visage began to approach the hue it had just worn in Othello, and Desdemona at length discovered this second jealousy of her hero. But the tide of luck in her affairs was that evening on the ebb, or, in plain language, owing to the ardour of my appetite, the moment of rectification had just vanished with the wing of the fowl. Rendered irritable by pain, he made some sharp remark on her neglect, she replied on his gluttony, and they quarrelled.—O curas hominum!—She

rose and quitted the room, and as I followed, "She left," as Bellario says, "a kiss upon my lips, I meant to keep for ever"—That this kiss made a deep impression on my boyish mind, the following lines will shew.

Next day, I returned to school, and my tasks were required of me as usual; but, I was an altered being; I had seen Mrs. Barry, the great Mrs. Barry! Mrs. Barry was never out of my head; she was in my cup at breakfast, my plate at dinner, and my bed at night. I called the gawky house-maid, Mrs. Barry; and when the master asked me to translate "Improbe amor," I answered, "*Cruel Mrs. Barry.*" The consequence was, I was at length flogged; under the birchen influence, my mists vanished as fogs under the sun's, and my sight was restored. Thus, I bore Mrs. Barry's impression on more parts than my lips.

This year, my father held the office of under sheriff, to both Wilkes and Bull; a rare event in civic administration, honours and good fortune raining thus thickly on his head, he began to consider himself a second Midas.

Unfortunately, after events proved, that if there were a resemblance, it did not consist in my good father's turning every thing he touched into gold. Determined by some clever specu-

lation to realize an immediate fortune, he in a very short time commenced and concluded, the purchase of a sugar estate, for £10,000, in Dominica; expecting a harvest of, at least, cent. per cent.

I did not again return home till the holidays; and I remember, that on the day of my arrival, Wilkes was expected to dine with my father. As I had never yet seen him, I immediately anticipated the additional weight and superiority I should acquire in the school, after an interview with a man of such uncommon notoriety.

He was the hero of the populace, and if I had not imagined him in the form of the handsome Gracchus, or of any other of the handsomest whigs of antiquity, the reason was, because I had not even heard of their names; not from the most distant idea of a possibility of Wilkes' person being a point inferior. His forehead was low and short, his nose shorter, and lower; an upper lip long, and projecting, and sunken eyes, squinting to a degree that their lines of vision must have crossed each other, within two inches of the nose. This appearance I did not expect: I was perfectly startled at his ugliness, and with tears in my eyes turned aside to reproach my mother for not having prepared me by a description.—

Wilkes saw what was passing, and advanced towards me and my brother Jack.

"Ugly as you think me, little gentlemen," he exclaimed with pretended anger, "there are people who are rash enough to assert that in affairs of gallantry, my victories are not *ten minutes* behind those of the handsomest men in England. So henceforth, be not seduced by first impressions. Do you not acquiesce in my advice, ladies?" turning towards my aunt and my mother.

They answered in the affirmative. He took me by the hand, patted my head and smiled, somewhat disagreeably in truth; but so all-powerful are the effects of a conciliating address, and polished manners, that in five minutes I could not conceive why I had been so startled; and in less than the time specified by the *rash* people he had mentioned, the whole party were internally convinced of the truth of their assertion. Here is encouragement for gallant male laiderons.*

He talked much of his domestic affairs, and

* Another time Wilkes said, "That he required a fortnight to talk away his face." But to have formed an opinion of him from his house, any person would have imagined that his own sentiments with regard to his person, were very different,—for it was all looking-glass. Not satisfied with large and small mir-

said, that though of the established religion, he had frequented sectarian meetings, for a considerable time after his marriage; "consequentially of my repentance for that offence you suppose," he added, with a smile to my aunt and my mother. Then, speaking of his travels, he told us, that when at Naples, his majesty giving a grand dinner party, he, among other foreigners, was invited. For several reasons, he was anxious to be present. In the first place, it would have afforded an admirable opportunity of reconciling himself with our ambassador,

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rors in every part of the room, the panels of the doors were lined with the same material: so that though, according to the wish of the philosopher of old, he had not a glass in his breast to inform *others* of his actions, he had surrounding him, a sufficiency to repeat them to *himself*.

The house to which I allude, was at Kensington Gore, where to a party, seldom exceeding three or four intimate friends, he used to give the most exquisite little dinners that can well be imagined. His custom was to have no more than one dish placed on the table at a time; by which means the succeeding course was always produced hot. He was always attended by female servants. Wilkes, imagining that his conversation was less liable to be repeated by them, than by the males: on what principle he acted, I cannot venture to determine; but perhaps, being so surrounded by mirrors, on that, of the old French proverb, "The mind of a woman is like a *mirror*, which receives every impression, but retains none."

with whom he was slightly embroiled; but perhaps, after all, the principal inducement was his desire to see the Marchesa, Charles' beautiful mistress, who was that day to preside.

Living in the country, at the house of one of the noblesse, he found, on entering the city walls, that he was considerably after his time. On this, he redoubled his speed, till observing the rapid gathering of the clouds, and threatening appearance of the sky, he left the open carriage he was driving to the care of his servants, and called a vettura; expressing his haste and anxiety to the driver. He had only just entered it, when, according to his expectation, suddenly fell a most violent shower of rain. The vettura, which had hitherto proceeded most rapidly, at this moment turned into a covered court-yard.

"This is not the King's Palace?" cried Wilkes, interrogatively, gazing around him. "No, Signor," replied il vetturino.

"Then, why do you stop?"

"La piógga," rejoined the vetturino, pointing to the rain.

Wilkes imperiously desired him to proceed; but he flatly refused, stating that vetturas never moved in the rain.

"You scoundrel!" cried Wilkes, "and only to move in the rain I hired you."

"Molto singolare," replied the man with a look of surprise.

"In England, if you refused, you would be imprisoned."

"Molto singolare," replied the man.

"In England, none but children and cats fear water," added Wilkes, in the hope of shaming him.

"Una nazione eretica, molto singolare,"* replied the man, in the same monotonous tone of surprise; and snow, almost a miracle in that country, beginning to fall, he fell also; and on his knees, with vehement devotion, ran through his whole vocabulary of patronizing saints. Wilkes, almost mad with passion, stamped, roared, raged, and reviled; threatened him with the inquisition, its tortures, and its officials. But a Neapolitan receives all the "brutto's!" and "bestia's!" that are showered on him with inimitable sang froid; at "briccone!" (rascal!) he only shakes his ears; and every other species of abuse, and indignity comes as a part of the day's endurance, save a blow; which,

* An heretical, and most whimsical nation.

as no man, who did not desire six inches of an Italian knife in his breast would dare to inflict, even Wilkes was obliged to withhold. So, il vetturino calmly pursued his devotions, till the brightening sky induced him to proceed.

But the dinner hour had passed with the storm, and when he arrived at the palace, the gates were closed. For a moment, with longing eye, he gazed on the too opaque walls, picturing the gaiety of the interior, the Marchesa's beauty, and the innumerable advantages of the ambassador's patronage. At last, he tore himself away, cursing himself, vetturas, drivers, Naples, and Neapolitans; and vowing as a sacrifice to his spleen, that the dirt, the heat, the flies, the plague, the fiddlers, monks, and lazzaroni, gave him a right to read the famous proverb on their gate, "Vedi Napoli, e poi mori," —"Vedi Napoli, e poi *morrai.*"*

The conversation then turning on his duel with Lord Talbot, and on different events in his political career, he related several particulars. He certainly was a man of the coolest courage, and perhaps, really meriting the application of

* That their famous proverb, "See Naples, and then die," ought to be read, "See Naples, and then *you will* die."

that frequently misemployed dubious term, *brave*. What, indeed, is bravery? The soldier, who gallantly dares death in the field of battle, would probably tremble in the tossed boat of the intrepid fisherman, calmly staking his life against that of a mackarel, or a salmon. The wretch who will boldly murder his fellow man for his two dollars, would yet shrink from the sack of an East Indiaman, through the medium of a naval engagement. The interesting female, who faints at the sight of blood, or, of a runaway horse, yet courts a certain death by her attendance on the contagious disease of her infant; while her valiant husband shuns his own offspring, to preserve that very life he would have fearlessly risked in a duel.—Yet, is not each of these persons brave? Yes; but each is a coward. Who then is really *brave?* Is the boy brave, who in love with the appellation, jumps from a first floor window to acquire it? Is the man brave, who gulps destruction in a pint of brandy, for the gain of a paltry wager? Is the suicide brave? No; to whom then does this anomalous term really apply? I should answer,—to that man who, with a proper consciousness of the value of his life, yet dare risk it, in defence of his principles.

Whether Wilkes was, or was not this man, I do not feel myself competent to decide. After his duel with Lord Talbot, he wrote an account of it, to his patron, Lord Temple. Of this account, at a more recent period, he presented copies to several of his friends, and amongst them, he gave one to my father. From this most candid and amusing detail, a few extracts will enable the reader to deduce his own opinions.

In the North Briton of 1762, Wilkes wrote what Hogarth would call a "*caricatura*" paragraph on Lord Talbot, and his horse; in which there was not a word injurious to his Lordship's character, though there might have been to his vanity. A few days afterwards, Lord Talbot wrote to Colonel Wilkes, demanding in *haut en bas* terms, whether he was the author. To this Wilkes replied, "requesting to know by what authority he is thus questioned." This answer is ingeniously construed by Lord Talbot into "a declaration before men of truth and honour, that he occasionally assisted the paper, called the North Briton, with his pen;" and therefore, "any person by name, ridiculed in such an hebdomadal performance, has a right to ask the occasional avowed writer, if he were the author of the offending paper."

To this, Wilkes replies, "that still being sufficiently unfortunate as to be ignorant of his lordship's right to interrogate, he cannot answer him; though he would any man, who might have had the curiosity to put the question in a civil manner."

Lord Talbot then sent him a challenge, by Colonel Berkeley, afterwards Lord Bottetout; with whom Wilkes fixed the place of meeting, at the Red Lion Inn, at Bagshot.

"I there found," he says in his letter, "Lord Talbot, in an agony of passion. He said, that I had injured him; that I had insulted him; that he was not used to be injured or insulted; what did I mean? Did I, or did I not, write the North Briton of August twenty-first? He would know; he insisted on a direct answer; here were his pistols!"

"I calmly remonstrated on this behaviour, and told him that I would never resolve his question, till he had proved his right to put it; that I was a private English gentleman, who obeyed with pleasure a gracious sovereign, but would never submit to the dictates of a fellow-subject, a Lord Steward of his Household; my superior indeed in rank, fortune, and abilities, but only my equal in honour, courage, and liberty."

"Lord Talbot then asked me, if I would fight immediately? I replied, that I understood the appointment was to sup together that evening, and fight in the morning; and, consequently, I had postponed business of much importance until the present moment. I added, that I was just come from Medenham Abbey,* where the jovial monks of St. Francis had kept me up till four in the morning; that the world would therefore conclude I was drunk, and form no favourable opinion of his Lordship, should he kill me under these circumstances."

"His Lordship still however persisted, that

* A large house on the banks of the Thames, formerly a convent of Cistertian monks. It was hired by several well known fashionable and political characters, as a house for revels, of which strange stories have been told. On the entrance porch was written in large letters, "Fais ici ce que tu voudras;"—and, at the end of the room, was a full-sized picture of the Medicean Venus, with one of the club, habited as a monk, kneeling at her feet in an attitude of adoration. I have heard a story of two or three of the members conspiring together, and one night dropping a chimney sweeper, and a quantity of soot, (from the ceiling of the vaulted room, where they had effected a concealed aperture,) full on the banquet table, during the very summit of the orgies of their companions. Half blinded by the soot, and confounded by their intemperance, all voted their new acquaintance to be the devil; and on their knees, these valiant heroes attempted to conciliate the trembling and astonished sweep. Of similar stories, but more ridiculous, there is an endless variety.

we should terminate the affair immediately: so, seeing that I could not alter his determination, I rang for pen, ink, and paper, to settle my private concerns. I then proposed to lock the door of the room, that the affair might be concluded without the possibility of an interruption. To this, Lord Talbot violently objected, declaring that I was a wretch, who sought his life, and would be hanged, &c. Berkeley and Harris (the two seconds) were both surprised. I asked, whether I was to be first killed and then hanged? That I knew I fought his Lordship with a halter about my neck; and if he fell, I would not tarry for the tender mercies of the ministry, but make my way to France, where men of honour were sure of protection."

"He seemed affected by this, and said, I was an unbeliever, that wished to be killed. I could not help smiling at this, and replied, that we did not meet at Bagshot to settle articles of religion, but points of honour. I then finished my various letters, relative to Miss Wilkes, &c.; and told Lord Talbot I was entirely at his service, again begging that we might decide the affair in the room. But on this point he was inexorable: and moving towards the door, asked me how many times we should fire. I told him, I left the number to his choice; I

had brought a flask of powder, and a bag of bullets."

"Ourseconds then charged his Lordship's pistols, and we walked to a garden, some distance from the house. It was nearly seven, and the moon shone very brightly: we stood about eight yards apart, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to remain facing each other. Harris gave the word, both our fires were in exact time, but neither took effect: I then walked up to Lord Talbot, and told him that I *now* avowed the paper. His Lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage, and said, that I was one of the noblest creatures God ever created. He then desired that we might be good friends, and drink a bottle together; which we did, with much good-humour and laughter." Thus, did Wilkes conduct himself, according to his own statement; a statement, by which, though Lord Talbot may be censured for hastiness, he must be lauded for intrepidity and generosity.

Perhaps, of all the innumerable opinions that have been passed on Wilkes, that of Horace Walpole most accurately estimates the extent of his talents, when he says, that, "though Nicolo Rienzi, Massaniello, and others, attained a greater elevation, yet, that with an equal rashness, and after provoking and

insulting the whole Scottish nation, Wilkes should not only have escaped their various attempts to destroy him; but without any pretence to gravity or decorum, have mounted, like the most sober citizen, all the steps of magistracy, to the first and most lucrative employment in the city, baffles all reasoning, and will for ever distinguish him from other meteors of his class."

Now again, I must return to my own deeds, and misdeeds. After this interview, I became so great a little person, that the house was scarcely large enough to hold me. No spoiled child, ever encroached more on kindness and indulgence than I. Even the monarchy of my father could not secure him from the teasing of his rebellious favourite. In fact, ours was an aristocratical government, where the peeresses of the family claiming a vote, my faults never sought palliation in vain.

My grandmother, on my mother's side, at this time, desiring to see me, my father was not sorry to avail himself of the opportunity of ridding the house of me, for the remainder of the school vacation. Caprice being a component of a pet, he was not more eager for my departure, than I; so the following day I quitted home, bearing in my pocket, a written promise

from my mother, that I should prove a most agreeable and entertaining boy.

My grandmother's name was West. She had a good fortune, and resided in a large house, facing Montpellier Row, Twickenham. She was a most good-humoured and excellent old lady; a very devotee in all the pursuits of genteel senility. Her house was a perfect curiosity shop;—Indian bonzes, Chinese josses, shells, scraps of virtu, squalling parrots in smart lackered cages, tame cats, and mumming monkeys. Add to this description that, excessive neatness and care were universally conspicuous, from the extra polish on the stoves, to that, on the face of the shining lap-dog: that, piping shepherds, dancing shepherdesses, attitudinizing Cupids, and similar nicknackeries in china ware, together with gold fish in huge globular basins, and various other frangible ornaments and disfigurements, stood on brackets, or lined the chimney-pieces; and that, the arrangement of the whole *derangement* was so methodical, that the minutest alteration in the position of a shell, or a scent bottle, would have ensured an immediate detection—imagine, then, the importation of a rude and noisy boy into the midst of the establishment.

Elected by suffrage and courtesy, my grand-

mother reigned queen of all the card-players of that card-playing place. To such excess was this infatuation carried, that the four old maids of Montpellier Row, her principal subjects, were chiefly known in the neighbourhood, by the names of *Manille*, *Spadille*, *Basto*, and *Punto*.

Every night, they assembled at one of their houses in succession; and on the first of every month, each also took her turn to give a grand party. I arrived on the last day of December, and the next night, in honour of the new-year, a fête of more than usual splendour was to be given by my grandmother. An unlucky period for a debut like mine.

The evening at length arrived, and its principal attraction was Mrs. Clive, the celebrated actress, who having retired from the stage on a handsome competency, rented a villa on the banks of the Thames, of Horace Walpole, adjacent to his own seat of Strawberry Hill, and in the immediate vicinity of Twickenham. Owing to her amazing celebrity as comic actress, and as, during her long theatrical career, calumny itself had never aimed the slightest arrow at her fame, honest Kate Clive (for so she was familiarly called) was much noticed in the neighbourhood. Yet, from her eccentric dis-

position, strange, uncertain temper, and frank blunt manner, Mrs. Clive did not always go off with quite so much eclât in private as in public life; particularly, if she happened to be crossed by that touchstone of temper, gaming.

Were I to live a thousand years, I never should forget the stately dulness and formality of this antiquated party. Nothing was heard, above the sipping and gurgling of tea, but whispering comparisons on their losses and gains at cards, congratulations on the others, and their own, "extreme good looks," and mutual informations on the state of the weather. Some admired the parrots, and patted the dogs, while others displayed their ignorance in learned disquisitions on the Indian bonzes, and Chinese josses.

Among the first that entered from Montpellier Row, were *Manille, Spadille, Basto,* and *Punto.* Huge caps, and little heads; rouged faces, white wigs; compressed waists, extended hips, and limping gaits, were the characteristics of this antediluvian quartetto. At sight of them, whether from astonishment, fear, or laughter, the cup, from which I was drinking, slipt from my grasp, into the lap of a lady next me. Here was confusion! All the stately corpses immediately came to life, buzzing about

the scene of disaster. The lady screamed that she was scalded; I blushed, and begged pardon, and my grandmother almost wept over the fragments of one of her choicest cups.

As soon as tranquillity and formality were again restored, quadrille was proposed, and all immediately took their stations, either as players or betters. Impelled by my dramatic propensity, I stationed myself close to Mrs. Clive; now mentally giving the preference to her, and now to Mrs. Barry. Of this occupation, however, I soon began to weary, and closing my eyes, uttered a loud and protracted yawn. Then approaching *Manille and Co.*, I tweedled their chairs and their gowns, mixed their tricks by hunting for the court cards, and stole snuff from their boxes, which I continued to cram up my nose, till I had induced a fit of sneezing, violent enough to threaten the destruction of every ligament in my little frame. Then, the paroxysm finished, more wearied than ever, I began to yawn again. In course, all these various manœuvres drew on me the black looks of my grandmother; but unhappy that I was, my destiny led me to merit yet blacker, before the close of the evening.

It did not require much discrimination, or knowledge of the game, to discover the loser

from the winner. I soon observed Mrs. Clive's countenance alternately redden, and turn pale; while her antagonist vainly attempted the suppression of a satisfaction that momentarily betrayed itself, in the curling corners of her ugly mouth, and in the twinkling of her piggish eyes. At this sight, Mrs. Clive's spleen seemed redoubled. At last, her Manille went, and with it, the remnants of her temper. Her face was of an universal crimson, and tears of rage seemed ready to start into her eyes. At that very moment, as Satan would have it, her opponent, a dowager, whose hoary head and eyebrows were as white as those of an Albiness, triumphantly and briskly demanded payment for the two black aces.

"Two black aces!" answered the enraged loser, in a voice, rendered almost unintelligible by passion; "here, take the money, though, instead, I wish I could give you *two black eyes, you old white cat!*"—accompanying the wish with a gesture, that threatened a possibility of its execution.

The stately, starched old lady, who in her eagerness to receive her winnings, had half risen from her chair, astounded at her reception, could not have sank back into it with more dismay, if she had really received a blow.

She literally closed her eyes, and opened her mouth; and for several moments thus remained, fixed by the magnitude of her horror.

The words sounded through the room, with an awful clearness of articulation, that fixed every guest, (like the stone subjects of the King of the Black Isles,) in the action of the previous moment. One old lady's hand stuck midway between her snuff-box and her nose; while "*Basto,*" who had turned the cock of a lemonade urn, stood abstractedly staring, as the fluid overflowed her glass, then the tray, and at last the floor.

At this sight, or rather combination of sights, I never shall forget my delight; it seemed to accumulate in despite of myself, until totally unable longer to retain it, I burst into a loud and continued laugh. This sound, that at any time would have been scaring to ears unaccustomed, for at least half an age, to any audible expression of gratification above that of a whimpering and accordant titter, now by its strong contrast with their stilly horror, was rendered terrific. Recovering herself with dignity, my grandmother advanced, and with imperial frowns, expressed her commands for an immediate silence, in vain—like an alarum, whose spring once removed, will not cease till un-

wound, so my risible machinery once set in motion, was only to be stopped by satiety. In fact, I remained roaring with increasing glee, till a hand was placed on my shoulder, and I was genteely turned out of the room.

The conclusion of the evening may be imagined. I was put to bed; Mrs. Clive, treated with cold and averted looks, left the card-table, and shortly afterwards the house; and the polite buzzing, and gambling continued till an early hour of the morning. In spite, however, of her strange and eccentric demeanour, there was both benevolence and good sense in Mrs. Clive; as the following extract (though not a masterpiece of orthography, or punctuation)from one of her letters to George Colman, the elder, on the death of his wife, will exemplify:—

"There is nothing to be said on these Melancholly occations To a person of understanding—fools Can not *feel* people of sence *must* and *will*, and when they have Sank their spirits till they are ill will find that nothing but submission can give any Consolation to Ineveitable missfortunes."*

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* Vide "Posthumous Letters, with annotations, and occasional remarks, by George Colman, the younger,"—a very valuable theatrical publication.

The next day, I was returned as a bad bargain; with a verbal message, signifying that I was not found quite so agreeable and entertaining as expected.

At this time, occurred, I think, the quarrel between the Antony and Octavius of their day, Horne Tooke and Wilkes. The principal cause was, whether Wilkes should, or should not, make my father Town Clerk, when the situation should be vacated by the death of Sir James Hodges, then a hale and hearty man.

The dissensions of these ambitious rivals, like those of the above-mentioned Antony and Octavius, led to a dreadful civil war. So far, the comparison is good. The old quarrel led to the loss of the world, myriads of men, and oceans of blood. But here the comparison ends, for nothing was lost in the modern contest but time, myriads of foolscap, and oceans of ink.

A most abusive and derogatory correspondence was published in the Public Advertiser; in which, each party displayed talents for vituperation of no common order. Horne Tooke writes that the following conversation occurred a few months before, between him and Wilkes Wilkes says, "I think I ought to conside

something about providing for my friends, and preparing candidates for the city offices. Give me your opinion; who, do you think, should be town clerk?"—"Why, is Sir James Hodges dead?"—"No, but he is not very young, nor in very good health, and one ought to be provided against accidents." Tooke then objects; "That the man who might be proper one year, might be very improper the next."—"All this may be very true in theory," Wilkes replies, "but Reynolds has done so much for me, and is every day doing so much for me, that I think he ought to be fixed upon as Town Clerk."

To this, Tooke responds in the most decided manner, "that in his opinion the last man in the city that should be selected for such an office, had been fixed on." He then adds, "That shortly afterwards, I repeated to Mr. Reynolds the arguments I had used about him to Mr. Wilkes; and Mr. Reynolds told me he was convinced by what I had said, and should think no more of it." To this, my father publicly replied, denying every syllable of the other's assertion. Then Tooke rejoins with an insinuation of falsehoods, and dolorous comments "on the ignorance and presumption of such men as Mr. Reynolds."

Then Wilkes again enters, asserting that my

father, "was Tooke's sole benefactor," and that "no courtier seems more to enjoy the luxury of exaggerating, than the minister of New Brentford." Tooke replies, that the canon law only requires *seventy-four* witnesses to convict a cardinal of fornication; but not the *whole population* of God's earth could induce Mr. Wilkes to acknowledge himself guilty."

After additional mutual reproach and contumely, they at length abandoned this singular controversy, about, not only the Town Clerkship, but as Junius says, "old clothes—a Welch pony—a French footman—and a hamper of claret."

Thus, my father lost his place, according to the New Brentford minister's account, "through my zeal for the public weal." But the real cause of his opposition arose, it is supposed, from a personal antipathy to my father, because as one of the members of the society for supporting the Bill of Rights, he had, in conjunction with Sir John Bernard, Lord Mountmorris, Wilkes, and several others, negatived Tooke's motion for a supply of £500, to Bingley the printer, then under prosecution.

Political, like theatrical squabbles, are usually however of short duration; violent at the time,

but when the reconciliation comes, as Sheridan says, "their unanimity is wonderful." My father and Tooke, soon became as intimate as ever; and he again frequently dined with us, at the Adelphi, or at Southbarrow.

I remember his saying to my father, who, according to his "custom in the afternoon," was pushing about the bottle, "Reynolds, you will soon be able to boast, like the Kentish gentleman, that you have drunk as much wine as would float a seventy-four." To which, my father retorted in the same strain; and then added, that it was high time for him to reform, and take a wife. "Whose wife?" he asked, in his dry, cool manner; that while it made others laugh, supported the correctness of Wilkes' assertion, "That the parson never laughed."

With all his faults, however, he certainly was a most extraordinary man, and gained many popular rights. To him, newspapers are indebted for the freedom, with which they now report parliamentary speeches. He was also, the founder of a school, as much characterized by its inflexibility, its erudition, and its sarcasm, as by its want of imagination, feeling, and humour.

About this period, John, my second brother,

was seized with a cacoethes scribendi, and wrote a poem, called "*The Indian Scalp, a Canadian Tale.*" I, who was his bed-fellow, have particularly good reason to remember it. My mother allowing us no light in the room, Jack, who composed by night as well as by day, would frequently smack and shake me, till I awaked, to hear the pompous recitation of ten or a dozen lines, interlarded with repetitions and corrections. Then he would exclaim, with the most enviable self-satisfaction, "There Fred, what do you think of it? Is not *that*, the *true inspiration?*"

When he had repeated them sufficiently often in his opinion, to stamp them verbatim on my memory, he would turn on his side, and resume his sound sleep; leaving me from a dread of punishment in the morning, to con over the "true inspiration" all night. When he had once, in the middle of a dark December night, composed the following verses, he was so elated, and manifested so turbulent a joy, that he alarmed my father and mother, who slept in an adjoining room. To the anxious replies of maternal solicitude, he responded, con spiritu:—

"The stranger, and their crew, then storm'd the boat,
And all *at once* jump'd in, and all *at once* jump'd out."

He then added, con anima, sotto voce,

"He died, and left a paper that was seal'd,
But open'd, oh! the whole account reveal'd!"*

Wilkes, and his daughter, who were then on a visit at our house, were amazingly entertained by my mother's account of this circumstance in the morning. Wilkes was then, certainly, one of the most popular men in England, and consequently had an easy part to play in the drama of life.

The slightest condescensions from him, were esteemed by us boys, as adequate to continued services from another, and to even his most sarcastic remarks, we should not have ventured a reply. But his jokes were, naturally so good-humoured, and so artfully veiled from their object, that while he almost convulsed others with laughter, he completely won the heart of the author of the "*Indian Scalp.*"

As for me, I believe on his departure, I must have sunk under "a green and yellow melan-

* This poem was soon afterwards published by Fourdrinier, of Fleet-street.

choly," had not his daughter, on whom he doted, and with whom he constantly corresponded, remained.* This young lady, had in her possession, several entertaining jeux d'esprit, and memoranda of her father. Among them, I recollect the following:—Dr. Johnson, in the principles of etymology, prefixed to his Dictionary, asserts, that "H seldom, perhaps never, begins any, but the first syllable."—Shortly after the publication of this novel, orthographical doctrine, Wilkes sent the Doctor this ingenious and amusing badinage:—

"The *p-hilosop-her w-ho* so *rig—htly* made

* During this visit of Miss Wilkes, I daily went out shooting alone; and never winging, even by accident, a hedge sparrow, I was much ridiculed. One day, however, advancing up the lawn, laden with a large kite, which I had shot in a neighbouring field, Miss Wilkes, and the whole family, expressed their astonishment, and highly praised this great sportsmanlike feat.—As may be supposed, I swaggered most prodigiously, but not long; for our neighbour Mr. Hankey, the banker, soon entered the parlour in a great rage, and demanded satisfaction; stating, that his tame favourite kite had strayed from his garden, and that I had been seen to *murder* it, at five yards distance.—"Guilty, upon my honour;" but, as I had thought it a bird of prey, I could only say, (as the Italian lover said to the quiet stranger, whom, mistaking for a rival, he had killed on the spot)—"I beg your pardon!"

t-his remark must have been a *p-hilologist, w-ith* a *c-hoice, t-houg-htful,* and *compre-hensive* genius, and a mind *in-herently appre-hensive* and *pit-hy.*"

The abashed *lexicograp-her* for many years, neither forgot nor forgave this playful attack.

At the close of my holidays, I was again returned to school. Though then ten years old, and with a perfect recollection of many anterior events, I can only remember the names of two of my schoolfellows,—the present Judge Parke and Turquand, afterwards a prosperous merchant. The late Mr. Degville was my dancing-master, and taught me country dances and Cotillons, till roused by ambition, I desired to figure in a Pas Seul. I wrote to my mother, and the kind lady, as usual, granted my request. In the next month, I danced a hornpipe, and truly, in a most capital style; for it so *turning out,* that my toes *turned in,* I appeared to be as fitly made for this agile performance as the little fantoccini hero himself, who was then exhibiting, and recherché by half the fashion, and canaille of London.

In the spring of the year 1774, I was summoned from school, in order to make a tour through Sussex and Kent, with my father and my aunt. During it, I perfectly remember the two

following boyish, blundering occurrences. First, at Petworth, when viewing the Statue Gallery, I saw a plaster bust of Democritus, moulded from the antique. So much struck was I, with the laughing physiognomy of the philosopher, that unable to keep my hands off him, I gave him a familiar slap on the face; in return, he nodded, then tottered, fell, and scarcely left "a wreck behind." Lord Egremont's servants could scarcely keep their hands *off me*, while my aunt, as usual, exclaimed—"What a funny boy Fred is!"

The second was at Tunbridge Wells; where I insisted on going to the ball, and entered the room, even before the fiddlers. However, they soon arrived, and the orchestra being out of repair, they seated themselves on raised benches, at the bottom of the room. Then followed Mr. Tyssen, the master of the ceremonies, who, to my great delight, advanced towards my father, and shook him by the hand. "Ho, ho!—now I shall cut a figure," thought I; and at the termination of the first country dance, I begged permission to occupy the interval, till the commencement of the second, by my entertaining hornpipe. This, however, to my utter astonishment, was voted too ridiculous, and to my yet

greater astonishment, my father presumed to scold me for the request.

I immediately sulked, and muttering, "Why then did I learn a hornpipe?" grandly withdrew from him, and flung myself on the extremity of one of the long ball-room forms, on which rested a coquetting belle and beau. They, disturbed by this "un de trop," suddenly rising, the equilibrium was lost, and one end of the form descending under my weight, precipitated me on the floor; while the other, "like a tall bully reared its head," circumvolved for a moment, over the heads of the terrified dancers, then paused, as if debating what was the next course to be pursued; at length, the point settled, it deliberately pitched with a tremendous crash among the fraternity of fiddles and fiddlers. Now then, who exclaimed, what a funny boy Fred is? Not even my aunt, for shame had made her vanish from the scene of disgrace. Abashed, tearful, with cheeks red as a fashionable dowager's, I rose from the floor to be called "*pest!*" instead of "*pet!*" and "*little devil!*" instead of "*little darling!*" In short, I was fairly hooted and hissed, for the first time in my life, but as future pages will evince, certainly not, for the *last*.

Pope says of Dryden, "Virgilium tantùm vidi;" so I may say of Dr. Johnson. One morning, shortly after our return, he called on my father concerning some law business, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where I and my three brothers, eager to see, and still more eager to say we had seen, the leviathan of literature, soon followed. All were, or affected to appear, struck with awe, except my brother Jack; who having just published his "*Indian Scalp*," was most anxious to elicit the Doctor's opinion. Accordingly, he seated himself close to him, and began:

"Any news in the literary world, Sir?"

"Sir!" cried the Doctor.

"Anything new, Doctor, I say, in the literary world?" continued the unhesitating poet.

"Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall; of what you *may* understand; but not a word on literature."

We all smiled aside; but the author was omnipotent in Jack's mind, and, scarcely ruffled, he returned to the charge.

"Have you heard of a new poem, Sir?"—(No answer.) "A new poem, Sir?—A new poem, Sir, called"(with rising confusion)"called —'*the Indian Scalp*,'—rather—I believe," (con-

fusion increasing,) "I believe it is tolerably—well spoken of.—You don't know who wrote it, Doctor?"

"No, but I do," cried I, eagerly seizing the opportunity of making myself conspicuous in my turn; "don't I, Jack?—Indeed, Sir, he awakened me so many nights, and taught me so many verses, that, if you like, I can repeat you almost the whole poem, Sir, with the same rapidity and facility with which he wrote it."

"*Facilis* descensus Averni," muttered the Doctor, and then added, in an authoritative tone, "ring the bell, one of you, ring the bell," and the servant was ordered to summon my father, on whose appearance, the Doctor formally arose, and said—

"When next I call here, Sir, shew me where there is *civilization*—not into your *menagerie*."

Almost immediately afterwards he left us; Jack and I muttering, as he departed, "What a brute!"

The conclusion of this memorable day, is too characteristic of the family, to be omitted in this description.

About seven in the evening, my father's carriage drove to the door, empty. My mother expressing surprise, sent for the coachman, and asked him, who had ordered it. "Master

Frederic, Ma'am."—"Frederic, who gave you permission to order the carriage?"—"Myself," I replied, pertly; "I intend to go to Ranelagh this evening." I need not mention the storm that ensued.

This was the first serious rebuff I had encountered in my characters of pet and pest, and of such salutary service was it to me, that, in my next Chapter, I hope to make my debut in a better line.

CHAP. II.

SCHOOL DAYS, AND BOYHOOD.

"Bella, horrida bella."
MOTTO OF LORD LISLE.

On the termination of the vacation at Mac Farlane's, and at the age of eleven, I was sent to Westminster School. Now comes the first period, thoroughly within the unclouded compass of my memory; the former is principally a recollection of relations, so frequently repeated in the family, that I almost fancy I remember the realities.

Westminster was then, what it is now; not

only in its fashion, but in its system of education. Latin, Latin—Greek, Greek, and the measurement of verses were our sole themes, morning, noon, and night. Every other thing has changed, either for the better or worse; but this, (both building and principles,) remains in statu quo. If Queen Elizabeth were to raise her head from the tomb, and, with astonished eyes, search for an old acquaintance, she would recognize but one, I think, and that one would be Westminster School.

This subject leads me to the consideration of a question that has been frequently discussed, viz.; whether a public or private education be the more beneficial to youth. Having repeatedly witnessed the effects of each, I can speak with some experience on the subject.

For boys, who have little property, and to whom an intimacy with the great may lead to friendship, and, possibly, to preferment in their professions, a public education is peculiarly adapted, and may well merit the additional expenditure, as in their circumstances, their motto must be—"Neck, or nothing."

For boys, heirs to rank and property, a public education gives that confidence and general knowledge, that prepare them for their entry

into the world; and obviates the necessity of exposing them to the dangerous compliances of an obsequious private tutor, which excite their vanity, and repress all emulation.

But for the young man with a small income, yet large enough to remove the stimulus of poverty from his studies, a public education is apt to engender habits above his station; and in the prime of life, he finds himself in the world with no profession, slender acquirements, and a fortune totally inadequate to the views and pursuits he has contracted from his aristocratic associates.

To boys of great fortune, therefore, and boys of no fortune, a public education may be the more fitting. To those in the middle stations of life, in my opinion, it cannot be otherwise than injurious.

But to resume my narrative, I must by way of prologue premise, that though there has been no change in education, there has been so extraordinary an alteration in men and manners, since the period of my entrance at Westminster School, that, unless I were slightly to prepare the present generation, for the wild odd incidents of the last, they would lay down my book, exclaiming, "mad author, mad composition!"

In my youthful days, the feature of the times, was love of fun, and eccentricity; which, ridiculous as it may appear, died when the *powder tax* commenced. Character and dress go hand in hand, and whilst the gay decorated head, marking the difference between lord and groom, lady and housemaid, gave a cheerful tone to society; the present republican cropt system, not only levels all personal distinction of rank, but casting a sort of presbyterian gloom, makes us confess, that though now, perhaps, more "*moral*," we might once have been more "*entertaining*." Probably, I mistake effects for causes, and the dulness is the cause of the crop, not the crop of the dulness; but, kind reader, bear with the whims of an *old soldier*.

On my entrance at Mac Farlane's, my dress having by its simplicity failed to impress due notions of my consequence on the minds of my school-fellows, I prevailed on my mother (unknown to my father and brothers) to equip me now, in one of more fashion and splendour. She, however, being unwell, deputed the superintendance of the whole arrangements to my thrifty nurse, who, with many a struggle between her affection for me, and her reverence for the yellow god, after various manœuvres, at length completed, entirely to her own satisfac-

tion, a smart, pleasing suit. I, also, at first, considered myself strikingly fashionable, but at length some doubts passing through my mind, I threw over the whole a rough Bath great-coat.

Thus arrayed, on the evening of the 10th of October, every sail set, and every colour flying, I was launched, and started for Jones' Boarding House, in Dean's Yard; the mistress of which had assured my mother, she would pay me every care and attention. However, to illustrate the proverb "store is no sore," and as an additional protection against the attacks of adversity, I was armed by my brother Richard, (who had just quitted Westminster,) with letters of recommendation, to the care and kindness of Lord Buckinghamshire, and another *great* boy.

Confident of success, I expected a reception of the warmest description. My expectations were realized; my reception was hot indeed! On my entrance into the common room, I found a vast number of boys engaged in a violent theatrical contest, concerning the allotment of parts in a farce they purposed to perform. One party insisted on "*Love à la Mode;*" whilst the other objected, because there was no Jew in the company. Pleased and unobserved I stood listening, until suddenly catching

their eyes, with a loud halloo, and a cry of "New boy! new boy!" they surrounded and seized me. Then mounting me on the table, they all at once exclaimed, "Which of us will you fight?"—I, supposing they jested, replied, "Any of you."

"Oh, oh! you will, will you?" cried a little tiger-faced brat about my own size; "then here goes!"

Off went his coat in an instant; not so mine. —I paused, hesitated, and begged every body's pardon — in vain. — Regardless of my entreaties, they proceeded to extremities, and stripping me of my Bath surtout, discovered, to their infinite surprise and amusement, a scarlet coat, apparently turned; a spangled satin waistcoat, an evident reduction of one, that had been worn by my father when under sheriff; white cotton hose; large plated buckles fashioned in the previous century; and a pair of large black silk stockings transmuted by my nurse's patience into breeches, with the clocks standing eminently conspicuous on the centre of the little flap.—The effect was instantaneous.—I, and the costume were hailed with universal applause as the original Beau Mordecai, and Love à la Mode was triumphantly ordered into immediate rehearsal.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." Feeling, that this ordeal must be nothing to that of the entry into school, I hoped "to screw my courage to the sticking place" by a night of repose. But, the bed-room scene surpassed even German horrors. After enduring an inundation of ink from every squirt in the room, till I, and my fine clothes, were of an universal blackness;—after performing various ærial evolutions in my ascents from a blanket, managed by some dozen pairs of hands insensible of fatigue in the perpetration of mischief;—and after suffering the several torments of every remaining species of manual wit, I was at length permitted to crawl into my bed. There, I lay, comforting myself with the assurance that torture had done its worst, till I gradually sobbed myself into a sound sleep.

Scarcely, however, had the deep tones of the Abbey bell, tolling the awful hour of midnight, awakened me, when I was alarmed by the loud screams of several of the younger boys. Starting up in a paroxysm of terror, I saw at the foot of the bed a horrid spectre bearing a large cross, on which was written in flaming characters, "*Think on to-morrow.*" I gazed, till stupified by fear, I mechanically closed my eyes, and hid myself under the bed-

clothes. But, the spectre drawing them aside, and pointing to the burning letters, thrice shook its solemn head, and then vanished; leaving me in a *doldrum* of terror, which slowly but gradually subsiding, restored me at length both my mental and corporeal faculties.

The first, I amply employed in reflections on the awful warning, that so plainly prophecied the moment of my entrance into the school, would prove that of my departure from the world; and the latter, at the instigation of the former, in sobs and kicks till dawn.

Then I slily arose, dressed myself, stole down stairs, opened the street door, and seeing a porter approach, stopped him, and tearing off the back of a letter, wrote upon it the following pathetic appeal to maternal love:

"My dear, dear Mother,

"If you don't let me come home, I die—I am all over ink, and my fine clothes have been spoilt—I have been tost in a blanket, and seen a ghost.

"I remain my dear, dear mother,

"Your dutiful, and most unhappy son,

"FREDDY.

"P. S. Remember me to my father."

This I carefully folded and directed, and then committing it, with my whole pecuniary possessions, to the grinning porter, I conjured him in the most lachrymose tones, to convey it according to its superscription.

The porter was faithful, and Owen, charming Owen, (my father's footman) soon made his welcome appearance. More dead than alive, with his support, I tottered to the Adelphi. The whole family met me at the door, caressed, and cheered me, and my aunt encouragingly remarked, "What a really funny boy Fred must have been to have endured with so much manliness, calamities so appalling." Then all immediately burst into invectives against the barbarians who had thus oppressed me, and agreed that I should never again return to their den of cruelty.

But this commiseration soon began to diminish. "Ease will recant vows made in pain, as violent as void;" and pride determined them to educate their pet at the first school in the kingdom. Accordingly, the time was fixed for my return, and after a few female cabinet councils, I was rationally furnished and equipped. At length, on the appointed day, I again departed, but under more favourable auspices, and with the escort of my brother.

I entered school, and luckily being able to answer in the affirmative the usual important question, "Does your father keep a coach," I met with very little annoyance. I was examined by Doctor Vincent, the second master, who placed me in the under third class. I now found school hours tolerably comfortable; in fact, they were delightful, in comparison with those I had to encounter at the boarding-house. There, lay all my misery. The number of great and petty tyrants, was almost the number of the boys: and I as the last comer was the last of the last, the slave of the slave.

I soon found my only chance of peace, was to establish a reputation for courage; and therefore I provoked a quarrel with an upper third hero, conceiving that it would be less disgraceful to yield to a big boy, than a little one; for I had previously resolved to yield, the moment I had gained the *quantum* of honour necessary for repose. We met after school hours, in the green; the ring was formed; I made the first rush, and to my surprise, my antagonist sank beneath it. "Bravo, *little one!*" was the general cry. However, I did not long continue the favourite. The fallen combatant soon arose, like a "giant refreshed," and brandishing his huge fists, directed them so straightly and energetically to a con-

cussion with the seat of digestion, that all my breath was dispersed, and I could scarcely collect sufficient, to wheeze out the premeditated "Enough!"

Here, in course, terminated this pugnacious affair. There were malcontents it is true, and my exit was awkward; but I had gone out,—I had fought; and this being a small feather in my cap, the torments at the boarding-house were somewhat diminished.

But chance, or the kindness of the mistress of the boarding-house, shortly afterwards ameliorated my condition far more than my most warlike deeds. I was removed to another bedroom, where slept the present Duke of Dorset, and George Colman, who, instead of tormenting, consoled me. To the latter, I was particularly indebted, for on the re-appearance of the spectre, he got out of bed, and gave it so *substantial* a drubbing, that it gave up the *ghost* for ever.

Whether from being compelled to devote daily so many hours to scanning, and the recitation of Latin verses; or, whether from a sort of contagion arising from "*The Indian Scalp*," I cannot say, but, like Jack, about this period, I began to conceive that I was blessed with the true poetic inspiration. My first attempts were

confined to the boarding-house; but my fame so rapidly increased, that one morning I was stopped on my entry into school by the Minos, who desired me, at the command of the four head boys, to give him by the evening, half a dozen lines on Hayes, the second usher.

I never was in greater terror. Here was a flogging from the master, or a drubbing from the boys. However, as I knew the will of the latter was law, I prepared to obey them. How to commence was then the difficulty, for I knew nothing of my subject, but that he was nicknamed Buck Hayes, and had gained by his poetry several prizes, at either Oxford or Cambridge. On these scanty data therefore I proceeded, and with tears in my eyes, delivered to my commanders the following lines:—

"Hayes affects to be the *knowing*,
Because he wrote a very bad poem,
And because he had the luck
To win the prizes, he affects the *buck*—
But if you'd rise in either school or church,
Catch not at *laurel*, Hayes, but stick to *birch*!"

For these absurdities, *birch* had nearly caught me in reality, for my commanders, from mischief, shewed them to Hayes himself. He, in course, reported me to Dr. Vincent, who called for a rod, and prepared to realize instanter all my

worst forebodings; but suddenly relenting, he gravely said, "Boy, boy, you are the Merry-Andrew of the school," and then ordered me to learn treble the usual number of Latin verses by the following morning.

Still, this event did not in the least damp my cacoethes; for shortly afterwards, Dr. Smith, the head master, giving as a thesis for Latin epigrams, the following line from Virgil:—

"Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisquæ futuræ;"

I conceitedly chose to compose it in English, and wrote, in allusion to the then recent defeat, at Saratoga, of General Burgoyne, by General Gates, the following distich:—

"Burgoyne, alas! unseeing future fates,
Could cut his way through woods, but not through GATES."

The Doctor, as a token of approbation, gave me a silver twopence; for which, according to custom, old Jones, the master of the boarding-house, presented me with four shillings. Thus, was my course through life marked out for me; for, from that moment, I resolved that there was no profession so easy and productive, as that of a poet.

The next thesis was,

"Te ducit species."

Here, again, I purposed to cut a figure; but was eclipsed by another boy, who recited to the Doctor the following whimsical distich; and gained the prize—

"Perhaps by you, my buckles are as *silver* rated;
Te ducit species—they are only *plated*."

As an eccentric actor once concluded, a somewhat personal story, saying, "I will not mention the gentleman's name, because, he is now *Chancellor of the Exchequer*,"—so will not I mention the name of the clever Westminster boy, who wrote this lively couplet, because, he is now *Chief Justice of Chester*.

Hours passed like months, but, however, the holidays at length arrived, and I returned home, but not to Salisbury-square. My mother and my aunt, like the compass, bent on a still farther variation to the westward, had persuaded my father to take a house in the Adelphi.

I know not whether I, or my mother was most rejoiced at my return. With the Adelphi, I was delighted. The Thames, the wherries, and boating, were all novelties to me. Day after day, I ran over the still unfinished buildings in John-street, incapable of fatigue, deeming myself a man of bustle and business; now stopping with the workmen, to chop wood, and my fingers, and then running to chatter in the

technical terms of carpentry to Terence, the foreman; who, answering all my boyish inquiries with incessant good-humour, I was scarcely ever so happy as in his company.

My father, would occasionally make me his companion in his walks, when not too much occupied by his profession. The day before the commencement of the Westminster plays, he took me to Prince's Court, to see Wilkes. My father and he conversed for a short time apart, on business, and then, as I afterwards learnt, concerning me and my education. This, led to a curious equivoque, for Wilkes turning suddenly towards me, said, in his usual urbane manner, "Well, my boy, how far have you got?" I, whose mind was wholly occupied by our late removal from Salisbury-square, replied, "As far as the Adelphi, Sir."

"Upon my word," rejoined Wilkes, "your son, Reynolds, is very forward for his age."

"Forward, indeed!" cried my father, smiling; "Why Fred, you young rogue, you know nothing of Terence?"

"Don't I," replied I, rather snappishly, "why you yourself saw me with him this very day, and I heard him tell you, that your upper story was in a very bad condition."

"Ho, ho!" said my father, laughing heartily; "I understand the matter now; he means Te-

rence, the foreman to the three Adams, who built the Adelphi."

"I see," Wilkes replied, joining my father in his laugh; then added, "If his blunders be always as amusing as the present, the more frequently Miss Wilkes and I see our young friend the better."*

The next day we went to Southbarrow, and my father having law business to transact at Hayes, he allowed me to ride with him, purposely to see the great Lord Chatham, who was then there. His Lordship, I remember, was very kind to me, and on quitting the room with my father, desired his son William Pitt, then a boy about four years older than I was, to remain with, and amuse me, during their absence.

Somehow, I did not feel quite bold on being left alone with this young gentleman. For a time, he never spoke, and I never spoke, till at last, slyly glancing at him, to learn who was to commence the conversation, and observing mischief gathering in the corner of his eye, I re-

* A member of the House of Commons, not long deceased, whenever he quoted Latin, used to translate the passage "for the benefit of the country gentlemen"—so, for their benefit, and that of their ladies, allow me to state that *Terence* (not the above mentioned carpenter) but the Carthaginian, wrote a comedy called the *Adelphi*.

tired to the window; "But gained nothing by my motion." He silently approached, and sharply tapping me on the shoulder, cried jeeringly, as he pointed to my feet, "So, my little hero, do you usually walk in spurs?"—

"Walk?" I replied; "I rode here on my own pony."

"Your *own* pony!"—he repeated with affected astonishment; "Your *own* pony?—upon my word!—and pray, what colour may he be?—probably *blue, pink,* or *pompadour?*"

At this moment, the present Lord Chatham entering the room, the tormentor exclaimed, "I give you joy, brother, for you are now standing in the presence of no less a personage than the proprietor of the *pompadour pony!*"

His brother frowned at him, and I was bursting with rage and vexation, when he coolly turned towards me, and said, "Your life is too valuable to be sported with. I hope you ride *in armour?*"

"Be quiet, William,—don't trifle so," cried his brother.

"I am serious, John," he replied; "and if for the benefit of the present race, he will do his utmost to preserve his life, I will take care it shall not be lost to posterity, for as my father intends writing a history of the late and present reigns mark my words, my little

proprietor, I will find a *niche* for you, and your pompadour pony in the *History of England.*"

I could no longer restrain my spleen, and fairly stamped with passion to his great amusement. At this moment, the door opening, my facetious tormentor instantly cantered to the opposite side of the room, after the manner of a *broken down* pony, and then placing his finger on his lips, as if to forbid all tale-telling, disappeared at the other entrance.

In course, every feeling of rage was smothered in the presence of the great Lord Chatham, and my father having taken his leave, mounted his horse, and trotted through the Park; I following him on my pony, and delighting in my escape. But as I reached the gates, I was crossed in my path "by the fiend again"—but, agreeably crossed, for he shook me by the hand with much good-humour, playfully asked my pardon, and then added, patting my pony, "He should at all times be happy to find both of us accommodation at Hayes, instead of a *niche* in the *History of England.*"

This incident remained fixed on my mind; and for a few hours, even Terence was forgotten in my speculations on the pleasures of Hayes; in fact, I thought of nothing else till the next novelty, a strange adventure that befel my

brother Richard, and which made as deep an impression.

In the month of April, soon after Richard had been called to the bar, as he was preparing to go to a dinner party in Pall-mall, a porter knocked at the door, and left a letter, directed in a strange hand, to Richard Reynolds, Esq. John-street, Adelphi. The contents were as follow:—

"SIR,

"Last night, after Captain Smith left the Bedford, a strange gentleman publicly proclaimed him as 'a blacklegs.' This, being told the Captain by some good-natured friend, the former called at the Bedford this morning, and learnt his accuser's name, was Mr. Richard Reynolds. Now, as I have often had the pleasure of conversing with you at that coffee-house, and supposing you the man implicated, I feel myself bound to give you this information. However, as the enraged Captain neither knows your person nor address, I trust, he will not be able to effect a meeting.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"A. B."

"P.S. Though the Captain does not know your abode, he suspects it to be in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi."

Surprised, and somewhat amazed, by the communication of this *really* good-natured anonymous correspondent, my brother shewed it to my father; who, soon perceiving the whole to be a mistake, (for he had not been at the Bedford for more than a month) advised him to think of it no more. Conceding to the justice of this advice, my brother proceeded to join his dinner party.

My mother and my aunt were, as may be supposed, much shocked, and only consoled themselves by the reflection, that though the Captain knew my brother's name, he did not know his person.

After dinner, my brother "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the Opera. For a short time, the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn, by something in the adjoining box far more attractive. This *something*, was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles ———, a Baronet of fashion and fortune. At her, Richard gazed, and glanced, and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself not only ridiculously conspicuous to the object of his idolatry, but to her whole party; amongst which, was rather a

rare character at the Opera,—a loving, jealous husband.

The Ballêt being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance, by the enamoured, tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair innamoráta when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. "Seizing the golden opportunity," Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into the carriage; when forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment, "the green eyed monster," the furious husband darted forward, and grasped his arm; high words ensued; and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of "Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor-street," and the husband putting into his pocket that of "Mr. Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi." After this preamble, to another exchange, I mean, to that of shots, Sir Charles ———, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards, but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's-square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition, a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awaken him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairmen of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. Into this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he, and where is the direction post?"—

"True, Phalim," added his brother in porterage, "at this rate, we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honies," replied the watchman; "but if on searching him, I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the pow'rs, I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night."

The search commenced—no letter—no memorandum—poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud,

"Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor-street." This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

Arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning, with the supposed Baronet, (and drawn blinds, to prevent an exposition of his humiliating situation,) the chairman knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry, whether that were the house of Sir Charles ———, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The paddies explained to the servant how, and where they had found his master, and showed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant alarmed, feared to disturb the Baronet, till he had received the instructions of her Ladyship; who having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant therefore sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival, and then with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below to wait for further orders.

The *minor* performers having left the stage, the *principal* now remained solus. My brother having awakened, and raised the lid of the chair,

and finding himself housed, at first, naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home—but great were both his surprise and alarm, when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street door, and at the same instant, the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair one of the Opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless; when the Baronet's wife, deceived by the imperfect light of a single wax taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "*nothing loth,*" was about to return her embrace, when lo! the *real husband* entered, and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by her error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard completely sobered, explained, and apologised.

By degrees, the Baronet yielded to the naiveté of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen; when suddenly, his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you.

Do you know a Captain Smith, Sir?" "I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man this evening, for the ——." "Hear, me then, Sir!" interrupted the impetuous Baronet; "passing up St. James'-street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me, till he was informed where he was to call to return his thanks. I gave him my own address as I thought, but unluckily, it proved to be *your* card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried, "So, Sir, I have found you at last!" and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, Sir, *there* I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am *here* for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honour that the Baronet should then, one way or another, have satisfaction. My brother kept his word, for having gone to the Bedford, and learnt from Captain Smith himself, that another Mr. Richard Rey-

nolds had been his traducer, he and the Captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street; where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated.

During the summer of this year, my father and Wilkes, on their way to Bath, paid an unexpected visit to my grandfather's sombre, sober mansion at Trowbridge. On the evening of their arrival, mobs paraded the street, particularly before the quiet old gentleman's door, demanding the illumination of his windows, and huzzaing for "Wilkes, Reynolds, 45,* and Liberty!"

My grandfather had gone to bed, and my

* On recurring to the North Briton, and the celebrated number of 45, I am surprised how so dull an attack on the King's Speech, could have excited such extraordinary animosity in the government. There is more satire, imagination, and vigour, in one letter of Junius, than in the whole of the North Briton collectively. Though Wilkes might have chosen to have profited by all the unexpected huzza, arising from this bold tirade on his majesty and ministers, he must have had too much wit and good taste to have been the author. To the persecution of his ministerial opponents, therefore, and to no intrinsic merit in the publication, Wilkes must consider himself indebted for the increase of his popularity. Observe the absurd vanity in the introduction to this famous 45.

"John, Earl of Bute, made first commissioner of the Treasury, May the twenty-ninth, seventeen hundred and sixty-two."

aunt was on the point of following, when this uncommon scene occurred. In return for her most sapient arguments and remonstrances, my father called her simpleton, and told her she was the only female in the kingdom, who would not glory in the honour of receiving such an illustrious brace of patriots.

My grandfather on rising in the morning, found that the mob had not only made bonfires of his timber during the whole night, but that my father had staved his ale barrels, and killed an ox, and two sheep, preparatory to a grand public dinner to be given that day, on one of his best meadows, in honourable celebration of their arrival. The old gentleman was about to work himself into a furious passion, when Wilkes was introduced, and in a few hours, with his usual fascination, so completely won the favour of his host and hostess, that they immediately ranked themselves at the head of his admirers.

But, alack, soon after his departure, my grandfather awoke from his dream, and return-

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"On the same day, the first number of the North Briton was published."

"John, Earl of Bute, *resigned* April the eighth, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three."

ing to his usual calm, regular, and loyal life, wondered, to use his own expressions, "that he had made himself such an absurd, old, democratic fool."

On their departure, Wilkes told my father that he was extremely sorry they had put the old gentleman to so much expense—yet he would venture to say that the obligation was in some degree mutual, since he had had the gratification of rousing the owner of a country house, by bonfires, huzzaing, and public dinners, from the miserable monotony of seeing only hills, and trees in the same places: hearing the same noises from birds and beasts, and mixing in the company of those, who are more interested by the death of a calf, or the capture of a poacher, than by the decease of a great statesman, or the conquest of a whole nation.

Whilst we lived in the Adelphi, Garrick was our opposite neighbour, and my father's intimate acquaintance. We frequently used to meet him in John Street, and join the little circle, collected by his most amusing conversational talents.

One wet day, I remember Garrick overtaking my father and me, in the most miry part of the city. After the usual salutations, he pointed

to our white stockings, (he himself being booted), and asked us, if we had ever heard the story of the Lord Chancellor Northington? On our reply in the negative, he told us, that one rainy afternoon, his Lordship plainly dressed, walking in Parliament Street, picked up a handsome ring, which, according to custom, (in past, and, I believe, in present times), was immediately claimed by a gentleman ring-dropper, who, on receiving his lost treasure, appeared so joyful and grateful, that he insisted on the unknown finder accompanying him to an adjoining coffee house, to crack a bottle at his (the ring gentleman's) expense.

Being in the humour for a joke, Lord Northington acceded, and followed him to the coffee-house; where they were shewn into a private room, and over the bottle for a time discussed indifferent topics. At length, they were joined by certain confederates; and then, hazard being proposed, the Chancellor heard one whisper to another, "Damn the loaded dice—he is not worth the trouble—*pick the old flat's pocket at once!*"

On this, the Lord Chancellor discovered himself, and told them, if they would frankly confess why they were induced to suppose him so enormous a flat, he would probably forget

their present misdemeanor. Instantly with all due respect they replied, "We beg your Lordship's pardon, but whenever we see a gentleman in *white* stockings on a *dirty* day, we consider him a capital pigeon, and pluck his feathers as we hoped to have plucked your Lordship's."

"Now," added Garrick, "leaving you gentlemen to deduce the application, I do myself the honour of wishing you a very good morning."*

But to return to Westminster; the holidays having expired, I was sent again to school. Every week my situation there became more pleasant. Amongst the schoolfellows, with whom I used to pass the greater portion of my time, was the late Duke of Bedford. We were in the same class, and nearly of the same age and disposition, consequently we were almost inseparable.

On the half holidays, we used to stroll together to his estates, either in Covent Garden, or Bloomsbury Square, and then, with boyish exultation, he would exclaim, "All this is mine!" Then, we would enter Stacie's Hotel,

* Quære—Is the word *blacklegs* derived from *white stockings?*

in the former place, and calling, in a swaggering tone of half real, half mock authority, for the master, who (well knowing his young landlord,) would immediately set before us, soups, venison, and all "the fat of the land."

Sometimes, we used to direct our course towards Battersea Fields, to shoot larks and field-fares; or rather for *him* to shoot them: for though I regularly fired, until I was as black in the face as a chimney sweeper, I never even winged a tomtit. This lack of talent in the sportsman, he used jestingly to attribute to defects in the gun, and promised to give me a perfect one.

Though every day our intimacy increased, I never mentioned his name at home, for two reasons: first, because the pride of a Westminster boy acknowledges no inequality of rank; and secondly, because I thought it would set some part of my family "castle building." It was on a Sunday, I well remember, the family first discovered my secret. All were sitting in a listless, *toothpick state*, waiting the announcement of dinner, when a thundering knock at the door, briskly dispersed their vacant reveries. Surprised by a visit at so unusual an hour, several ran to the window; whence, seeing a splendid equipage, and a ducal coronet, my

father, thinking that a visitor of such high rank could only come to our house on business to himself, prepared to descend with much importance; when, to his utter astonishment, the footman entered the room, saying that the Duke of Bedford was below, and wished to speak to—*me*.

In the parlour, I found my friendly schoolfellow, waiting to fulfil his promise, by the gift of the very handsome gun he placed in my hands. After staying a short time to view a few of my boyish possessions, he departed; and from the windows, the family saw us nod, and shake hands on parting, as if we were on most familiar and brotherly terms.

During dinner, my father was extremely grand and consequential, obliquely reproaching me with a mysterious, selfish conduct. At length, he openly asked me, whether I intended to keep all the "loaves and fishes" to myself? This, I expected, but I answered, "I don't know what you mean, Sir?"

"Mean!" repeated my father; "mean?—why I mean there is nothing like school connection, and if you are not a fool, Fred, the fortune of the House of Reynolds will be made by that of Tavistock.—Dick," continued my speculative father, "with management, might

be made member for Bedford; Bob, a Dean; and you, a Welch Judge."

"A Welch Judge!" cried my mother and my aunt, simultaneously; "if his friend, the Duke, can do no more than that for him, with our consent, he shall never enter these doors again!" Some time afterwards, boylike, making this communication to the Duke, he said, "I was born a whig, and shall remain one, were it only to avoid the loss of a friend, by *obliging* him.*"

Owing to the sudden indisposition of the Duke, I did not again see him for some time. He was long confined to his chamber, at his grandmother's the Duchess of Bedford, by a dangerous illness. When his Grace recovered, his brother, Lord William Russell, (then a boy seven or eight years old) is said to have expressed himself to Lord John, (the present Duke,) in the following *naïf* manner:—

"Why Jack, here would have been a change had my brother died!—you would have been Duke of Bedford, and I, Lord John!"

In the month of November, a new boy came to Jones' Boarding House; a little Cambro-Briton, of a most singular character. He either

* Louis XIV. used to say, that when he gave away a place, he made *one* ungrateful man, and *ninety-nine* enemies.

had, or affected to have, an extraordinary susceptibility of nerves, that would sometimes make him vapourishly lachrymose and desponding; or, as it more frequently occurred, formidably irritable and vehement. Consequently, this half mad Taffy was not the person patiently to endure the new comer's usual ordeal. He slept in my room, and used frequently to declare, that if his petty tyrants did not cease to torment him, he would hang himself. This threat constantly repeated, without execution, naturally, only led to increased ridicule, and manual annoyance. At last, to my horror and surprise, he literally kept his word.

One evening, suddenly entering our chamber, I discovered him hanging from the bed post, black in the face, and in a state of suspended animation. I called for assistance, and several boys immediately arriving, one of them instantly cut the rope with his pocket knife; and laying him on the bed, the proper restoratives were successfully applied.

On the recovery of his senses, in a faint and tremulous tone, he expressed a desire to see the preserver of his life. One of the bystanders, in the general confusion, pointed to me, and then several of the boys exclaimed, "Reynolds, Reynolds." I was preparing to explain to him,

that I was not so fortunate as to deserve his gratitude, when, with great agitation, he beckoned me to advance. I obeyed, and then slowly and gently raising himself, as if to embrace me, he gave me a cuff on the ear, with so much heartiness and vigour, that after describing a few ungeometrical circles, I measured my length on the floor.

"There, take that," he cried, with much apathy, "and the next time I choose to hang myself, you will know better than to prevent me."

However, for the present, enough of school; and as my book, like my life, must occasionally be chequered by motley incidents, I will now recur to the stage.

Calling one morning on my mother's friend, Mrs. Nuttall,* in Palace-yard, I met for the first time, the late Mr. Harris; who, for nearly half a century, so ably and liberally managed Covent Garden Theatre. He was speaking of Garrick; and on asking Mrs. Nuttall if she had lately seen him, she replied, "Last night, I went with this young gentleman, and saw him play Benedick." She then introduced me to Mr. Harris, who taking me by the hand, and kindly shaking it, said, "Well, my young

* Widow of the then late Solicitor of the Treasury.

Westminster, and pray in which scene might you like Garrick best?"

"In the scene, Sir," I replied, "where he challenges Claudio."

"And why, Frederic?" inquired Mrs. Nuttall.

"Because, Madam, he there made me laugh more heartily than I ever did before; particularly on his exit, when sticking on his hat, and tossing up his head, he seemed to say as he strutted away, Now, Beatrice, have I not cut a figure?"

"You are right, my boy," rejoined Mr. Harris; "whilst other actors by playing this scene seriously, produce little or no effect, Garrick, by acting, as if Beatrice were watching him; delights, instead of fatiguing the audience. Such is his magic power," Mr. Harris continued, "that a few nights ago, whilst waiting for him at the stage door, till he had concluded the closet scene in Hamlet, I was so awe-struck by the splendour of his talent, that, though from long intimacy, Garrick and I always address each other by our christian names, on this occasion, when he quitted the stage, and advanced to shake hands with me, I found myself involuntarily receding—calling him, *Sir!*—and bowing with reverence. He stared, and expressing a doubt of my sanity, I explained; on which, he

acknowledged with a smile of gratification, "that next to Partridge's description of him in Tom Jones, this was the most genuine compliment he had ever received."*

Shortly afterwards, I saw Garrick perform Hamlet for the last time. On the morning of that day, Perkins, who was my father's wig-maker, as well as Garrick's, cut and trimmed my hair for the occasion. During the operation, he told me, that when I saw Garrick first behold the ghost, I should see each individual hair of his head stand upright; and he concluded, by hoping, that though I so much admired the actor, I would reserve a mite of approbation for him, as the artist of this most ingenious mechanical wig; "the real cause," he added, "entre nous, of his prodigious effects in that scene."

Whether this story was related by the facetious perruquier, to puff himself, or to hoax me,

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* As a contrast to this panegyric, and to shew that the greatest literary doctors can disagree as positively as the medical, I will repeat the remark, that even Boswell classes amongst Dr. Johnson's absurd, and heterodox opinions. On Boswell asking him, "Would not you, Sir, start as Mr. Garrick does, if you saw a ghost?" Johnson replied, "I hope not, if I did, I should frighten the ghost."

I will not pretend to decide; but this, I can say with truth, that though I did not see Garrick's hair rise perpendicularly, *mine* did, when he broke from Horatio and Marcellus, with anger flashing from "his two balls of fire," (as his eyes were rightly called) exclaiming,

"By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

The effect he produced in a previous scene, when he uttered the following line, was electric:—

"I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again."

I have since heard many actors of Hamlet give these words, in a calm, considerate, and consequently, ineffective manner; but Garrick, buoyant with hope and paternal love, rushed exultingly forward, and spoke the words with an ardour and animation, that electrified the whole audience.

"Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee."

On the night Garrick left the stage, my brother Jack, and I, after waiting two hours, succeeded at length in entering the pit. But, the commencement of the evening was somewhat unfortunate to my brother, who, during the struggle in the pit passage, not only had his

watch stolen, but so completely lost his temper, that, on the detection of the thief, who immediately offered to restore the property, Jack, instead of receiving it, with all the fury of an enraged young lawyer, determined to have the stolen goods found on him. Accordingly, he seized him, and shouted for police officers—in vain; the crowd involuntarily prevented a possibility of their interference.

In this dilemma, Jack's rage not abating, he continued to drag forward the culprit, till they arrived at the paying place. Here came the "tug of war;" for the rush and pressure allowing no delay, the money-taker vociferously demanded the cash, when the *sharp* having none, the *flat* had no alternative, but to pay for him. Made more desperate by this additional loss, Jack now dragged the thief into the pit, and again called loudly for police officers, who at length came, though somewhat late; for, owing to the increased confusion, the bird had at length broken from Jack, and flown!—not only with the watch, but as, at that time, money was returned on crowded nights, probably, with the three shillings into the bargain. Thus, Jack not content with having his pocket picked, picked his own pocket.

The riot and struggle for places can scarcely

be imagined, even from the above anecdote. Though a side box close to where we sat, was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry, *vi et armis*--"Shut the door, box-keeper!" loudly cried some of the party—"There's room by the pow'rs!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row, rose, and exclaimed, "Turn out that blackguard!" "Oh, and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman; "come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *shillaly* you through the lobby!"

This public insult left the tenant in possession, no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challenge; when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round, and cried,

"*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*"

The Comedy of the Wonder commenced, but I have scarcely any recollection of what passed during its representation; or, if I had, would it not be tedious to repeat a ten times told tale? I only remember, that Garrick and his hearers, were mutually affected by the farewell address; particularly in that part, where he said, "The

jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction, would but ill suit his present feelings," and also, when putting his hand to his breast, he exclaimed, "Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your gratitude will remain here, fixed, and unalterable."

Still, however, though my memory will not allow me to dwell further on the events of the evening, my pride will never permit me to forget that I witnessed

GARRICK's Dramatic Death.

CHAP. III.

HOLIDAYS, AND GROWING IDEAS.

"Burke, Sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time, in a street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter, but for five minutes, he would talk to you in such a manner, that, when you parted, you would say, this is an extraordinary man. Now, Sir, you may be long enough with me, without finding any thing extraordinary."

BOSWELL'S TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

PREVIOUSLY to the long vacation in August, my father and Lord Grandison had gone to Ireland; and shortly afterwards, my aunt received an invitation from his Lordship, requesting her and me to join him at his seat, near Lismore.

The anticipation of this real party of pleasure, almost overwhelmed me. I could scarcely eat, drink, or sleep, from excess of ecstacy. Two

entire, active days having been devoted to those three grand preparatory delights, packing up, making purchases, and consulting road books, (probably, after all, the traveller's best amusements,) we started for Waterford.

As I shall have occasion hereafter to speak of South Wales, I will now merely state, (to avoid a twice told tale,) that we arrived, after a stormy night, at Milford Haven, on a fine August afternoon. The packet then being on the point of sailing, we embarked; and as we glided over the smooth surface of that most capacious and beautiful harbour, I anticipated nothing but gratification from this my first voyage.

However, as might be expected, it soon ended in the *old story*, for I had not been *sea sawed* for half an hour before I was overcome by sickness, and reeling towards the cabin, I was nearly falling overboard, when one of the *enemy's* tremendous heaves cast me headlong down the cabin stairs, leaving me on the floor, there to ruminate on the delights of a party of pleasure. Soon, however, the steward pushed me into a lower bed, over which lay another invalid, who, from some real or fancied cause, was so incessantly issuing from, or returning to, his hole of suffocation; that, in addition to

my being reduced to the state of a "*mewling child*," I ran the risk every moment of being an *overlaid* one. In short, the heat, the stench, the motion, the noise, and the sickness, tempted me, even at that early age, to address old father Neptune, as Lord Foppington does Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, "You are a horrid brute, stap my vitals."

Yet, John Bull is of such an amphibious nature, that on the four or five first fine summer days, the whole town cries, "Tally-ho! hark forward to the sea side!" Now, my Lord John, and common John, in the name of common sense, allow me to ask you for what purpose you pursue this wild-goose chace? Is it to see this god of your idolatry on a hot day, calm (id est, sulky) and so surrounded by burning sands, heated shingles, and reflecting white cliffs, that you are compelled in your own defence to stay at home to avoid him? Or, is it to see him on a tempestuous day, when you cannot row, or sail, or approach him without being pickled by the spray; and when the few fish that are caught, leave your longing regards, and take their road to the metropolis? Or, is it to see him at low water, and inhale the exhalations from the mud, and thus benefit the

system by an attack of asthma or intermittent fever?

As for pleasures, independent of the *idol*, I should be glad to know in what they consist. Surely, not in the querulous complaints of invalids in the morning on the difficulties of getting through the remainder of the day? Nor in the ennui of libraries, billiard-rooms, the *same places*, and the *same faces* that drive you to the contemplation of the church clock, till dinner-time? In fact, to close this wretched account, do they consist, as Dr. Johnson says, "in experiencing that sort of intellectual retrogradation, that the more you hear, the less you learn?"

After these *unanswerable* interrogatories, it must be a source of sincere gratification to every philanthropic mind to learn, that the majority of sea-side traders are rapidly adopting the conscientious principles of action, of a late hotel keeper at Margate; who fairly acknowledged, that, when Londoners came within his grasp, he usually managed to charge them for talking, walking, and breathing. "Because," he added, "as these *Sea* GULLS only bring a certain sum to expend in foolery and idleness, the more quickly I can effect their purpose, the sooner I

shall return them to their senses and their professions."

Our voyage ended the following evening, when we landed at Waterford, where we were much struck by the beauty of the Quay, the Custom House, and the Cathedral; but my attention was soon withdrawn by "metal more attractive," a lamp post with a play-bill on it, stating in large letters that "HAMLET" was that evening to be performed, for the benefit of a Mr. Randall, a supposed *London star*.

We took a hurried dinner, and after it, went to the Theatre, which was so nearly empty, (though for a favourite's benefit) that the hero of the night, on his entrance, suddenly receded, with a start of horror; then, again advanced, and bursting with rage, exclaimed,

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, ought ye not to be ashamed of yourselves? and is this the way you support sterling talent?"

"By the pow'rs," replied a spectator near the orchestra; "I only know the *whole pit here*—that is myself, my son Lary, and Donaghadoo my mother's son,—paid to support you—and is this your gratitude, Jewel?"

"Feeth, and that's just our way of thinking," cried a voice from the gallery; "so, go it, my

pippins!—Three cheers for the *present* company, and three groans for the *absent!*"

These opinions opened Randall's eyes, and he apologized, and thanked his few, but real, benefactors.

The play then proceeded, and for some time, with only a few interruptions; when suddenly, a new and most unexpected *actor* made his appearance;—no less a personage than our old *enemy*, father Neptune; who, owing to an uncommonly high spring tide, followed us up even into a theatre.

At first, however, he only invaded the passages, and lower parts beneath the stage; but soon filling them, and bending his irresistible course through the orchestra to the pit, it appeared probable, that more personages than Ophelia would have "*too much of water.*"—At length, the manager stepped forward, and informing us, that rather than see an *existence* put to our *lives*, he begged *we* would *return* our money, and "*humbly gave us leave to depart.*"

This address was received with thunders of applause, and the gallery people, seeing the water fill the theatre more and more, shouted out as they departed, "Good luck to you, Randall, for you've at last got 'a *bumper.*'"

On the next morning, we proceeded for Lis-

more; where, we passed a very pleasant day, with a family, whom Lord Grandison had prepared to receive us. On the following afternoon, we arrived at his Lordship's mansion, situated near Castle Lyon, on the river Bride, which is navigable as far as Youghall. The building, park, and gardens, were magnificent and extensive, and worthy in every respect, to be the residence of the noble owner.

The family consisted of the Dowager Lady Grandison, who was only remarkable by the numerous pack of poodles she maintained, and by her formidable hospitality:—Lord Grandison, a gentleman devoted to fashion, and fashionable hours, but truly well bred and well informed: Lady Grandison, sister to the late Marquis of Hertford, a most amiable, lovely, and accomplished woman:—an old Irish Major—a sporting parson—the house apothecary—my father, my aunt, and myself.

Never having good health, the very first day I experienced all the *comforts* of visiting—Being always accustomed at school to dine at one o'clock, I here totally lost all appetite, by waiting for my dinner till six; still, however, they forced me to eat, and instead of two glasses of Port, which agreed with the constitution, I was obliged to drink six, of Claret, which again gave

me the old cabin feeling. After swallowing between a pint, and a quart of those potent foes to sleep, tea, and coffee, tumid with repletion, and exhausted by the heat of the evening, I was permitted to retire to my bed-room; where, instead of a refreshing coolness, I discovered (kindly placed there to guard against damp) a roaring fire: and, to add, if possible, to the *warmth* of my reception, in lieu of my accustomed hard, and rugged mattrass, I found myself *embraced* by all the yielding tenderness of a bed of down, and *pressed* by a brace of weighty blankets with such an ardent affection, that if I had not thrown them off, (though not exactly a man "of thaw and dissolution") I should have arisen, *jockey like, stewed* to *feather weight.*

Mais cela ne valait rien; nothing would relieve me from the heat; and I never closed my eyes till about half an hour before dawn, when, I was awakened by the sporting parson; who, insisting that I should join him, and the Major, in a delightful fishing party, actually carried me half asleep into a boat on the Bride. In fact, no fly in a cobweb, was ever more *flustered*, than I, by this most attentive, and really hospitable family.

Next day, we all sailed in Lord Grandison's

yacht to Youghall; where, we were invited to a salmon roast, by an Irish Baronet, whose name I cannot now recollect. On our passage, his Lordship teased the Irish Major, by quoting from a book, then, not long published; "Twiss' Tour in Ireland."

"I say," cried the Major, "that, that book is a most false, scandalous, gross——"

"Come, come," interrupted the Parson; "at any rate you must acknowledge the truth of two of his anecdotes; for, they are certainly creditable to the Irish taste, in the *beaux arts*."

"What are they?" inquired the Major, somewhat less gruffly.

"Why," rejoined the Parson; "the first, is that he saw in the Mayoralty House, at Cork, a common house painter, colouring Lord Chatham's splendid, white marble statue, for the purpose of beautifying it; and the second, informs us, that the eight magnificent, black marble columns, which support the roof of Kilkenny Church, have been whitewashed, from the same elegant motive."

"By the pow'rs!" cried the impassioned Major, "I repeat that, that book is false, and scandalous, and that any man——"

"Nay," interrupted Lord Grandison, "you cannot deny the truth of the statement; so, you

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may as well laugh at it, as at the rest of the book; in which, I am sure, there is neither sufficient misrepresentation, nor sufficient scurrility, to merit the degradation it has produced to its author;" alluding to the bottoms of certain indispensable recipients, on which was ludicrously pourtrayed the head of this most facetious gentleman, with an appropriate inscription, commencing, "*O rare Dick Twiss;*" a "*mauvaise plaisanterie,*" too well known to need continuation here.

On landing, the Baronet conducted us over his grounds, and pointed out to Lord Grandison the improvements made since his Lordship's last visit; what these *improvements* were, I could not distinguish; certainly, there was a fine new bay-window, executed in a handsome style of architecture, and commanding a view of a verdant lawn, and a branch of the river; but, on the opposite bank, were a number of black, unsightly gunpowder mills; one of which had lately exploded, and unroofed a large portion of the Baronet's mansion.

I asked the person next me, (the Parson) what could induce the Baronet, to allow the presence of such ugly, and at the same time, dangerous neighbours? He replied, that there was a civil war in this part of the country,

waged by a race of *rural* Yorks, and Lancasters; and our host having lost the land, on which the mills stood, owing to a flaw in his title, a *White Rose* had bought it of the new possessor, solely for the purpose of annoying the *Red Rose* Baronet.

We next ascended a new terrace, opposite a dark thick wood, through which, the Baronet had cut a wide avenue, forming a beautiful vista to the river, and surrounding country. At first, no doubt, this view must have been very fine, but when I saw it, the termination was anything but attractive; for, owing, (as the story was told) to a leading alderman's wife, who was a violent *White Rose,* not having been invited to one of the Baronet's grand parties, she and her husband contrived to have a condemned White Boy executed on the spot, where he had perpetrated his crime. This spot, happening to be on the shore, in the very centre of the Baronet's avenue, there, the culprit continued to hang, within a couple of hundred yards from the mansion, swinging and rattling at the impulse of every breeze, a most conspicuous and agreeable termination to this *picturesque* prospect.

On a remonstrance from the Baronet, the alderman replied—

"And instead of a formal, level wood, arrah, have I not now favoured you with a *lively hanging wood?*"

In the evening we returned; and on the following morning, as early as four o'clock, I was awakened by the undrawing of my curtains, and to my astonishment, at my bed-side, I discovered my father.

He bade me not be alarmed, and told me on my aunt's rising, to prepare her, for his, and Lord Grandison's, sudden disappearance. He said, that they had not a moment to lose: for, having been forced, on the previous day, to compel several of his Lordship's tenants to pay a part of their arrears of rent, he had that moment been privately informed, that two or three hundred White Boys intended to attack, and plunder the house, that very night. As however, he, and Lord Grandison were the sole objects of their vengeance, he had no idea that a few hours delay would be productive of any injury to us; but, his informant had assured him, that *their* persons were in immediate danger.

At this moment, Malangue, (Lord Grandison's valet,) entered, and told my father, that his Lordship was waiting for him, in the carriage; and

added that La Fleur, her Ladyship's servant, had been ordered to inform his mistress, horses should be immediately sent from Lismore, for her, and the rest of the family. My father, embracing me in great agitation, left the room; and then he, Lord Grandison, and his valet, immediately departed.

I need not describe *my* agitation; and sleep being out of the question, I rose with the sun, and entered the parlour; where, I was glad to find the Major. He was in his nightcap, and shirt; unwashed, and unshaved; supporting his breeches with one hand, and with the other flourishing a huge cutlass.

"Arrah, my joy, and this is life now," he cried: "I have not had a regular skirmish since the Culloden business."

Then, snatching up a pair of pistols he had just loaded, and rushing into the court-yard, to ascertain their condition, he fired the one, and immediately afterwards the other.

These reports, joined to the White Boy *report*, so completely alarmed the whole house, that screaming was heard from every part of it, and La Fleur rushed into the room, exclaiming, in an agony of fear and passion, "Morbleu! me voici, moi, Miladi's *gentleman* in de middle of

de danger, et voila ce coquin de Malangue, Milord's *man*, he is safe!"

Before we had time to reply to this disinterested speech, we heard so tremendous a clamour, that, at first, even the Major was staggered. But, soon recovering himself, he rushed in the direction of the sound, followed by me, hesitating between shame and fear, till we entered the Dowager Lady Grandison's apartment, when we discovered enough to dispel every feeling, but that, of the ludicrous.

Alarmed, by the report of the two pistols, the poor parson, having heard of the expected visit of the White Boys, instantly concluded the whole house was already in their possession. Rushing he knew not whither for concealment, he entered her Ladyship's chamber; who, awakened by the fracas of this unexpected intrusion, thought the trembling parson in his shirt, a threatening White Boy in his frock, and implored him, as Scrub implores Archer, "to *spare* all she had, and *take* her life!"

The parson having apologized and retired, her Ladyship was soon quite composed, and reassured, but, to silence a pack of poodles was a more difficult task; it was effected, however, in time to hear the news of the arrival of the horses

from Lismore. Then, having dressed and prepared themselves, the whole garrison sounded a retreat, except the Major, who insisted on remaining; and who, having collected, as we afterwards learned, a small military force, and fortified the house, dispersed the rebels, almost as soon as they appeared.

At Lismore, we all dined together, and then parted; Lord Grandison and his family, for Dublin; and my father, my aunt, and myself, for Waterford; where, we embarked. On the passage to Milford Haven, our *enemy*, as usual, took the lead; nor did my sufferings cease, till I again set my foot on terra firma, and proceeded to the inn; where, after a comfortable dinner, and a night of *independence*, though I did not forget all the kindness, attention, and hospitality of our late noble host, and hostess, yet when I rose the following morning, boy as I was, I *unconsciously* acknowledged the truth of the following old lines:—

"Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his varied tour has been,
Must grieve to think he's always found
His *surest* welcome at an inn."

The holidays having ended, I returned to Westminster, and was placed in the fifth form,

where I found myself completely in *high* life; for, in that form, the Shell,* and the sixth, were the late Duke of Bedford, and the late Earl of Mexborough; the present Dukes of Bedford and Dorset; the Marquisses of Stafford, and Anglesea; the Earl of Ashburnham; Lord Somers, Lord Dynevor, and Lord William Russel.

Whether the *talent* of the school was in proportion to the rank, I cannot say; but that the latter, tended to give a fashion to the former, and to abolish whatever were considered, vulgar and ignoble customs, I can decidedly declare—Exempli gratiâ—Two boys in the fifth (the eldest not twelve years of age,) of the names of Harry Dodds, and Jerry Collier, having quarrelled, agreed to fight on the green.

"No, no," said the captain of the school, "it is time that *we* in the upper forms, should consider ourselves men of honour, and rank, and discarding all plebeian habits, adopt the "*duello*," as the only gentlemanly mode of settling disputes."

"Duello!—We fight a duel!" cried the two alarmed disputants;—"we wont!"

"We shall see," replied the captain and the whole of the sixth, and the result was, that, after

* Shell—the form between the fifth and the sixth.

school, from dread of persecution, and shame, Harry and Jerry, more dead than alive, stood opposite each other in the room with *hair triggered* pistols, which, they supposed, were loaded; but which, their sly, arch seconds had only charged with powder. The chance of the first shot falling on Harry, he fired; and at the very moment of the flash, his second, unperceived by either of the principals, threw a bullet at Jerry, which hitting him on the forehead, he fell on the instant, and thinking himself in the agonies of death, vehemently cried, "O what a d—d shame." Then, putting his hand to his head, as if to stop any further departure of his brains, he roared and rolled till his second, conceiving fright might really produce serious effects, avowed the joke. In vain; Jerry still declared that he was dead, and nothing but the sight of the ball, and the non-appearance of blood, could ever have convinced him he was alive; but once convinced, he laughed, danced, sung, and hugged the *bullet thrower* as his preserver. Then, according to duelling etiquette, he fired his pistol in the air, and strutted out of the school crying,

"Exit a complete man of honour!"

As nine duels out of ten, are fought to satisfy

the town, and not, the parties themselves, why should not other seconds imitate the above-mentioned system, and keeping both the town and principals in ignorance, suffer the latter to escape with no more injury than agitation can inflict; and thus, instead of being accessaries to murder, shew they know how to maintain the laws of honour, without infringing the laws of humanity.

Of theatrical occurrences in this year, I can only recollect, that I saw Barry and Foote buried in the cloisters: and that on the first night of the "School for Scandal," returning from Lincoln's Inn, about nine o'clock, and passing through the Pit passage, from Vinegar-yard to Brydges Street, I heard such a tremendous noise over my head, that, fearing the Theatre was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life; but found, the next morning, that the noise did not arise from the *falling* of the house, but from the *falling* of the screen, in the fourth act;* so violent, and so tumultuous were the applause and laughter.

Another theatrical, though puerile anecdote, I must add to this list. One half-holiday, the present George Colman, and I, went to see the two last acts of the "Old Batchelor," at Drury Lane, and entering a box up two pair of

stairs, we discovered two little boys, at the corner of the last row, *nestling* together, trembling and sobbing. We asking them the cause, they timidly whispered "Hush!" and pointing to a solitary important personage in the front row, they informed us, that he had thumped and kicked them, whenever they had laughed.

On hearing this, Colman (ever the little champion of the oppressed) descended into the front row, and tittered. The anti-comedy gentleman looking amazingly big at him, fiercely cried, "Silence,"—at the same time opening his snuff box, and importantly taking snuff—Colman, with much politeness, asked him for a pinch, which, this foe to merriment, this *play-house* Herod, indignantly refused—"Won't you, Sir," cried Colman; "then shall I have the honour of giving you a *pinch?*" and without waiting for a reply, *tweaked* our crabbed oppressor by the nose, and instantly vanished. So did not I; for, in attempting to follow him, I was pulled back, and on the point of being beaten to a mummy; when, Colman, who never deserted a friend in need, returning with two of his father's acquaintances, old *Killjoy*, finding us now too strong for him, walked off in dudgeon; and the assertor of Thalia's rights, I, and the two

little sufferers, seated ourselves in his place, to laugh freely and heartily at the Old Bachelor.*

From the proximity of Westminster School to Westminster Hall, and the two houses of Parliament, I became a lawyer and politician in the egg-shell. I frequently attended the debates, and was, or rather imagined myself, a great admirer of Lord North, Fox, and Burke; and in Westminster Hall, of Lord Mansfield, Dunning, Thurlow, and Wedderburne. But, though young, and inexperienced, and dazzled by the sagacity, vigour, and eloquence of these gentlemen, I soon perceived that with great men a very little humour went a very great way; and often afterwards, when writing

* The elder Mr. Colman's management of the Haymarket commenced this season, and was most successful; for he introduced to public approbation, the three following justly celebrated performers; Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Edwin. The two latter, I had seen the year before at Bath, in Gomez, and Dominick in the Spanish Friar; which they played with a talent, that rendered all the Bath critics assured of their after success in London. In the following season, Mr. Colman senior, engaged Garrick's pupil, (Mr. John Bannister,) who made his first appearance in the character of Dick in the Apprentice. In consequence of his great success, he was engaged at Drury Lane, where he performed Zaphna for his début—of this successful actor, more hereafter.

I used to envy the one great advantage of Westminster Hall over theatres; however futile their attempts, barristers cannot be hissed, and dramatists may.

On the Duke of Richmond's motion, April the 7th, 1778, relative to the independence of America, Lord Chatham rose from his bed, and, in the midst of pain and debility, attended the house. By the kindness of the Duke of Bedford, I stood close to the venerable statesman, as he passed through the Peers' lobby; and I afterwards heard his speech during the debate. Never, shall I forget the nervous and energetic tone, in which he delivered the following passage:

"I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient, and most noble, monarchy. Pressed down, as I am, by infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, I never will consent, while I have sense and memory, to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance."

The Duke of Richmond having replied to his speech, Lord Chatham attempted to rise to answer him; but, after two or three unsuccessful efforts, he fainted, and fell. There was but

one feeling through the house, both parties rushed to his assistance; though, on the sudden accidental interruption of an ordinary orator's speech, the majority say, or seem to say, "for this relief, much thanks!"

Yet, on this occasion, the only relief that could have gratified the most hostile, would have been the continuation of his reply, by the venerable object of their interest. But this hope was vain: he was carried out of the house, under the care of Dr. Brocklesby, followed by many admirers and friends, overwhelmed by grief and anxiety. Amongst that many, however, none so excited the general sympathy, and sincere commiseration, as the man, in whom Lord Chatham afterwards lived again,—his son William Pitt. His sighs were "deep, not loud," till he entered the carriage with his apparently dying parent; when, taking him by the hand, he would have given "sorrow vent," had not Dr. Brocklesby, and all around, assured him, that there was no appearance of any immediate danger.

Lord Chatham only lingered for a few weeks, and breathed his last at Hayes, May the 11th, 1778. The same week, my father took me to see the bed, in which he died, and his coffin; afterwards, I saw him lie in state in the Jerusa-

lem Chamber.* This, being the first time, that I ever witnessed a ceremony of this description, the funereal appearance of the black hangings, and the appalling effect of all the other paraphernalia of death, aided by the melancholy paucity of lights, struck me with awe, and terror.

Old Wilbier, his Lordship's faithful steward, stood near the body; and while I was conversing with him, relative to this lamentable event, to his, mine, and the astonishment of the whole room, the lights suddenly disappeared, and we were all involved in total darkness. The screams and cries of "take care of the corpse!" still ring in my ears. Owing to the vastness of the confusion, a considerable time elapsed before lights could again be procured; at length, when they were, the spectral, haggard countenances of all around, rendered even darkness less terrific.

The sole cause of this confusion was a hair-brained barrister, who, with a rapidity, never before manifested in his profession, had with the assistance of his hat, instantaneously extinguished the few tapers, without discovery; thus, affording another illustration of the old remark, that it is always in the power of a

* Whence the body was removed to the Painted Chamber.

reckless individual, to violate the decorum of the most imposing and numerous assembly.

On the thirtieth of September in this year, we received a letter from my brother Richard, (who was on a visit to my grandfather at Trowbridge,) relating the following melancholy and afflicting circumstance. The previous day, my uncle rode to Bath, to inspect the erection of some buildings, under his direction; having promised his father to return to an early supper at nine o'clock. Soon after that hour, the family heard the trampling of the horse, and my aunt running to the old fashioned porch to meet her brother, to her horror and dismay, found the horse panting for breath, glaring wildly around, and without its rider.

The alarm was soon spread through the town; and so much was my uncle loved and respected, that several of the principal residents immediately went in search of him. In an hour, one of them returned with horror on his countenance, and told my grandfather, that his son was lying at a farm house two miles from Trowbridge, "without hope of recovery;" added the considerative friend, to prepare them for the declaration of the fact, that the vital spark was wholly extinct.

It afterwards appeared, that the horse had

run away with him on the Bath side of Melksham, and my uncle had struggled to stop him for above two miles; when disabled by exhaustion he fell, and his head encountering a large pointed stone, he was killed on the spot. That he was both a public, and a private, loss, every body who knew him, acknowledged—had he lived a few years more, his professional celebrity must have ensured him affluence; he had, however, realized enough to bequeath his sister a handsome independence.

About this period, one of our constant visitors was the Honourable Thomas Erskine, who had lately relinquished the army and the navy, for a new profession, the law. Little did I then think, that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality,—dressed shabbily, expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions, and used boastingly to exclaim to my father, "Thank fortune, out of my own family I don't know a lord,"—little did I then think, that I should ever live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of above fifteen thousand pounds.

But, want of income, that great professional stimulant, urged him into action; and aided by strong natural talents, and increasing industry, his consequent success, and *rise*, were so rapid, that I remember Murphy the dramatic author always calling him, the "Balloon barrister."

One of his first clients was Admiral Keppel, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Palliser, and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate, with a bank note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine shewed us this novel sight, and exclaimed, "*Voila*, the *nonsuit* of *cow beef*, my good friends!"

Soon after Lord George Gordon's trial, for whom, with Lord Kenyon, he was counsel, and where again there was a verdict of acquittal, he came with "all his honours thick upon him," and passed three or four days with us, at Southbarrow. Whether success had not increased his companionable qualities, or, from what cause I know not, but, though equally conciliating to my father, and my mother, he, and the junior part of the family, got so completely to loggerheads, that, on the day of his departure, full of our supposed annoyances, Jack, Robert, and myself, waylaid him at the gate, pulled off our hats, waved them,

and then huzzaed him. He turned round abruptly, stared, and haughtily demanded what we meant!

"We mean," cried Robert, "to pay the compliment due to your talents."

"Aye," continued Jack, "particularly to your *talent* of making yourself *disagreeable*."

Then, we all ran into the house, and peeping through a window, saw him returning; when, suddenly altering his mind, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away.

The next time we met in the Adelphi, Erskine shook us by the hand, laughed heartily at the circumstance, and said, "as he did not forget he was a *great* barrister, we were quite right in remembering we were the sons of a *great* attorney;" a character certainly, not exactly to be trifled with, by either old, or young, big wigs.

During this year, another barrister, frequently our visitor, was Mr. Garrow, (now Baron Garrow;) a most liberal and honourable young man; combining in himself so many talents, requisite to obtain the highest honours and eminence in his profession, that, at the period, he so satisfactorily filled the important office of attorney-general, his numerous admirers much re-

gretted that ill health prevented his acceptation of a higher legal station, than the one, he at present holds. I am sorry that I can remember no anecdote of him, at the time, to which, I am now recurring; unless, the following, in which he was a party, be considered worthy of this *catching* appellation.

He, and my brother Jack, went together one evening, to a grand masquerade, at the Opera House. Garrow only wore a domino, but Jack attempted to personate Shylock, and as the principal means of success, learnt the whole part by heart. In course, the character failed in representation, but the result was, he never afterwards quoted from any play but the Merchant of Venice. One or two instances, of his adaptations of these quotations, may not prove unentertaining.

On my grandmother's lecturing him, and amongst other reproofs, asking him why, every morning he rose so late, he replied:

> "I'll not answer that,
> But say it is my humour—"

At a dinner party, on being asked from what

part of a turkey, he would choose to be helped, he emphatically replied:

"Nearest his heart!"

And again, when at Trowbridge, numerous small debtors to my deceased aunt, (who had received money from her on notes, and bonds,) called on my brothers and me, as her legatees, with a request, that we would allow them time, for payment. To this, we were naturally inclined to accede, when, Jack abruptly rose, and vehemently cried, to the horror of the terrified supplicants,

"Till thou cans't rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:—
——— Gaoler, look to them!"——

So much difficulty had we to persuade the poor fellows, that he was not in earnest, that we were obliged to make him take them by the hands, and recant his threats; which he did by speaking the lines "on the quality of mercy."

Now, I am on the subject of masquerades, I trust I may be allowed to relate the following anecdote of the Duchess of Bolton; who, during the same year, gave a splendid masked ball, to all the rank and fashion in London. Three of my

school fellows had tickets; but I, having no possible hope of procuring, what was the object of the unsuccessful application of so many of the highest rank, regretted to them, my inability to be of their party. They, however, earnestly desiring my company, advised me, as a last resource, to write, and request the ticket of the Duchess herself. I attended to their suggestions, and immediately sent the following note:

"A Westminster boy will be much obliged to her Grace the Duchess of Bolton for a ticket to her Masquerade; and in return, promises to make himself very entertaining."

To their, and my surprise, but to the joy of all, the ticket was sent, and then came the rub; what should be our characters? At length, after much wrangling, it was decided we should go as "*High, Low, Jack*, and the *Game*." Then more wrangling, concerning the mode, in which we should dress our parts. Finally, it was thus settled; Smith, a tall boy, in a bull's head, with large horns, bearing a placard, on which was written "*Consols* 93½", was to represent HIGH: Collier, a short boy, with a large bear's head, with hanging ears, and a placard exhibiting "*Long Annuities* 12⅞," was to perso-

nate Low; Wilkins, as JACK, to be dressed exactly like the *Knave of Clubs;* but I, as GAME, how was I to be equipped?

After much cogitation, we decided that GAME could only be personified by covering me with dead *hares, pheasants,* and *partridges.* Thus attired, we started, convinced we should cut a great figure; but, on entering the room, found that nobody took the joke, but ourselves; and three *bucks* dressed as sharp-shooters, continued during the whole evening, to take aim, and snap their guns at me, and my *Manor.*

The well known circumstance of the fracture of the floor of the ball-room, occurred this evening. The alarm, and the struggles to escape were tremendous; but, most fortunately, there was no serious accident. Much discontent was expressed; one said, before *I* give a ball, *I* always have my house surveyed; another complained of the scarcity of iced cream, (though there was abundance,) and another of the heat of the room. In fact, through life, I have observed, there is no superfluous civility brings more dissatisfaction to its donor, than a party; those, that *are nôt* invited, become his enemies, while those, that *are,* receive the intended compliment only as their due, and depart ridiculing the inadequacy of his efforts.

I must now recur to an event of a very different character. On Friday, June 2d, 1780, Lord George Gordon, went forth to meet, in St. George's Fields, what he called his forty thousand protestants; government, however, thought so little, either of him, or his puritanical followers, that no troops were ordered into readiness, on the occasion. The consequence was, that, after hearing his lordship's wild harangue against the Popish Bill, the populace divided into different parties, and before half-past two in the afternoon, surrounded both Houses of Parliament.

Soon, they usurped the most arbitrary and dictatorial power; and at the time, I, and other Westminster boys, "eager for the fray," entered Palace-yard, we witnessed the most novel and extraordinary proceedings. I acknowledge, at first, we enjoyed the scene, voting it *fun;* but soon, in spite of all our boyish love of mischief, we found the *joke* was carried much *too far.*

The mob, shortly received the addition of many thousands of disorderly persons, occupying every avenue to the Houses of Parliament, the whole of Westminster Bridge, and extending nearly to the northern end of Parliament-street. The greatest part of it, however,

was composed of persons decently dressed, who appeared to be incited to extravagance, by a species of fanatical phrenzy. They talked of dying in the *good cause*, and manifested all the violence of the disposition, imbibed under the banners of Presbyterianism. They had long lank heads of hair, meagre countenances, fiery eyes, and they uttered deep ejaculations; in short, displaying all the outward and visible signs of hypocrisy and starvation. When, they were requested by the magistrates to disperse, they vowed they would rather perish in the streets than endure a Popish Government; and they immediately proceeded to attack the members, most offensive to them.

The first, whom I saw grossly insulted, was the venerable Lord Bathurst, whom they pulled from his carriage, struck, and pelted with mud: the next, was Lord Stormont, whose chariot was broken to pieces, and whose life was only preserved by the courage of a friend: and then, the Bishop of Lincoln, who escaped by a miracle; for, on his carriage being stopped, a ruffian dragged him forth, and seized him by the throat, with an evident attempt to strangle him; but, a fortunate rush emancipating him, he took refuge in a gentleman's house; whence, he escaped, by

the roof, while forty of the mob were vindictively searching for him below.

At length, Captain Topham, (afterwards, my most intimate friend) being ordered to charge at the head of a detachment of cavalry, I had an opportunity of observing a very curious effect. The crowd were wedged into such firm and compact masses, that the cavalry were actually compelled to recede, and return in a full gallop, in order to give their career sufficient force to penetrate them. The consequence was, that, after the cavalry had passed through them, the mob lay, in the most ludicrous manner, one over another, like a pack of cards; and the only accident of which I heard, was the fracture of a leg.

The next morning, a new species of mob presented itself. All the lank and puritanical faces had disappeared, and rogues and robbery were the order of the day. Respectable individuals were turned out of their houses, with an affected civility, that the mob might burn them, without injury to the persons of their proprietors. The magistrates, who had attended the different detachments of Horse and Foot Guards, were now totally disregarded; and a scene of universal plunder, and anarchy, was exhibited in every part of London.

It was on the morning of the third day, that the Jail of Newgate was broken open. The mob had fired it in many places, before they were enabled to force their way through the massive bars and gates, which guarded its entrance. The wild gestures of the mob without, and the shrieks of the prisoners within, expecting an instantaneous death from the flames; the thundering descent of huge pieces of building; the deafening clangor of red hot iron bars, striking in terrible concussion, the pavement below; and the loud triumphant yells and shouts of the demoniac assailants, on each new success, formed an awful and terrific scene. At length, the work of ruin was accomplished, and while the gaolers and turnkeys were either flying or begging for their lives, forth came the prisoners, blaspheming, and jumping in their chains.

The convicts being taken to the different blacksmiths in the neighbourhood, I followed one of them, who was to have been hanged on the following Monday. On some sudden alarm, the mob, hastily brought him to the door, with a fetter still on one leg; then quitting their hold on him, and receding, they cried, "A clear way, and a clear run!" "Swifter than

arrow from a Tartar's bow," flew the rogue, and I never saw him again; though, certainly, I heard of him a few months afterwards, in the Newgate Calendar.

As it would be supererogatory to enter into a detailed account of all that passed during the seven days of these memorable riots, I will merely describe a few of the scenes that I witnessed. The lawless brutality of the mob, was only to be equalled by their cowardice; and I do believe, during the commencement, many houses might have been saved by the musical exertions of a single drummer. I saw three or four hundred of these "No Popery" ruffians commencing the destruction of a large house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; when, the drawing room windows being suddenly opened, I beheld a lady and her servants boldly present pistols: whether they did, or did not, fire, I cannot tell; for both I, and the mob, commenced an immediate flight, and as the novelists say "*were out of sight in an instant.*"

On the next day, with two of my school fellows, I cleared New-street, Covent-garden, of a turbulent gang, by rushing past the corner in St. Martin's Lane, and shouting, "the Guards! the Guards!" Then, hiding ourselves, in St.

Martin's Court, and awaiting the event, enjoyed the disorderly retreat of, at least, two hundred dastards.

At length, on Monday June the 5th, the Guards did really come; when, it was reported, that several great oppositionists were aiding, and leading, the mob, in disguise; and, strange as it may now appear, many, and I among them, believed this wild rumour. I mention this, because, having seen a chimney-sweeper, who was in the act of cheering the rioters, shot dead on the top of a fruit stall in Fleet Market, I heard a report, (which was repeated in the papers of the following day), that this sooty sufferer was no less a personage than a nobleman in disguise, and that, that nobleman was my father's most intimate friend, Lord Effingham. I was so shocked by this account that I ran home, with the greatest speed. I found my father alone in his office; where, having deliberately heard my extraordinary communication, he told me, with a strange expression of countenance, (which I conceived to be the effect of the intensity of his grief,) to go up stairs, and cautiously break the sad tale to my mother, and to the family.

I entered the drawing-room, and, though a large party, waiting for dinner, was assem-

bled there, I commenced, without prelude, my affecting narrative; when, one of the guests advancing, as if in the ardour of attention, I caught a view of his countenance, and suddenly stood aghast—it was Lord Effingham! He advanced, and taking me by the hand, I trembled as if I had been guilty of perjury; but, my father entering the room at that moment, somewhat abated my confusion, by withdrawing the attention of the company from me to the story, which he continued to their great amusement. When he had concluded, his Lordship patting me on the head, to encourage me, said,

"If everybody were as anxious about my life as you are, I should be sorry, for their sakes, to be killed so often; for you might have heard, Fred, this is my *third* death, during these riots. However, to cure you of your fright, and to prove to you, I have yet some remnants of loyalty, here, my boy, take this *little portrait* of his Majesty," at the same time giving me a guinea.

The mob, now entire masters of London, every hour proceeded to some new act of audacity and depredation. Having fired or injured most of the principal edifices of the metropolis, they proposed attacking Buckingham House. The party of horse, commanded by Topham,

and a detachment of foot, were sent to defend it. Here, they would not have awaited the sanction of a magistrate to fire; but, the dastardly mob, finding there was a determination to oppose them, retired, as tumultuously as they came; threatening to return speedily in greater force.

During a situation so unquestionably trying, and during an occasional attendance of upwards of eleven years, Topham, (as officer in the Horse Guards,) had certainly opportunities of observing the late King's character and behaviour. From the windows of his palace, his Majesty could see part of the metropolis in flames, and might consequently every moment expect the attack, and perhaps, plunder, of his own residence; yet, I have the evidence of Topham, that he never witnessed any conduct, more firm, more dignified, or more composed; his words always were, "I am persuaded the King does not know what fear is!"

My father, (whose ideas of liberty consisted in thinking he should have the power of checking those in power, rather, than that those beneath him, should think of checking him,) began to be puzzled as to his opinion of the riots. At first, he praised the magistracy for not interfering; but, the havoc spreading far and wide, and

not exactly understanding mob *tyranny*, on Wednesday, June the 7th, he put one hundred and fifty guineas into his pocket, and took us all with him to Southbarrow; where, after dinner, he said, if the rabble continued to rule, he would, in a day or two, depart for France—"A wise country," he added, "where the Government was not in the people!"

Jack agreed with him, and both he and my father continued vehemently to inveigh against a democracy, until the former unluckily hinted, that he thought the cause of the riots had commenced with the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" My father felt the rebuke, and rising abruptly from his chair, cried angrily to Jack, "Either you, or I, leave this room."

"I know my duty, Sir," replied my eccentric brother, and walked out, humming "God save the King."

However, at midnight, when we walked on the lawn, and looking towards London, saw by the red appearance of the sky, that probably half the metropolis was in flames, (and recollecting also that, before our departure, all the prisoners had escaped from Newgate, Clerkenwell, and the New Prison to add to the universal horror and confusion) we approached my

father, and instead, of bantering him on his political tergiversation, unanimously thanked him for his kindness, and foresight.

On Friday, June the 9th, these disgraceful scenes terminated; and to prevent a renewal of them, government wisely formed a large encampment of the guards and militia, in St. James' and Hyde, Parks. My father finding himself, and all of us, safe, returned to London; where soon relapsing into his old politics, the moment he heard of the two camps, he patriotically exclaimed, "What! do we live in Turkey? Are the free people of England to be *dragooned* out of their independence?"

Jack muttered something about a change of sentiment; but, my father was ever afterwards so sore on this point, that, notwithstanding all his affection, and good-humour, we, from that time, never dared even to hint at a reminiscence of these two loyal days of his life. However, be it understood, he was not the only patriot, who had not been uniform on the occasion. While ministers, and their adherents, only suffered, while they, and their firesides, were *alone* attacked, thousands sang to the mob, "Britons strike home;" but, when, Britons *did* strike *home*, indiscriminately, all parties began to loathe "the scum that rises upwards when the nation

boils," and condemned, avoided, or opposed them.

I cannot conclude this account of popular delinquency, without adding, what, perhaps, will be acceded to by many; viz. John Bull, individually, is often an excellent fellow; but, collectively, he was never right but once in his life, and that was, when he *d—d* a comedy of mine.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC.*

"Jours charmans, quand je songe a vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchanté, sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pour du matin de la vie."

In the following year, I was placed in the head form of Westminster School, and one day, playing at foot-ball in the Cloisters, with a rival school-fellow of the name of Hamblin, a quarrel arose between us. We fought on the spot, and during the contest, I received a blow which made me stagger, and then, fall on the stones,

* For this title I am indebted to my friend Kenney, the author of a most successful after-piece, thus named, and many, equally successful, first pieces.

with such force, that my left arm was dreadfully fractured.

The Abbey bell at the moment tolling two in the afternoon, (the signal for the return of school hours,) all the boys immediately fled, and left me wholly alone, in a state of approaching insensibility: when a midshipman, son of Cumberland, the author, accidentally passing the spot where I lay, kindly assisted me. He supported me to Mr. Poignand's, the surgeon in Parliament-street, where my arm was set; and then, my gallant young conductor completed his kindness, by accompanying me home.

I remained in a state of confinement, till after the Christmas holidays; when, my father thought another dose of Westminster, supererogatory. Here therefore end my school, though certainly, not my boyish, days, as the following pages will shew:—

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

My father, having intended me for the profession of a barrister, proposed to send me, (as he had sent my brother Richard,) to Trinity College, Cambridge. But, fortunately for me, it suddenly occurred to him, that, though a knowledge of mathematics, and an additional

four, or five years imbibition of Greek, and Latin, might finish me as a classic, yet, it might undo me, as a lawyer. He therefore placed me, in his own office; and entered me on the books of the Middle Temple, on the 12th of January, 1782.

Law, naturally, did not monopolize my attention so devotedly, as to leave me neither leisure, nor vacancy, for other pursuits. After poring over dull parchments, and copying unintelligible pleadings all day, I used to resign my evenings to my youthful *cacoethes scribendi*. Shortly afterwards, for the first time in my life, I began to turn my thoughts towards amatory poetry; but halted, in the commencement, for the *want of a mistress*. For sometime, I was quite at a loss where to find one; but, after an arduous search, I selected for my Dulcinea, the eldest daughter of a banker in the city.

Her christian name was Helen, and for a few sonnets, I found it admirable:

> "O fair Helen,
> Heart is swelling,
> And rebelling," &c.

But, the banker's second daughter, Harriet, being very pretty, I, (thinking change of name and subject, might relieve the monotony of my muse,) wrote to her thus:—

"Pretty little Harriet,
Surely you can tarry yet,
So pray do not marry yet," &c.

Then, soon afterwards, hands across to a third daughter, to whom I wrote verses about,

"Sophy!"—"Trophy"—"O Fie!"—

Thus I continued, till without any premeditated design, I found myself in love with the whole family. The fair trio, however, with great good humour, always received both me, and my poetical attentions; and laughed, and thought each of us, I believe, a *very good joke*. I cannot say wherefore, but, in love matters, I fear, *joke*, too frequently, leads to *earnest*. Thus it nearly did with us; for, though, when in London, both the assault and defence were conducted formally, and decorously, as we were surrounded by our papas, and mammas, yet, when any one of these *Helens*, *Harriets*, or *Sophys*, used to pass a week at Southbarrow, (which was frequently the case,) I began to feel all the perplexing effects of "love and opportunity."

Rambles through gardens, and fields;—ascents, and descents, over stiles, gentle zephyrs propitiously blowing; and interesting conversations, and discussions, seated on fragrant banks of violets, fanning instead of cool-

ing the flame! *O improbe amor!* O tormenting urchin! Luckily, however, *opportunity*, with me, did not lead to *importunity*; for, though often about to succumb, I rallied again *instanter*; not from principle, nor from want of love, but, from cowardice. *Terror* was my most potent and successful ally; and though, "*à la distance*," I was often bold enough to press ardently for *tête à tête* meetings, yet, when they were attained, their immediate interruption and termination, became the sole object of my thoughts.

Having given this account of the style and manner, in which I conducted "Love's enterprises," a *finished* specimen of my poetical talents, will not be now inapposite; particularly, as I used not to consider them my least important allies. The following juvenile lines, which I sent to Sophy, on her refusing to grant me a lock of her hair, I hope, (*odd and absurd as they are*) will not prove wholly unamusing:—

TO SOPHIA.

January 5th, 1782.

On Ida, 'neath the myrtle's shade,
The Queen of Cyprus, sleeping laid;
Cupid from England, home return'd;
The little god with passion burn'd—

He bluster'd, flutter'd, stamp'd the ground,
And kick'd a little dust around;
But, finding all his raging vain,
He bluster'd, fluttered, stamp'd again—
At length fatigued, he dropp'd a tear,
And sobb'd, " Mamma, O prithee hear!"—
The lovely Queen arose, and press'd
The little Darling to her breast;
Then soothing, kiss'd away each tear,
And weeping, begg'd his tale to hear—
" My sister Sophy, whom you know,
" You love," he cried, " the most below,
" Refus'd to give a lock of hair
" To one so fond, so true, so rare,
" Zounds, It would make Diana swear!—
" Mamma, he is a prettier boy
" Than little Ganymede of Troy,
" And none but her could him refuse,
" A thing that's of so little use"—
" My lovely child," replied the Queen,
" I recollect the boy you mean;
" And wonder much that he should dare,
" To ask of her a lock of hair,
" When, on his bosom late was seen
" A lock that had her sister's been—
" Besides he's rude—does gaze and stare,
" *Unblushingly* on *blushing* fair."
The Cyprian queen thus frowning cried,
To which the God of Love replied,—
" Mamma, I wonder how you can,
" Traduce so much my favourite man.
" Sure he may stare, for oft I know,
" You've looked Adonis, through and through;

"'Tis very hard, because he wore
"The hair of others oft before,
"(Hair that was giv'n, he can't tell how,
"And why he wore it does not know,
"Unless because 'twas something new;)
"'Tis very hard, I swear by Jove,
"He may not now, at once remove
"Those wanton locks, for locks of love!—
"'Tis childish, sure Mamma, it is,
"To use an argument like this;
"So tell her, if she will but spare
"One lock, one little lock of hair,
"He'll think himself should she but smile,
"The happiest man in Britain's isle."—
"I'll go to England," Venus said,
"And ask the lovely, conq'ring maid."

Notwithstanding, this long intercession of Cupid, and Venus' longer journey, the "conquering maid" made a resistance longer than either. But, being one of those mild, pacific females, who are constantly saying, "Any thing for peace," the impression, I vainly attempted to effect by sighing and *sonneteering*, was at last excited by time, teasing, and tormenting.

Hobbes says, "the smallest force constantly applied will effect wonders;" and, on these principles, I managed my small force in the art of love. With such perseverance did I pursue my attacks, that soon, happy to accept the terms of truce she had, previously, so often re-

jected, Sophia eagerly ratified the peace, and mutual amnesty, with her own fair hand, and scissors: and then abandoned to me the much desired lock, with almost as much pleasure as I received it. I seized it—kissed it—expended my pecuniary all, on a mounting of gold and jewels, and then daily cherished, and embraced the divine locket, till an accident compelled me to send it to another jeweller, for repair. It was then, I discovered, that the former old *twaddling* tradesman, having lost my "fair virgin's ravish'd hair," had substituted a lock of his wife's; or, (were I to credit the assertions of the female judges of that period) of his wife's *caxon.*

Thus, the little arch-tormentor, the ignis fatuus—the false direction post, managed, even in my earliest youth, to make me feel his power. O, how I rejoice, whilst writing this life, that I have for ever settled my account with him, "*errors excepted;*" and that I can no more have dealings with one, who, on every occasion, I too well recollect, has always arranged that the balance should be in the *per contra* leaf of our ledger.

The greatest difficulty, however, I had to encounter in the career of love, was the absence of those two grand essentials to success—

beauty, and money. To supply these deficiencies, I was compelled to resort to less potent alternatives, and having unsuccessfully essayed the worrying, I determined henceforth to adopt the independent, system:

> "Woman, born to be controll'd,
> Stoops to the forward and the bold."

By pretending to be careless of the sentiments of the object of my adoration, I hoped to make her care for *me*. But, soon I found my sanguine expectations again disappointed; for my easy manners, she denominated impertinence, and my independence, brutality.

The next mode to which I had recourse for success, was the assumption of a sort of *April* love, half sunshine, and half tears; in which, my main object was, to make my mistress both laugh, and cry. The latter, however, was my principal aim, because, it led to tender reconciliations; and here, if the number of tears be the standard, by which the extent of success is to be measured, I will venture to say, never lover of my age, nor of any age, was more effectively gallant; for none, ever had the *happiness* of making more women *miserable*.

So much for love, at the age of seventeen; and

I am sorry to say, matters did not proceed *equally* successfully with me, in law.

My father, whose memory I must ever revere, for his strong paternal affection, and fine temper, had, as the reader may have already perceived, several eccentricities which enriched, not diminished, the force of his character. Were I to omit these, and he could overlook, and read my page, I am sure he would cry, "Fred, you are a very *dull*, and sorry biographer!" so strong was his love for peculiarity, and antipathy to common-place.

He was a most amusing man during his whole *life;* and if he be not tolerably so, in "My Life," it will certainly be my own fault. Perhaps, of all his pleasures, or relaxations, as he called them, not one was so injurious to him in his profession, as his increasing partiality for Southbarrow. He would struggle against it, however, and, strong with the fleeting force of a new resolution, would often, in the evening, suddenly cry to me and Jack—

"Come, boys, we must be stirring with the lark to-morrow morning—term is begun—business is in arrears—and by all that is serious, we must make up for lost time."

Accordingly, the next morning, before six

o'clock, off we would hastily start, half-dressed, and to gain still more time, gallop the whole way to town. After, sending our horses to the stables, and seeing them well-rubbed, and fed, (which would occupy a good half-hour,) my father would call in the head clerk, who would stand before him with a melancholy countenance, talking of clients complaining of errors; others, of losses; and others, of broken appointments, till my father would interrupt him crying,

"Human nature cannot transact business on an empty stomach—tell the footman to bring the breakfast immediately!"

After undergoing the exertion of eating two or three muffins, reading the newspaper, and giving a few vague, professional hints to the clerk, he would say—

"Come, my boys, I believe there is *nothing else* to be done."

Then, away we used to gallop back, as fast, and as wise, as we came.

My mother, and my aunt, used to tell him, Southbarrow monopolized too much of his attention: but, he always replied, that what he lost as a lawyer, he should gain as a farmer; though, at the time, we all knew, that he never reared a turnip, which did not cost him as much as a pine-apple, nor dressed a leg of mutton, which

did not prove to him far dearer, than purchased venison.

Still, however, so convinced was he of his agricultural knowledge, and of considerable profits ultimately accruing from it, that, though the annual balance was always greatly against the *gentleman farmer*, he contended it was wholly owing to bad management during his absence. In this, he always persisted; and one day, as we rode to town, overtaking a gentleman of the neighbourhood, I positively overheard my father tell him, without the slightest idea of a joke, that, two, or three years before, having been compelled to attend the Salisbury Assizes, on his return, he discovered that (such was the negligence of his family!) a neighbouring farmer, had nightly sent his cattle to devour his clover, and turnips:—that the hay had self-ignited from being stacked, when wet; that the granary had been robbed; and that his favourite horse Captain, deserted by every body, and gnawed by hunger, had walked to the pond in the court yard, and *deliberately drowned himself!*

My father's office, candidly speaking, was not altogether the place in which "the young idea could be taught how to shoot;" yet, in the hope of repaying his constant paternal kindness,

by making myself useful to him in his profession, I continued to be fairly industrious. One evening, when he was out of town, and Jack was ill, I attended, as their substitute, a consultation in Lincoln's Inn, accompanied by one of my father's clients, a banker: we waited some time alone, when four barristers, with ponderous briefs, entered the room, and importantly took their seats. After a short pause, an interchange of looks, and a preluding hem! one of them significantly cried, "I don't understand this!" "Nor I, this," added another; "It wants explanation," pursued the third, looking importantly at me and the banker. While we stared, each at the other, in perfect confusion, and ignorance, as to what course to adopt, the principal barrister arose, and after shaking his head, turned abruptly towards us, and cried,

"It is impossible we can proceed further, until your father, or some efficient person, comes and gives us the necessary information."

The four oracles then unceremoniously departed, leaving me and the banker behind, as I well remember; though, my memory at present is not sufficiently powerful, to assert with *certainty*, that they also left their fees. If they did, however, they were restored with interest,

for the cause, after refresher on refresher, came on within the space of a few months; when, the counsel for the plaintiff having just opened the proceedings, the matter, by consent of parties, was referred to arbitration. At the end of two years, the arbitrators differed; and after more consultations, we all returned into court. Here, the banker, at length, gained his cause; but, so heavy were the costs, that, in this instance, (I trust a *solitary* one,) not only the oyster, but the shell, was gone. Grown wiser, however, by experience, our client pocketed the affront; and with litigious controversy, no more "crazed his pate."

When, it is remembered, that the profession of the law is sufficiently profitable for its practitioners to live by it, honourably and honestly, we must lament that so many wander from the regular road. Yet, that there are many "sound in heart as in head"—many who can fairly boast of being above all *crooked ways*, I am happy in this opportunity of acknowledging; and, in defiance of prejudice and the cry of "mad dog," can venture to add, that, if Diogenes were *now* in search of an honest man, he would probably, after all, be as likely to find such a person amongst lawyers, as amongst any other class of society.

But, to recur to the subject of *pocketing affronts*—My brother Jack, late one evening in January, proceeding in his gig to Southbarrow, was stopped on Bromley Hill by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol, furiously demanded his money. I will not say that Jack took fright, but his horse did, and, with a violent plunge, galloped off at full speed. The highwayman's foot being struck by the wheel, he was immediately unhorsed, and dashed on the ground; while his horse, now left to his own guidance, mechanically followed the vehicle.

Jack, in total ignorance of the whole proceeding, hearing the horse behind the gig, naturally concluded the highwayman was in full pursuit, and expected every moment to have his brains blown out. However, on entering the town, he discovered his error to his great relief; and stopping at the inn, and desiring to speak to the landlord, he related the circumstance, and then delivered the horse to him; ordering it to be immediately advertized according to the usual form—"If not owned, nor demanded, within ten days from the date hereof, it will be peremptorily sold, to defray expenses."

As may be supposed, the horse was neither

owned nor claimed, so therefore sold; and Jack *pocketing the affront*, cleared upwards of thirty pounds by what he called, "*robbing a highwayman.*"

Among theatrical events, during the season of this year, (1782,) the principal, was the success of Mrs. Siddons. Garrick's previous dismission of her, and her triumphant return, are facts too notorious to render a detailed repetition necessary. From the commencement of her career in tragedy, till the termination, I can only say,

> "——— The form and cause conjoined,
> Preaching to stones would make them capable."

No tragic actress, I believe, ever had such absolute dominion over her audiences as Mrs. Siddons: nor were her audiences common and indiscriminating, for, in addition to a splendid display of the principal rank and fashion of the period, I have frequently seen in the orchestra, Burke, Wyndham, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, all testifying an equal admiration of her commanding talents.

The late Mr. Harris used to say, that he had more cause to praise and admire her, than even Sheridan himself; for, she brought as full houses

to Covent Garden, as to Drury-lane, though the former paid her no salary. The fact was, that on Mrs. Siddons's nights, Mr. Harris (being sure of an overflow from Drury-lane,) only put up his weakest bills, reserving the strongest, for his *off nights;* thus, probably, at the end of the week, the average amount of the receipts, was in his favour.

About two years after the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford, (previously Mrs. Barry,) dining with us in the Adelphi, and hearing all the junior part of the family lauding the new Melpomene, vexed and disconcerted, she told us we knew nothing of the matter.

"The Garrick school," she cried, "was all *rapidity* and *passion*, while the Kemble school was so full of *paw* and *pause*, that, at first, the performers, thinking their new competitors had either lost their cues, or forgotten their parts, used frequently to prompt them."

Mrs. Crawford was still so great a favourite with our whole family, both on, and off, the stage, that we did not pursue the argument; though the majority of us thought, whatever was the school to which Mrs. Siddons belonged, she was the finest proficient we ever beheld.

During this, and the following, year, the political horizon was so clouded, and thrown into

such a state of "confusion worse confounded," that, probably, it may not prove unamusing to narrate briefly a few of the events.

In the latter end of March, Lord North, and his colleagues in office resigned, and on the 30th of the same month, the Rockingham administration came into power. Lord Effingham being appointed Treasurer of the Household, my father, for the second time in his life, became a government man; but, Lord Rockingham dying on July the 1st, and the Shelburne administration; with William Pitt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, immediately commencing, Lord Effingham resigned, and my father suddenly found himself again in opposition.

The Shelburne party being removed during the following April, by the coalition of Lord North and Fox, the latter came into power. My father, like many other politicians, then completely posed, used to shake his head, smile, and say, "I don't know which side to take now."

In December of the same year, North and Fox losing their places, owing to the India Bill, Pitt then returned into office, not only, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but also, as first Lord of the Treasury.

Here was a singular scene in politics; FIVE administrations, in little more than *one* year and

a *half!* What politician could avoid (if I may use the expression) *weathercocking* it, and being, in the course of a few weeks, whig and tory, zealous reformer, and staunch loyalist. However, notwithstanding all their pliant tergiversations, and concessions, few had sufficient tact to accord with so many kings—and kings with such short reigns. Indeed, even the original Vicar of Bray, himself, must ultimately have been foiled in the attempt to avoid an exposure of the system, of constantly repeating on the same subject, "*aye*," one day, and "*no*," the next.

As the reverse of this unprecedented political fluctuation, allow me to mention that, the Pitt administration commencing in 1783, lasted nearly twenty years. Such was the lofty and independent spirit and bearing of this great minister, it was often said of him, that, during the whole of this long and arduous period, "He had never once seen the floor of the House of Commons."

So much for politics,—now, for quackery, on a smaller scale. At this same period, flourished one of the most successful votaries at the shrine of notoriety; I allude to Doctor Graham, whose electrical apparatus, *celestial bed*, and *goddess of health*, had obtained him this envi-

able distinction. Daily, he attracted overflowing audiences, and the back of our house being opposite to the back of his, we occasionally took a view of his performance, gratis. This was a cause of sore discontent to the Doctor, and of many a rebuke for us.

But, a much more heavy cause of complaint against us, was our martial habit of discharging from our first floor window, with all the force of fingers, thumbs and arms, and with an unerring aim, paper pellets, full against the eager visages of the Doctor's patients. This, excited the enemy's anger to such a degree, that, one evening, we received an anonymous letter, evidently written by him, stating that he and his spectators were compelled, to the positive detriment of their systems, to close the windows on the hottest day, "lest a paper pellet, with a pin in its end, be conveyed to the eye. Beware, or you shall hear more from a TERRACE OBSERVER."

To this, we briefly replied,

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"'Tis not true that our pellets are charged with a pin,
But supposing they are, pray where is the sin?
Grant we put *out* your eye—well, you'll *put* it in.

Yours, "A JOHN-STREET OBSERVER."

Add to all these "veritable sources of grief," that one of our particular friends testified the most marked predilection for the person of the Doctor's principal performer. Luckily, or unluckily, however, just as the lover's flame was growing into a conflagration, the *Goddess* of *Health* fell sick and *died*; owing, as the wags said, to a cold given by the damp sheets of the *celestial* bed.

"Every man at forty," it is said, "is either a fool or a physician;" some are both, but this doctor was neither. He knew the town, and knew, that, only by glaring deviations from the common path, and by alarming or surprising the multitude, he could pass the regular practitioner. Without doing any public harm I believe, he certainly did himself much good; and in truth, if there be blame in these transactions, it should rest with the audience, not with the performer—

> "The town, as usual, met them in full cry,
> The town, as usual, knew no reason why."

Speaking of doctors, I believe the first great hoax ever practised, occurred about this period. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, amounting, at least, to the number of fifty, received letters to attend at ten o'clock in the morning,

on a well-known wealthy lawyer, residing close to the Thames, at the end of Essex-street, which was then, as it is now, a complete *cul-de-sac*. Soon after the appointed hour, six carriages arrived, then, in an instant, many more. After much parley, rage, and confusion, some of the doctors, finding they had been deceived, ordered their coachmen to turn, and drive to their real patients. Then came the hoaxer's triumph;—above twenty medical flats were preparing to get out of the street, while a more than equal number were as violently struggling to get into it.

This small *cul de-sac* being now completely blockaded, the original cause of action, was, as usual, speedily forgotten; and the doctors, and their servants, passed the remainder of the morning, in polemical disquisitions in an *alto* key, and in general abuse and retort.

Though some invalids suffered, perhaps, by this jest, others, in their own opinion, benefited; at least, Lord Effingham used to say, "To this facetious event I owe my life, for, I sent for Doctor C——— and he *could not come*."

Undoubtedly, his Lordship was not very partial to the faculty, for once, when my brother Richard said, "What a wonderful

climate Greenland's must be, since the natives live there to the age of one hundred years, *without* medical men;" his Lordship replied, "Then what a much more wonderful climate England's must be, since they live here one hundred years *with* them."

During this summer, my father's uncle, Mr. Macey, arrived in England, from Portugal. He had resided in Lisbon, ever since a period, prior, by a few years, to the dreadful earthquake in November, 1755. Don't be alarmed, reader; I am not preparing to detail a full, true, and particular account of this well-known calamity; but, I will content myself with stating, in the words of a late traveller, who, after a tedious expatiation on the horrors of the scene, thus concludes — "this earthquake had the *honor* of being noticed by the Royal Society." As Manly says in the Provoked Husband, "What a well-bred age do we live in."*

* My uncle was on the Tagus, at the time the earthquake occurred. To this circumstance, in all probability, he owed the preservation of his life. Still, he encountered great danger, for many vessels were driven from their moorings, and cast on the shore; while others, though in deep water, actually struck the ground, in consequence of the violent heavings of the bed of the river.

One circumstance, the old gentleman used to relate, (not a magazine, nor gazetteer one) struck me particularly ; I allude to the sudden influx of morality into the town, on the cessation of the earthquake. So determined were the poor, panic stricken survivors, on an immediate confession, and repentance, that, even in that land of priesthood, the priests and confessors, literally staggered under their overwhelming accession of business. Persons, long supposed married, hastened to expose the criminality of their connection, by a public celebration of the nuptial ceremony, and husbands hoped to pacify heaven by transferring their affections from their mistresses to their wives. Children, hitherto unacknowledged, found parents, and orphans, protectors ; frauds were avowed, where even suspicion was not attached, and restitution promised to the second, and third generations, for the aggressions that had been practised in the first; owners were found for almost forgotten crimes ; and enemies, become friends, sought and afforded mutual assistance.

According to M. de Lavaysse, these same effects occurred after the earthquakes at Quito, and Caraccas. What can so fully pourtray the horrors of the cause!

My uncle's motive for visiting England, was chiefly business; though; partly for the advantage of his ward, a young Portuguese lady, to whom, two years previously, he had been appointed guardian, by her deceased father; a gentleman of good family, but small fortune.

Olivia Garcias, was the name of the fair foreigner. She had no mother, no relative, indeed, no dependence, save on Mr. Macey. She was in her nineteenth year, extremely beautiful, and not rendered less interesting, by the fixed and peculiar melancholy on her countenance; a melancholy, apparently arising from some secret grief. This supposition, received considerable credit, owing to Mr. Macey's reserved and mysterious manner, whenever any inquiries were made as to her history.

My father, at this time, had a new client, in Mr. Edward B———; a gentleman lately returned from a prolonged sojourn on the Continent. He possessed a pleasing person, with great literary acquirements, and inherited a large patrimonial estate.

One day, soon after my uncle's arrival, Mr. B———'s carriage stopped at the door, and my father being engaged in the parlour, ordered his young and fashionable client, to be shewn into the drawing-room; where, my aunt, and I

were sitting with the captivating Olivia, in vain, endeavouring to enliven and amuse her.

Mr. B——— entered the room. My aunt, and I, perceiving a stranger, rose to receive him, whilst our fair visitor, in a state of abstraction, with her eyes fixed on the ground, remained in utter unconsciousness of the presence of an additional person. Advancing towards my aunt, he was proceeding to pay her his compliments, when discovering Olivia, he suddenly became violently agitated, and rushing towards her, tenderly took, and pressed, her hand. Surprised, she raised her eyes, and then with a suppressed scream, hastily retired from the room. He was about to follow her, but Mr. Macey entering at that moment, detained him. My aunt, and I, immediately retired; and after a short private conference with my uncle, Mr. B——— departed.

This accidental rencontre, naturally led to the recital of poor Olivia's story. It appeared, that early in the previous autumn, Mr. B——— arriving in Lisbon, was, by a mutual friend, introduced to my uncle. Consequently, he was invited to the house, and after a few interviews, it became evident, that the young Englishman was much struck by the beauty, mind, and engaging manners of Mr. Macey's ward.

"New to the world, admiring, half afraid;
Sweet were the blushes of the vernal maid."

These, and other symptoms, soon obviously proclaimed that the interest excited, was not wholly confined to the stranger. Mr. Macey, however, being pleased with him, allowed their intimacy to increase; and the result was, that in the course of a few weeks, Olivia became as much attached to her lover, as her lover was to her. Deeming his intentions strictly honourable, my father's uncle continued to encourage his addresses; but, at length, considering himself bound by his duty, as guardian, to effect a satisfactory explanation, he took an opportunity of addressing her suitor as follows.

"I presume, Sir, you intend to avow your affection for my ward."

"I do, Sir," he replied, energetically; "I love her most truly, and most fervently!"

"Well, then," rejoined Mr. Macey, "I am authorized to declare, she will give her hand, where, her heart is already bestowed."

Olivia's admirer hesitated, apparently much embarrassed.

"Don't be dejected, Sir," cried the old gentleman, encouragingly; "you do not think I shall withhold my consent?—provided—you

understand—the necessary arrangements previously to marriage, are settled."

"Marriage!" repeated the lover, turning pale; as if that word "shot from the deadly level of a gun, was sent to murder him."

"What, Sir!" exclaimed my alarmed uncle; "dare you—in one word, Sir, explain. Is my ward designed to be the victim of artifice, or the reward of honourable love?"

"Pity me, Sir!" was the lover's impressive reply; after a pause, during which, he vainly struggled to regain his self-possession.

"Your intention, then, is not to marry her, but ——"

"Would to heaven," interrupted Mr. B——, passionately, "I could marry her, and—— at present, I can proceed no further—allow the conversation to terminate—you shall speedily receive an explanation, decisive as to your future conduct, and fatally destructive to my happiness!"

He then abruptly retired, leaving my uncle in a state of astonishment and dismay. The same afternoon, a letter arrived from Mr. B——, explaining the mystery.

He was already married!

My uncle immediately wrote, and requesting

him to discontinue his visits, bade him farewell for ever.

Not so, Olivia Garcias. Though her honour remained untainted, love's poison had too deeply insinuated itself, to be of easy extraction. When she heard that the man, who had sole possession of her heart, had departed, she knew not whither, without one soothing word or line, grief preyed so fatally on her mind and spirits, that the body yielded to their joint attacks, and medical advice was found absolutely necessary. Change of air, and scene, being prescribed, she repaired to a villa, near Cintra, on the banks of the Tagus, and three leagues distant from Lisbon.

Here, she was placed under the protection of a Portuguese gentleman, who was in partnership with my father's uncle, and whose family and establishment were deemed sufficiently numerous to frustrate any sinister or daring attempt.

One evening, however, after a large dinner party, all had departed on an excursion to the mountains, except Olivia, whose strength was not considered adequate to the fatigue. Taking a book she retired to the lawn, which stretched, with a gentle descent, to the banks of the Tagus. She had not read above an hour, when her

attention was attracted by a handsome yacht, which she recollected to have observed on the previous day. It came to an anchorage, in the middle of the river, when part of the crew descended into a small boat, and rowed rapidly towards the shore; which, being attained, one of them disembarked, and proceeded to ascend the lawn. Greatly alarmed, Olivia would have retreated, but she was gently detained; when, turning to free herself from the intruder, she discovered the false, but not forgotten, Edward.

"Hear me, Olivia," he exclaimed: "we have not a moment to lose—I have watched you, day after day; and as this is the first, so it may prove the last, hope of obtaining your freedom. Come, therefore, and instead of being divided, or united, by cold, legal forms, we will sail for Italy, and there, enjoy the heaven of a pure, unceasing love!" Olivia remained silent, and motionless. "I implore you not to pause!" he passionately exclaimed, "I hear footsteps—we shall be discovered—come, come!" seizing her hand, and attempting to hurry her towards the river.

Overcome by mingled sensations of love, and terror, Olivia burst into tears, and reclined her head on his shoulder. Wild with joy at his supposed triumph, he lost all self-command,

and clasping her ardently to his heart, pressed his grateful kisses on her lips.

Recalling her wandering recollection, and breaking from him, with all the pride of restored virtue, she exclaimed:—

"Leave me, leave me, Sir, never to meet again! To *her*, who claims these proofs of your attachment, to *her*, return. Disturb no more the melancholy tranquillity of an unhappy orphan, who has been rendered doubly desolate by your unkindness—'Tis true, hitherto you have not deprived me of honour—no—you have only seduced my heart,—but, though it break in the contest, never shall it lead me into error and disgrace."

"We will not part," replied the distracted lover, and renewed his entreaties.

"For your own sake, Sir," pointing to her numerous friends, who were descending the hill—"for your own sake, Sir, and theirs, I request you to depart—farewell, farewell for ever!" Thus speaking, she darted into the house; and he, overwhelmed with shame, and disappointment, returned to the vessel.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Macey departed for England, and thinking it hazardous to leave Olivia, brought her with him. During my uncle's recital, we all sympathized with the

unfortunate heroine of this romantic tale; all, except my father, whose countenance exhibited more of anger, than of pity. Having sent for Olivia, the moment she entered, he took her by the hand, and cried with animation —

"Don't be dejected, sweet girl! I will bring you through; I am now lawyer *for* your lover, but if he decline to do you justice, I will be lawyer *against* him. Probably, in your case, I should not be able to obtain very strong evidence —but what of that? It would not be the first action, I have lost, nor will it be the last; I say before you all, he *shall* marry her, and now, I'll go say the same to him!"

"Do not trifle with her feelings," cried Mr. Macey; "you know your young client is married."

"Nonsense!" said my father; "I will soon unmarry him!"

"Would that you could!" was the general exclamation.

"I can," he replied, and instantly departed; leaving all of us in the most excited state of surprise and curiosity.

He soon returned.

"I have," he proceeded, "seen Mr. B——, who has behaved like a man of honour, and solemnly pledged himself, that his most ardent

desire, is to offer Olivia his hand, the moment his divorce shall have been procured."

"His *divorce!*" we all exclaimed.

"Aye," replied my father; "do you think I reckon without my host? His wife is an abandoned woman; at this moment, living openly with another man, and if I had been sooner employed, I could have procured the "*e vinclis*" divorce before now; but, your lover got into one of the *slow-waggon offices*, and, as usual, *I* am compelled to redeem *their* lost time. But we will—eh, Jack?—for, if in common cases, we go a good trot, I think, in Olivia's case, we may manage to gallop."

So sanguine was my father, as to the speedy and happy termination of the affair, that Mr. B——— was immediately received at our house, as an accepted lover. For many days, their happiness seemed only to increase; but, at the expiration of three months, such little progress was effected in the divorce cause, and my father, to exculpate himself, talked so much of delay in other quarters, of the absence of witnesses, and of the *certainty* of the law's *uncertainty*, that the lover's, and guardian's, fears and impatience knowing no bounds, they began to dread that the suit would be either lost, or interminable.

I will not say, that my father's was the *slow-waggon office;* certainly, however, it has been previously shewn, that we did not *always* gallop.

One evening, after dinner, while we were as usual, endeavouring to urge him into rapidity, Osborne (the proprietor of the Hotel opposite us) was introduced on business; when, he informed my father, one of his inmates, a lady, (who a few days previously, had arrived from France in a weak state of health,) found her strength so rapidly decaying, that she was most anxious to have her worldly affairs immediately settled by a legal adviser. As soon as he had made this communication, Osborne retired, urging my father to follow him instantly.

Instantly, being a common sense, and not a common law, term, my father paused, and said, "Probably, she only speaks French—in that case, you had better go, Jack, as I am afraid, I have forgotten all mine"—"I will," replied Jack, "after the next glass;" and then, the conversation recurring with redoubled ardour to Olivia, and the divorce, the new client was awhile totally forgotten.

Another visit from Osborne, reminded them of their neglect; and he frankly avowed, that if my father could not instantly attend the lady, application must be made for other professional assistance.

Jack then rose, and after one more glass, departed. In about half an hour, he returned, much shocked and affected by the interview. He said, that when in health, the unfortunate stranger must have been a woman of considerable personal attraction, and though, now evidently in a dying state, she dictated her last intentions with a feeling and firmness, that at once excited his pity and admiration. He brought with him a rough draught of the will, for my father's perusal and revision.

"Short, and sweet, I vow," said my father. "She has left blanks, I see, for the name of the principal devisee, and for that, of the executor. These, I presume, she intends to fill up herself?"

"She does," replied my brother; "and she wished also, that her own servants should be the witnesses to her signature, instead of me, or any of your clerks. And she added, that when the will shall be signed, to prevent accidents, she would send you a counterpart."

A will was completed on that evening, and immediately despatched by my father, to Osborne's. On the same night, he received the promised counterpart, with positive directions not to open it, until after the decease of the testatrix; and in an accompanying envelope, a

ten pound bank note, as a remuneration for his trouble.

On inquiry, the following morning, the unfortunate lady was found to be considerably worse, and in the evening, she expired. My father then opened the will; and in the presence of Olivia, her lover, and the whole family, commenced reading it, but not aloud. Our curiosity having been already considerably excited by the mystery attached to the stranger, we all anxiously observed my father's countenance, which, to our surprise, suddenly displayed strong emotion and agitation. Before, however, we could ask the cause, raising his eyes from the document, and fixing them on Olivia, he exclaimed, in a hurried faltering tone,

"Olivia! to whom, do you suppose this ill-fated person bequeaths her whole property?"

He then read aloud as follows:—

"Give—devise—bequeath—that freehold estate, called ———, and all other property I die possessed of, to my *wronged husband*, Edward B———, now residing in London, and whom I implore, as the last request of a misled, though attached, *wife*, to follow to the grave, his once loved Eleanor; and there, to bury with her, all his just resentment."

Thus, terminated the divorce. In a few days,

the youthful widower attended the unfortunate Eleanor to the grave; and within the following half-year, the happy Olivia to the altar.

In the course of two or three years, they returned with Mr. Macey to Portugal, where they remained till his death. Mr. B——— afterwards encountered some heavy losses in his speculations in the North of England; where fifteen years ago, I passed some time with them at the house of a joint friend—and even now, I have not lost sight of them, since only last summer, I heard they were residing in Italy—though old, healthy—though married, happy.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCE, FLANDERS, AND GERMANY, DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

"Were it permitted, he'd make the tour of the whole system of the sun."
POPE—*Prolegomena of Martinus Scriblerus.*

HITHERTO, my father was a most successful man, and to do him justice, his family participated most fully in his prosperity. Unfortunately, however, for himself and his relations, in consequence of his estate at Dominica proving totally unproductive, and of Sayre the banker suspending payment, my father, at length, became involved in pecuniary difficulties.

Sayre was his intimate friend, as well as client, and when committed to the Tower, left

his whole case to my father's management. The result of the impeachment was unsuccessful, as it regarded Sayre's personal liberty; but, to his property, it must have been most injurious; as, it led to the propagation of the most hostile reports, and thus, probably, became the chief cause of his most unexpected embarrassments.

Having advanced money to, and accepted numerous accommodation bills for, Mr. Sayre, my father suddenly found himself a creditor to a large extent. As, however, he had insured a great part of the sum on Sayre's, and also on Purdon's life, (who suffered by Sayre's misfortunes,) he hoped ultimately to have been no loser by the disaster; but, as will be seen hereafter, this insurance, instead of diminishing the losses of the family, only increased them.

So sudden a change of affairs produced a grand commotion in the family, and, as is the custom on such occasions, the immediate cry was, "Something must be done!" For a few days, we all fluently proclaimed an absolute necessity for a retrenchment and economy, that, in course, were never practised; for, we had too long revelled in the lap of luxury to submit suddenly to privations; and therefore, though we all agreed that our proposal was the only effec-

tive one, none had sufficient fortitude to commence the example.

My father, who always took the bright side, used to cheer us, and cry, "Give me only time to turn myself about, and something must soon *turn up trumps*—I have plenty of friends, plenty of clients, and plenty of property—in perspective. But, as I am myself pushed at present, I have no alternative but to push others—I have written to Lord Grandison, who is now at Spa; and if I do not receive a satisfactory answer in the course of a day or two, I shall send you, Fred, personally to state my necessities, and apply for payment of part of his large debt."

The idea of this continental trip to a boy of my age, was alone most highly gratifying; but, to be selected as the family man of business—the *chargé d'affaires* on a grand mission, made me almost wild with joy.

No answer arriving from Lord Grandison, and my father being necessitated to demand the money, after a farewell, painful to myself and the whole family, on August the 11th, 1782, I started on my embassy.

In the midst of all my grief, however, I did not forget to take with me, a small note-book; which I purposed filling with a "*precis his-*

torique" of my amours, adventures, and adversities, as reminiscences for the composition of an elaborate——I could not determine whether it should be an octavo or quarto. So, after a cursory deliberation, I determined to defer judgment, until my return should have informed me of the extent and nature of the stock, with which I was to market. Then, opening my little common-place book, and smoothing the first page, with a glowing face and swelling heart, I inscribed on it,

A TOUR
THROUGH FRANCE, FLANDERS,
AND
PART OF GERMANY,
DURING THE AMERICAN WAR,
AT
THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

The moment, I had finished the title-page I felt all the consequence of manhood—"I will correct abuses, expose the vicious, and laud the honest," thought I.

Having reached Dartford, I commenced my diary, which I will here insert, thus effecting at *sixty* the hope of *seventeen*—publication :—

August the 11th. Left all I hold dear on earth—my friends, my country, and, though last, not least, my mistress. Proceeded towards Dartford, having fifteen pounds in cash, and a bill on a banker at Brussels for double that sum—heavy companions, heavy chaise, and heavy heart—arrived at our inn before ten in the evening, and then to bed. Blackheath, Sophia, adieu!

August the 12th. Got into the Dover Ark—'twas as full, of smells as, of people—phaugh! the very sight, of the little fat Frenchman opposite me, threw my stomach into a state of rebellion—O that Etna were a soap-manufactory, and the great sea, a washing tub! for here, is neither the perfume of the rose, the eglantine, nor the clematis, but—. After passing through several towns, one of which is Canterbury,* Comte de Grasse overtook us on his way to France, as a prisoner at large. He is the lion of the French navy, and "*brave comme son epée.*" When, on the glorious 12th of April, his ship, the Ville de Paris, surrendered to the Barfleur, there were but three men alive on the upper deck.

* I could not resolve to repress this truly boyish piece of information.

When we arrived at Dover—could get no bed unless I chose to sleep with a fat hostess—but *Adonis* would not bed with *Hecate*, so waited till Mr. Harvey, of the Ship, accommodated me, with a chamber, but distressed me, with two companions, to share it—lay down with the intention of dreaming of Sophia—O, Sophia!

August the 13th. The elements were so loud and boisterous last night I could not sleep—ergo, disturbed my companions by talking of Sophia—a brig was driven on shore, and several boats escaped from their moorings—I rose early, and took a view of Dover, and the fine old Castle, which was built at different times by Earl Goodwin, by the Normans under Sir John de Fienne, by Edward the Fourth and Queen Mary—there is a Roman Pharos, and camp on the same cliff. Memorandum—Good opportunity this for me to shew my reading—visited Shakspeare's Cliff, and cried—

> ——"Here's the place—how fearful,
> And dizzy 'tis to rest one's eyes so low!"

Doctor Johnson does not think this particularly clever.—Mem. Cut him up. At noon, three of the best packets were ready to sail: Comte de Grasse went on board one; Lord

Cholmondely, another; and I, and the canaille, occupied the third. Dover and its pier, were shaken to their foundation, by acclamations, when we three heroes quitted the harbour, and bets were laid, as to which of us would first reach Calais—

> "Farewell to England; for a time farewell
> To a the follies that in England dwell."

At first, we were behind the other packets above a mile, but in about half an hour, we overtook, and passed Comte de Grasse; in another half-hour we came alongside Lord Cholmondely's vessel, and sailed so near it, and with such equal rapidity, that for a considerable time, we could hear every word which was spoken on board; the sailors, and the vulgar, roaring mutual defiance and abuse. At length, we passed them, and entered Calais above a quarter of an hour before the first of the other vessels, amidst the beating of drums, the flourish of trumpets, the pealing of bells, and the thunder of cannon. Add to all these warlike appendages, the hundreds (I think, I might say the thousands,) of military, that lined the pier and quay, and an individual, not in the secret, would have imagined that the good people of Calais, expected the invasion of a con-

quering army, not the arrival of a defeated hero.

When we brought to, the whole of the immense crowd collected near us, in order to catch a first glimpse of the Comte, who, *in course*, was in the first vessel;—for, could the winds be so *bête*, as to give an Englishman precedence? The noise was hushed, the confusion was tranquillized, and all stood motionless, searching with protruding eyes, for the appearance of their vanquished hero; when in the very acme of the intensity of their anxiety, forth trotted I, the other hero, with a bundle in my hand, and a dizziness in my head. From sheer envy, they hooted, hissed, hustled, and called me "*rosbif*," and "*goddam*;" but, neither thinking nor caring for any thing, except my dinner, I cut my way through the ugly dogs, and proceeded for Monsieur Dessein's; where, I got excellent cheer, and again found that,

"*Food* makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

Monsieur Dessein is a civil, well spoken man of the ancient regime; with a specious address, and an unlimited attention to his visitors. His tail and curls, were of a form and

size, that made them an irresistible object of attraction to my eyes. In return, my leather breeches seemed to excite an equal, and more universal attention. *Simplex munditiis,* the master, and *simplicis pulchritudinis,* the breeches, we are both, evidently, the first of our kinds, that have ever appeared amongst this factitious race.

I was full of Sterne, and this was Sterne's Dessein. I desired eagerly to converse with him, about the former, but knew not how to commence.

At length, however, *apropos des bottes,* as the French say, I asked him, without preface, whether he remembered "Monsieur Sterne?" The good old *aubergiste* smiled, and replying in the affirmative, one word led to another, till his presence being suddenly required elsewhere, he hastily concluded in the following manner:—

"Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von vary great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his Journey of Sentiment—mais moi—I—make more through de means of dat, than he, by all his ouvrages reunies—Ha, ha!" Then, as if in imitation of Sterne, he laid his forefinger on my breast, and said in a voice lowered

almost to a whisper, "*Qu'en pensez vous?*" and then departed.

After dinner, I took a walk over the town. There is a fine convent in the market-place, and what I equally liked, a fine café: went to the play, and afterwards supped with a Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, Monsieur Chamang. His two daughters are lovely girls; the eldest of whom, understanding I did not speak French, said in a low tone to her sister, "Mon dieu! quel grand nez?"—"Oui," replied the younger, "c'est comme un vrai *bec de perroquet.*"

August the 14th—Wanting to walk on the pier, I asked the garçon, (who spoke English very tolerably,) the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais,* I could mean nothing but *peer,* a lord, replied *paire.* Away I then went, and passing over the market-place and drawbridge, stumbled on the *pier;* without having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the garçon's novel appellation. There, I remained, "strutting my half hour," till dinner time.

At the *table d'hôte,* the commandant of the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the President of the Council at Ratisbon,

a Russian Count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom, (as it appeared to me,) spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irish woman.

I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town; "Monsieur," I said condescendingly to the commandant, "*J'ai vu votre paire:*" meaning I have seen your *pier;* but which he naturally understood, I have seen your *pére,* father. This address from a perfect stranger, surprised him; "*Il est beau, et grand, Monsieur,*" I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment, that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain by pronouncing very articulately,

"Oui, Monsieur, j'ai vu votre *paire,*—votre *paire* sur le havre."

"Eh bien, Monsieur," replied the commandant, "et que *disait il?*"

I was astounded; and, looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me.

"Monsieur," I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and preci-

sion, and in as good French as I could command, "Monsieur, est-il possible que vous *residez* ici, et que vous ne *connoissez* pas votre *paire*—votre *paire* si—si long!"

This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards, when driven into a corner, I became desperate.

"Messieurs," I cried, somewhat boisterously, "il faut que vous *connoissez* votre paire! Le *paire* de votre ville qui est fait de pierre, et a la tête de bois,—et a ce moment on travaille a lui racommoder sa fin, a laquelle le vent a fait du mal!"

This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them.

"Allow me, sir," said a gentleman, sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed.

"My dear sir," interrupted I, "you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain."

"Sir," he replied, "you have just told this gentleman," pointing to the commandant, "that

his father is the father of the whole town; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end, that the wind has damaged."

I was paralyzed. "Tell me," I cried, as if my life had depended on his answer, "what is the French for *pier*?"

"*Jetée*, or, according to the common people, *pont*," he replied.

I had scarcely sense enough left, to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts, to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French, an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed me the St. Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman's recital, exploded an additional *eclat de rire*, at my expense.*

* As some excuse for my mistaking words so similar in sound, let it be remembered how many words of the same orthography convey meanings totally opposed, according as he who employs them inhabits one or other little spot on our little globe. Ex. gra. THE, with us, is an article, but in France, *thé* is tea; CANE, with us, is a foe to cowards, but in Italy, *cane* is a dog; MARE, with us, is a horse, but *mare* with the Latins, was the sea;

In the coach, was a coquette of seventy. I forget the name of the French princess, who died without absolution, because the priest would not receive her confession, while her cheeks were rouged; but I remember, that the celebrated Mrs. Oldfield was the actress, whose principal anxiety when dying, concerned the arrangement of the unbecoming dress of death. Alas, Alas, "*toute femme est coquette!*"

My old lady was a complete character; high head, large hoop, which she was obliged to support perpendicularly, to the complete exposure of a pair of spindle ankles, between which lay fast asleep a fat poodle dog; huge furbelows, a calash, and a sort of feather-bed prominence, that, like Falstaff's, had impeded her view of her knee, for an almost incalculable time.

Unluckily, the old gentlewoman's conversation proving as common-place, as her person was peculiar, I derived none of my expected amusement; so, fell asleep, nor awakened, until

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PIE, with us, is a pastry-cook preparation, but *pie* with the Spaniards, is a foot. Thus, the Italians are bit by our *canes*, while we make *a pie* of a Spaniard's *foot:* and thus, the Latins used to turn all our *horses* into *the sea*, while the gluttonous French, *mirabile dictu*, absolutely eat our *definite article!*

we reached St. Omer,—a dull and dreary town.

The next day, we dined at Bourbourg; the little voracious fat Frenchman, who sat opposite to me, must indubitably have been the identical glutton, who, eating for a wager, won by a *pig* and an *apple-pie*.

Supt, but not slept, at Dunkirk; for, owing to the fulness of the inn, after I had entered my chamber, the chambermaid lighted in a Dutch burgomaster to share my bed with me. Mercy on us!—"Misery accustoms a man to strange bedfellows," but, oh Sophia, never to a Dutch burgomaster!—Retired, leaving Mynheer to sleep, with another Mynfrow.

August the 15th and 16th. At Dunkirk and Ferne—passed through both, without seeing either.—Mem. Remember to read Nugent's Grand Tour, and the History of Flanders, when I return.

August the 17th.

"Oh, day most foul, as in the best it is."

On board the bark from Ferne, to Bruges, were five tremendous, female, Flemish fiends. Hail, ye happy times of Paganism, that owned but three furies—now, alas! there are five!

Their caps were larger than their hoops—their heads were larger than their caps—their bosoms were larger than their heads,—and their terminations were larger than all put together. They must have been the real, lineal descendants of Rubens' models, when he painted the dismemberment of Orpheus, by the infuriated matrons. Whoever has seen this picture may form a faint idea of their persons; but, what copper-smith, frog-catcher, or bag-piper can imagine the infernal noise to which I can compare their voices?

> "Worse than the language Discord speaks
> In Welshwomen, 'mongst beds of leeks;
> Or the confused and horrid sounds
> Of Irish in potato grounds."

At one o'clock, these five magnitudinous monsters descended to dinner; and with such unparalleled obstinacy, did they commence, and pursue, the attack, that at two o'clock its ardour had not a jot abated. I had scarcely tasted food that day, yet, even if I had had the inclination to have repicked the bones of their *bouilli*, I could not have reached them, so gorged was the cabin with this mass of flesh and frailty. Thus, was I obliged to remain on deck almost devoured by hunger, and turning from every

gust, lest it should increase my appetite; while every pause in their abominable jargon, wafted to my ears the clash of the knife and fork.

The only other passenger on the deck, was a gigantic monk; a more portly person, nor more jolly countenance, I think I never beheld. Our solitariness induced us to approach each other, and at last we entered into conversation.

"*Benedicite*, my son!" he cried in a voice of thunder; "*Catholicus es?*"

"*Non, Monsieur*," I replied.

"Then you will be damned, my son," he rejoined in a tone not very appropriate to the annunciation; and then continued, "What is the reason, my son, that you English cannot remain in your own country, like other people, but rush forth, like Goths and Suevi, to eat and to drink the good things of your neighbours? When I was in Italy, whither I went on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto,—'*Sancta Maria ora pro nobis!*' and kissed the floor of the Casa Sancta, and the hem of the Pope's garment—'*benedictum sit nomen Papæ*'—when I was in Italy, I say, all the towns were crammed with English, and the plebeian Italians reported, that, as a punishment for their damnable and heretical doctrines, the English were possessed with devils, who compelled them,

against their wills, eternally to wander from their homes over the face of the globe—is this true? if it be, in '*Domini nomine exorciso te!*'"

While we were pursuing this subject, which he interlarded with humorous and recondite allusions to cloisters, legends, St. Eusebius, and to his own travels, the rain which had been dribbling for the last few minutes, began to descend in torrents. Neither to the right nor left was there any shelter, and to enter the cabin was impossible.

The monk, wrapped in his immense robe of coarse woollen serge, and drawing his cowl over his head, defied the rain; which turned from this ancient surtout of grease and dirt, with as much aversion as it would have manifested for a tallow candle.

I was on the point of being drenched, when opening this huge garment, the monk cried, "Come, my little cuckoo, here is your nest," and as soon as I had entered, he folded it over me.

What was my astonishment, when I began to examine my new domicile, to find, that my amusing acquaintance conjoined to his friarship, the respectable trades of itinerant carpenter and chandler. At least, so it would appear; for, in his girdle, were a mallet, a saw, a chisel, a gim-

let, and a gouge. But, my attention was soon attracted to another quarter of the premises, where I scented lodgers, for whom, my interior apartments would have found a most willing accommodation; following my nose, I groped till I discovered bread, some good Gruyére, cold hard boiled eggs, and delicate, little shalots.

I just protruded my head from an orifice in my abode, and cried in English, "Father, father, I have a spacious eating-house at your service." He did not understand me, and replied in Italian,

"*Non comprendo—San Guiseppe, che linguaggio corrotto è questo?*" *

"Father, father," I repeated in my French, "may I eat, may I eat?"

"*Imo, filius meus,*" he rejoined immediately.

I did not wait for a second assent, but commenced my attack with the appetite of another Judas.

"*Caratach*—Art thou not hungry?
"*Judas.* ——— Monstrous hungry!
"*Caratach*—He looks
Like Hunger's self—get him some victuals—
——— Upon my conscience,

* I don't comprehend you—St. Joseph, what barbarous language is that?

The poor rogue has not eat this month!—how terribly
He charges!

——— Eat softly!
You'll choke, you knave, else"—

This luncheon was soon dispatched, and I then found, that it had produced the unpleasant effect of exciting, rather than of allaying, my appetite. Like a wolf in quest of prey, the sheep being absent, I determined to venture into the den of the infernal shepherdesses. I descended the cabin stairs, and saw that two had retired, heaven knows where, and that not a crumb, nor edible particle of any description, was to be discovered!

The remaining three, gorged, bloated, sat swinging, or sleeping on their chairs, completely subdued by the re-action of the previous over-exertion. With a twinging expression of countenance, I observed several of them contract their deformed persons; then manifest an increased uneasiness; then,——— There is a line in Horace, quoted from Ennius, as a specimen of the true bombast:—

"——— Postquam Discordia tetra
Belli ferratos postes, portasque refregit."

At length, heaven be praised, we reached Bruges, and after a substantial supper, I retired for the night, not to dream of Sophy, the loves, and the graces, but of *nightmares*, and *Flanders' mares*.

August the 18th.—Bruges—handsome town, with a noble tower—Mem. Don't mention the fine steeple, the builder throwing himself from it, and his dog following him—too hacknied.—Went to the play; bad actors, yet, a good house; this, *never* the case, with discriminating John Bull!

August the 19th.—Ghent—formally called Gaunt, Gand, or Gant. Here, the Duke of Lancaster was born, that John of Gaunt, of whom Falstaff says, that "he beat his own name," when he laid hands on Shallow, "whom you might have trussed, and all his apparel, into an eelskin"—Quære—To venture to mention, that the name of this town, induced Charles the Fifth to say, "that he had *a glove*, which was alone worth more than the best of Francis' cities."

Dined at the *table d'hôte;* and talking of the effect of regimen on the system, an old Englishman, (evidently a punster,) observed, that though the ancients had recorded, as specimens of the most singular nourishment, that an ox

used only to be a meal for Milo, a truss of clover for Heraclitus, and a dead man's head for Canidia, that he could find a much more extraordinary peculiarity, in a citizen of this very town;—for Charles the Fifth, the Emperor, had not only *strengthened* himself, but *weakened* his opponents, by a *Diet of Worms.*

August the 20th.—Brussels—Arrived there at eleven o'clock in the night, and departed next morning before three, in a German Diligence—Oh, the hottest day!—Eleven people! Never shall I forget the little Frenchman, afflicted with St. Vitus' dance, hitting, clawing, and scratching the huge Dutchman next him. A scuffle ensued, and, as we were all seated on three legged wooden stools, unattached to the vehicle, the confusion may be imagined.

About seven, in the following evening, we reached Liege, alias Whitechapel, alias Shoreditch. The Prince-Bishop's palace is a fine building, but its situation ruins its effect. The Germans are whimsical animals in their appearance. Their hats are as large as baskets, and as such, they use them in the carriage of vegetables —Their heads and legs, are of an enormous thickness. No wonder, that Germany has so long disdained to be called a *Kingdom,* when each of the

meanest of her female children, has a pair of *pillars*, stout enough to support *two empires!*"

August the 22nd.—We were now within thirty miles of the most fashionable spot in Europe;—for which, at eleven in the morning, I departed in the Diligence, or by ellipsis, *Dili.* A more violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, arose at night, than had ever before occurred in this country, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. The mountains are immense, and the waters rushed down them in torrents, as rapid as the Rhine. It washed horses out of their stables, furniture out of the cottages, and destroyed almost all the cattle about Spa. Common fear, made common friendships;—the dog, the cat, and the rat, were seen descending the same stream, with every symptom of good fellowship; and the mouse floated by a platter of toasted cheese, without even giving it a desirous leer. One part of the road, we actually passed *à la nàge*, and the waters poured in at the door of the *Dili.*

After having repeatedly wished my neck once fairly broken, to end the sufferings of a hundred imaginary fractures, the storm ceased, and we arrived safely at Spa—a place, to people of all ages, most delightful; but, to a

boy of seventeen, for the first time his own master, alluring and fascinating in the extreme.

Lest the repetition of dates should weary my reader, I will, during my stay at Spa, suspend my diary, and proceed in the usual narrative form.

Fashion and gaming, reign co-Queens of Spa—so they do of Bath—True; but Bath is only a pretty and compact compendium of English fooleries; whereas, Spa contains those of Europe, from Cadiz, to the Black Sea, from Malta, to Moscow. Many Russians, many French, many Spaniards, many Germans; Dutch, English, Irish, Italians, and Flemings; rogues, bullies, gamesters, seducers, adulterers, and swindlers.—Thus, I appeared, a *rose* among *nettles*.

In the afternoon, I sent a note to Lord Grandison, informing him of my arrival, and enclosing the letter from my father, exhibiting my credentials. In the evening, I went to the Ridotto, which is certainly, an extremely splendid and capacious building. The body of it, is occupied by an immense ball-room, on either side of which, are two fine rooms; the one, for Faro, and the other, for Hazard, and Biribi. At the farther extremity, is a handsome banquet table, covered with jellies, ices, fruit, and

pastry, behind which, sat the poisoners,—the pastry cooks;—each of whom, by his economical and scientific adulterations, most probably as richly merited a certain hot place, as he, whom Quevedo sends thither, for a harmless substitution of flies, for currants, in mincemeat.

On a given signal, the tables, poisons, and poisoners are removed; and in their places, benches appear, with fiddles, fiddlers, and the whole appurtenances of an orchestra. The apparent wall behind, then, rapidly withdrawing, discovers the proscenium of a pretty stage, on which, a French play, and *vaudeville* are usually well performed. When they are finished, the partition is reinstated, the refreshments return, and gambling and gallantry, become the order of the evening.

When I arose, on the following morning, I was not perfectly at ease. At last, I was in the place of my destination, on the point of demanding £2500, from a rich and powerful peer; who, though he had formerly entertained me, most kindly and hospitably, as a guest, might now, perchance, find both the will, and the power, to molest me as a dun—I began to be nervous, but, endeavouring to reassure myself, departed on my visit to Lord Grandison.

His residence was a handsome chateau in the vicinity of the town. On inquiry, I learnt

to my great relief, that his Lordship was gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and no part of his family were at home. I begged the servants to shew his Lordship the instant he should return the letter I had sent on the preceding day, and then departed.

In the evening, I went again to the Ridotto; where, the very first person, I encountered, was, Lady Grandison—Her reception of me was as cordial and kind, as it had heretofore been, in Ireland; she informed me, that his Lordship would be at home that night, and if I could call on the following morning, he would no doubt be happy to see me. She then kindly asked after my mother and my aunt. I replied, that they were well, and added, in a lower tone, that I did not wonder my father was not included in her inquiries, as *my* journey was his certificate of health—for, who thinks of money in sickness? Her Ladyship smiled, and then politely asked me to dance with her. She was a charming, lively, handsome woman, and like another Robin Goodfellow,—

> "Up and down, up and down,
> I did lead her up and down."

On the following morning, I sallied forth on my way to Lord Grandison's, trying "to screw my courage to the sticking-place," and on the road

thither, arguing and arranging in my mind all the *pros* and *cons* of my case. When, I reached the chateau, I was conducted to the library, which I entered in full expectation of a private conference with Lord Grandison; but, most disagreeably was I surprised, by finding there, in lieu of his Lordship, a French Viscount, an English lawyer, and a German notary. The former informed me, that Lord Grandison was still at Aix-la-Chapelle; but if, as my letter stated, I came there to demand the payment of a large debt, I had better consult my *personal* safety, and instantly depart.

I asked them, if this communication were made to me, by the authority of Lord Grandison?

"Certainly not," replied the lawyer; "for, since the receipt of your letter, we have neither seen nor heard from him, but common humanity for a young stranger—"

"Oui," interrupted the Vicomte, "nous vous donnerous notre avis en pitié de votre pauvre *papa et maman—retournez chez vous.*"

Their officiousness and insolence so nettled me, that I threatened in my turn; and talking of adopting summary measures, they took me by the arm, and leading me to the large bay window of the apartment, which commanded an extensive view, they pointed to an immense, black, hideous, turreted, castellated building.

"*Voyez vous cela?*" cried the Vicomte.

"Coxcombs and contemners of those in authority, have been known to die there in torments," continued the attorney:

"*On n'y mange que du pain pourri,*" pursued the notary:

"Ankle deep in water," rejoined the attorney:

"*On l'appélle la Souriciére,*" added the Vicomte:

"From which, no young mouse ever yet escaped with life," concluded the attorney.

Pride and spite, at the thought of being treated like a child by these three *terroristes*, so enraged me, that I could scarcely refrain from tears, and I turned from one to the other, like Tattle between Scandal and Angelica. At length, breaking from them, I rushed from the room, exclaiming,

"*Morbleu!* I came here *tranquillement—mais*, now,—*Guerre ouverte!*"

Every step that removed me from the scene of battle, brought additional composure, and as the fresh air played on my face, I felt my courage "ooze *in* at my fingers' ends." On reaching my hotel, I requested to see the landlord, and asking him whether he knew an honest, active notary, who might present an account according to the forms of Germany,

he replied, that it was fortunate for me, I had made application to him; for the object of my search was a *rara avis* in that town. But, one of his most intimate acquaintance suited my description as if it had been made for him; for, (speaking legally) he must be honest, because he was poor, and he must be active, because he wanted money.

A messenger was sent for this gentleman, and fully conscious of the difficulties of my position, I anxiously awaited his coming—In an hour he arrived.

How great was my astonishment, when on turning to receive him, I discovered the identical German notary I had just left. He did not seem less surprised than I, and never did the two Dromios gaze at each other, with more burlesque amazement, than we.

Soon, however, having somewhat recovered, I said I was distressed that I had given him the trouble of attendance for nothing; as being engaged by the defendant, I knew, he would object to act for the plaintiff; and then, with a bow, I was preparing to shew him the door; when, laying his hand on my arm, with a shrug of his shoulders, he cried in his broad German accent, "*Point dú tout, mon ami—il faut vivre —me voila prêt a vous servir.*"

Not having myself the slightest objection to

employ one, who was already thoroughly versed in all the weak points of my adversary's case, (and knowing if I kept a watchful eye on him, he had no possible means of cheating me,) I shewed him my account, which he immediately signed and sealed. I then, in order to engage him, hand and heart in my interest, gave him a louis; the feel and sight of which, imparted to his lustreless eyes, an animation, one would have deemed them totally incapable of receiving.

"*Vraiment,*" he cried, "*le sang de Monsieur, est d'une belle couleur, et je suis bon phlebotomiste, moi.*"

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a half louis, and then added contemptuously, "*Voila, avec quoi le Vicomte m'a graissé la patte!*" Then attempting to imitate the form of a balance, and weighing my fee in one hand, and his French Lordship's in the other, he exclaimed, "*Comme le louis, a le poids plus fort que le demi-louis, si Milord Reynolds l'emportera sur ce Monsieur Vicomte!*"*

This mighty matter so far arranged, I took a ride to Stavelót and Coo, on a horse not much

* As the weight of the louis is heavier than that of the half louis, so my Lord Reynolds shall prevail over this Mr. *Vicomte.*

bigger than a large rat. The roads during the whole route, are little better than bogs in England. At every step, the horse sinks to his knee, and, owing to his size, consequently, also to that, of his rider. We crossed in several places, uninhabited, and almost perpendicular mountains, and during the whole twenty miles, saw neither a house nor a human being. Here were sufficient craggy, and gigantic rocks, romance, blackness, desolation and despair, to satiate the cravings of the most hungrily sentimental traveller.

Coo is a small village in a valley, whose sole attraction is its fine cascade, which falls in a large body from a huge rock, above sixty feet in perpendicular height. From the summit, the peasants throw their dogs, who slide and slip through this immense body of water, and emerge at the bottom in perfect safety. By the contributions of travellers, the few peasants who inhabit this lonely and desolate place, are enabled to exist.

Stavelot is a small and rather neat town, governed by its own prince, who like the other petty princes of the empire, is only amenable to its feudal laws. His dominions are about as large, as the compact, ring-fenced estate of a wealthy English gentleman;

but, in them, he is said to make, and break laws, according to his pleasure, condemn and pardon, levy taxes and men, declare war, and conclude peace. If I may have the presumption to venture a guess at his national revenue, I should say some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds per annum. His standing army was, at that time, I believe, about twenty men; though, to speak the truth, I heard a native boast with pride, that, in case of an invasion, his Highness could absolutely raise an armed force of nearly *sixty* men! *

He has a neat little palace, guarded day and night by centinels; a generalissimo, a lord chamberlain, and I know not how many other officers; while his wife has for her share of regalities, a princess, grand *sur-intendante* of her household, and two maids of honour. Courtiers, placemen, whigs and tories, belong also to this new "*Golbasto, Momaren, Evlame, Guidillo,*

* As a specimen of the efficient power, and real humanity of this prince, I will add, that, on the day, I visited his *metropolis*, I saw a scaffold erected for an execution—But, like the men, who had prepared all the engines, the buckets, and the water-pipes, and wanted nothing to complete their amusement, but—the *fire;* so on, this occasion, the mob were compelled to disperse, wanting nothing, but—the *malefactor*, who had unexpectedly received his Highness' pardon.

Shefin, Mully, Ully, Gire, most mighty Emperor of LILLIPUT, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand blustrings; (about twelve miles in circumference) Monarch of all Monarchs, pleasant as spring, comfortable as summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter," &c. &c.

In the evening, I went to their Vauxhall; where, instead of finding the Arcadia, I expected I found again my old friends, gambling and gallantry.

Many of the prettiest, and most fashionable women, seduced by the uncommon beauty of the weather, promenaded in an elegant, semi-transparent deshabille; and they laughed, leered, and lounged, on some happy, or unhappy arm, with that languid, languishing air, half caused by heat, and half affected.

Here, the *liaisons* are almost as numerous, as the population. A woman with the slightest pretensions to fashion, would be ashamed to appear in public without the reputation of having her *ami;* and a man, without a mistress, would be still more remarkable. I am sorry to add, that a wife for *une amie,* gives an eclat to both herself and her possessor, that make them look with inexpressible contempt on a simple spinster, and her gallant: and thus, a woman of

spirit takes a husband, as she patronises a charity; from shew, not from inclination.

While the intrigue lasts, the gallant is inseparable from his mistress; in the walks, in the drives, at the balls, the theatre, and the concerts; in fact, he is more faithful to her, than her shadow; for in the dark, *that* always leaves her, and there, the intrigant usually pursues her.

I used to dine at the table d'hôte; and we generally sat down, about twelve, or fourteen—Count Zenobio, and Mr. Grattan, were frequently of the number.

One day I heard there, that an English lady, the Countess of——, who had been reproached by her husband with an intrigue, had replied to him, "What right have you to complain? I never was faithless to you, till I was honourably and lawfully 'in that state, in which ladies wish to be, who love their lords.'"

Having asked, for whom this said lady always wore mourning, Mr. Grattan replied, "For her reputation, to be sure, which, though lost *ten years* ago, dies a *new death* every day."

The conversation then turned on Tokay, and understanding that I had never tasted it, they offered to bet me the price of a bottle, that I should not be able to drink a glass, if it were

placed before me. I boldly accepted a wager of such apparently easy accomplishment; a bottle was brought, and I was preparing to help myself; when, they forcibly took it from me, and drank the whole, in a few seconds; leaving me excellently learned, not in the taste, but in the price, of Tokay. So much for Spa wit, which, ninety times out of a hundred, commenced, continued, and concluded in a wager!

My dress* (owing to its strong contrast with the embroidered satin and velvet dresses of the continentals, and my extreme youth,) always rendered me an object of curiosity to the women. The acknowledged belle of the place was a Madame Grand—she was indeed a beautiful creature. Fine sparkling eyes, features truly regular, an exquisite complexion, and a figure like a Hebe's; but there was about her a self-consciousness of her beauty, a certain confident boldness, that were not exactly to my taste.

After the dance, she accidentally seated herself close to me, on the same form, and a sort of ocular flirtation commenced. I felt confused,

* Bright pea-green coat, with cut steel buttons, white waistcoat, buff silk breeches, curls like cannons, immensely large French silver buckles, and a little chapeau bras.

and her penetrating eyes did not restore my self-possession, though I struggled to assume it. At last, she inclined herself abruptly towards me, and said, (as I afterwards guessed,) "*Quelle heure est il?*"

She spoke, however, so low and rapidly that at the time I could not exactly catch the words, and too polite, or too timid, to request a repetition, I awaited it, in silence. Observing my confusion, and evidently imagining it to proceed from my ignorance of the language, with a vivacious expression in the eye, and an impatience in the manner, which I partly mistook, she pointed to my *watch-chain*, and—Oh, STERNE! —FIELDING!—SMOLLETT!—had I lived in those envied latitudinarian days, when ye were allowed, freely to indulge your gay and sportive fancies, I might, though with far humbler power, have attempted to proceed with this facetious, innocent equivoque; but as it is, I stop—merely adding that I blushed and stole out of the room, without daring to seek on Madame Grand's face her opinion of my proceedings.

"*Heu, quam difficile est* SENSUM *non prodere vultu.*"

Blushing people always stoutly affirm, that blushes are the result of modesty. There are many kinds of blushes, yet I solemnly declare

I know but few proceeding from modesty. There is the constitutional blush, the affrighted blush, and the recollective blush—there is the blush of shame, agitation, self-application, exertion, and resentment; but seldom, I fear, is there one of modesty, though I humbly beg leave to disagree with those cynics, who wholly deny its very existence.

Whilst returning, I met an Englishman, whom I had formerly known in London. I accompanied him to his lodgings; where, drawing forth an immense trunk, he opened it, and displayed a complete set of harness, which he had brought with him from England. The whole accoutrements, trappings, and ornaments were of the most splendid quality, and workmanship, I had ever seen; and with surprise, I asked him what he intended to do with them?

"Not use them myself, you may believe me," he replied; "I shall give them to a minister at Vienna, asking only one little favour in return—a license for a Faro-table there."

"Why, these must have cost from 1500 to £2000?"

"Granted," he replied; "but if they had cost £10,000, the permission I require would repay me."

In all probability, the minister alluded to

was of a similar opinion, and deeming the bribe too insufficient, or himself too honest to receive one, he refused his consent; and, as I afterwards heard, my sanguine speculator returned to try the virtue of his trappings in England.

Lady Grandison was, as usual, at the Ridotto, and there for the first time, I encountered his Lordship; he received me so grandly and coldly, (that forgetting under existing circumstances he could not do otherwise,) I put *forth my quills* with increased vigour. Seating himself at the card-table, he evidently eyed me with some uneasiness; perceiving this, I advanced with great *sang froid*, and boldly spoke to him: he seemed astonished at my impudence; and well he might, for I have *since* been astonished at it myself! Nothing, I presume, but my *double* Westminster education—*School* and *Hall*—could have given me sufficient *bronze* for such cool proceedings. Having made an impression, I quitted the room.

At the hotel, after supper, Count Zenobio related to me an incident that he had witnessed here, a few years ago; which had produced a most uncommon interest and effect. A short thin man, whom nobody knew but by sight, suddenly, became a constant attendant at the

gaming tables. This man, during a whole fortnight, continued night after night, in the most extraordinary manner, to win enormous sums of the faro bankers, as well as the surrounding betters.

He wore spectacles, and appeared so short-sighted, that he was always obliged to touch the counters with his nose, before he could distinguish the card. Such was his luck, that whatever card he backed, was sure to win.

On the last night of his appearance in Spa, one of the gamesters, a young half intoxicated Irishman, had lost an unusually heavy sum. His temper was quite gone, and he vituperated his lucky opponent, in a style, that might have edified the most abusive fishwoman in Billingsgate. "D—— you, you old dog," he cried, "and most particularly d—— your spectacles! By the powers, see, if I won't try my luck myself in your cursed spectacles!" and snatching them from him, he put them on his own face. At first, he could distinguish nothing, but on approaching the cards, within three inches of his nose, he discovered that the spectacles were strong magnifiers. His suspicion and curiosity, were immediately excited, and he turned to demand an explanation of the wearer; but, he was gone. An examination then commenced,

and the cause of this wonderful continuity of luck, was speedily discovered.

The cards in Spa, are not bought of shopkeepers, as in England, but every autumn, the proprietors of the gaming tables, repair to the grand fair at Leipzig, and there, purchase their stock for the year. Thither, the spectacle gentleman had also hied, not as a *buyer*, but, as a *seller* of cards; and at such reduced rate, and of such excellent quality, that all the purchasers resorted to him; and Spa, and several other towns, were literally stocked solely with his cards. At the back of each of these, concealed amongst the ornaments, and so small, as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye, was its number, with a particular variation to denote the suit. Then, the rogue came to Spa disguised—with blackened hair, and spectacles; and there, as a *gentleman* gambler, would have broken all the banks in Spa, but for the fury of the enraged Irishman. As it was, he decamped with several thousand pounds.

On the following evening, I again met Lord Grandison, "on the accustomed hill," and was commencing my old manœuvres, when he took me aside, and said to me, "Come, come, Frederic—it is high time this idle contest should terminate. I do not blame you for your zeal in

your father's cause—but I blame you for acting as if I had personally provoked you, when you know I could not lend my name to such senseless mockery—Your whole conduct is literally worrying and annoying in the extreme, and I fairly tell you, in perfect good-humour, I wish you would leave Spa."

"Well!" was my reply in the same tone, "I am ready to meet your Lordship's wishes, if—"

"If what!" he rejoined—"Why, you are not going to dun again!"

"No, my Lord," I answered—"but if I return home, you see, quite empty handed, I shall look so foolish—come, now in one word—a slight douceur of five hundred pounds, and your Lordship shall see at your chateau to-morrow morning, a beautiful P. P. C."

"Well—you are a cool, impudent fellow—but as I know you will keep your word—agreed" —and we parted for the night, on the best terms—each well pleased with his bargain.

In the morning, I called on his Lordship with my card—he received me with civility, and gave me a draught on his father-in-law, Lord Hertford, for five hundred pounds on account.

He then asked me when I should depart; I replied, the following morning, by the Diligence. He said, with some hesitation, that my

father must doubtlessly be anxious to know the result of my expedition; and, that, therefore, he should conceive I had better return immediately. I soon saw the chief cause of this sudden affection for my father, and replied, that there was no conveyance in the afternoon, or I should have preferred it.

So desirous was his Lordship, (and probably with reason) to rid himself of me, that I had scarcely spoken, before the order was given to attach four horses to his cabriolet; and then turning to me, he said, that as I had been so obliging as to come so far to visit him, the least compensation he could make, would be to return me to Liege in his own carriage. I made but a feeble resistance; so, both he and Lady Grandison shook me warmly by the hand, and wished me a hearty farewell. Seating myself in his Lordship's equipage, and buttoning my pocket over his five hundred pounds, I gave the word for departure to the postilions; and, then, as I bade adieu to Spa, and its black castle, and remembered that I was a mere solitary Westminster boy, of seventeen, I could not refrain from triumphantly exclaiming with Clodio,

"Never fenc'd better in all my life!"

CHAP. VI.

TOUR CONTINUED.

FRANCE AND PARIS.

"Their condition, though it looks splendidly, yet when you handle it on all sides, it will prick your fingers."—TAYLOR.

In justice to Lord Grandison, I must state the denouement of this transaction.—By continuing to live abroad, and keeping his estates at nurse, he was in a very few years enabled to return to England, and, amongst other creditors, punctually satisfied my father.

Late in the evening, I reached Liege, and drove to the principal inn; where, though only nine days previously, I had scarcely been able to obtain common attention, and the appella-

tion of "Monsieur," I was now assisted to descend from my aristocratic equipage, by a dozen officious hands, and in the same instant proclaimed by as many voices, a real "Milord Anglais!"

Here, however, terminated my pomp. The following morning his Lordship's servants and carriage returned to Spa, and I departed in a humble Diligence for Brussels.

When I arrived there, I looked immediately for my bill of credit, which was drawn on a banker of that town. I searched my portmanteau, removed the contents, unfolded, shook, and refolded them; but no bill was there!—I emptied my pockets, and found a solitary louis and a few livres, but the *materiel* was gone. Here was a situation! In a foreign country, far from my home, and nearly *sans six sous*. I almost cried with rage, when I looked at Lord Grandison's draught, and thought I might starve from want, with five hundred pounds in my pocket!

For a time I was completely confounded, and knew not what course to pursue. To return and seek assistance of Lord Grandison, was hopeless; retreating were "as tedious as go o'er."

At length, I remembered Alderman Lee, a friend of my father, resident in that very town. Just, however, as I was about to depart in search of him, the innkeeper came, and demanded the remainder of my fare from Liege. To satisfy him, I was obliged to part with my last louis; I gazed on it, pressed it, kissed it, and then with a suppressed sigh, abandoning it to Monsieur l'Aubergiste, exclaimed in the words of Maria Theresa, when forced to entrust her child to the custody of the faithful Hungarians: "There, my friend, to your fidelity, courage, and constancy, I entrust this *image* of your king!"

After a short search, I had the good fortune to discover the Alderman. He professed great pleasure at my unexpected visit; but, when I stated, that the object was to borrow a *large* sum, (for this is the surest method to obtain a *small* one) he changed his tone, and shewed both anger and alarm.

But, when instead of my demanding a loan of two or three hundred pounds, as the old gentleman had expected, from the magnificence of my allusions, I entreated only ten pounds; he thought himself too fortunate, and immediately advanced them. I thanked him—

promised speedily to repay him; and then departed, leaving him apparently much satisfied with the result of the transaction.

The moment I had got my money, instead of pursuing the route to Calais, I determined to see Paris; and without the slightest reflection, I went immediately, and engaged a seat in the Paris Diligence, for which I paid two guineas. I simply thought, that as I had got five hundred pounds, wholly by my own perseverance, I had a right to some little indemnification. Now, again, I revert to my diary.

September the 2nd. Brussels is an elegant town. La Place Royale, the Prince's Palace, the Grande Place, and the Metropolitan, are buildings that would do honour to any city in Europe. Went to the chapel, and there saw Prince Charles, and his wife; as ugly a pair as ever sat in public.

The little park, and less Vauxhall, are very neat, and the walks on the ramparts are pleasant. Wooden shoes amongst the *bourgeoises* are the *ton* here. The Opera House is excellent, and the actresses are pretty and well made. Here was the first time I ever saw men and women kiss in public; the moment the opera was finished, and the company

were on the point of departure, there was a general and noisy smacking throughout the whole house. All bad habits are contagious; I felt myself affected, wished to practise upon the lady next me, and got my ears boxed.

Afterwards I went to Vauxhall, where I saw two friends of my father—old and young Cole—at supper;—was much amused with a *bal paré*, in which figured all the frail fashion of Brussels.

Old Cole said that if I went to Paris I was mad: for, Lord Cholmondely had just been stopped at the gates, and obliged to return, whence he came:—and that it was impossible for any Englishman to enter, since it was impossible for any Englishman to obtain a passport. "Wilful man will have his way;" I thanked him for his advice, determined to follow my own, wished him good night, and returned to my inn; where, I supped with a party of English ladies and gentlemen, who had likewise been at the Opera; we had much talk about *kissing*—but mere *talk* upon my honour.

September the 3rd. Started at half-past three in the morning for Paris, without letters of recommendation, and with a very imperfect knowledge of the French language. However, as I expect my father's friend Mr. Sayre will

be at Paris, I shall not want an introduction to society, though I may want money; so I am obliged to play the miser with my small sum.

I had no dinner yesterday, and I intend to have none to-morrow; in fact, I only dine every alternate day. I deduct a sol from this, and a liard from that, and then I hoard them; and so vast is my hunger, I would eat them on my next non-dinner day, would it not be too expensive a meal.

Mons is a respectable old town, in a bad situation. The country about it is flat, woody, and barren. About eight in the evening, we arrived at Valenciennes;—the streets in general, are dark, narrow, and winding, though picturesquely built in the gothic style. The town is thickly populated, and the pride of its numerous inhabitants; one of whom informed me with much gratification, that it was built by the Emperor Valentinian the First, from whom it derived its name; a most *novel* fact.

At ten o'clock, we were joined by two gentlemanly officers, and got into another Dili, with six horses, and a large flambeau attached to it in lieu of lamps. As usual, I slept till we reached Cambray, where the gates being shut, I was awakened by a French "holla" for en-

trance, which we did not obtain for a full hour.

About ten o'clock in the morning, we reached Peronne, a sombre place, called, however, "*Pucelle*," because, it is asserted, that it has never been captured. Judging by their manners and appearance, I should say, not one of the inhabitants can lay even as probable a claim to the appellation, as their town.

While my companions were dining on *bouilli, ragout de rognons, oignons*, &c., I took the liberty of taking an English breakfast *a la Française;* that is, tea from leaves on a bough, probably cut from a sloe tree, which having previously flavoured the water, for the last English traveller, merely coloured mine, after an hour's decoction.

September the 5th. Rose at three this morning. The Frenchmen kept on their night-caps and called me "Monsieur *Dejeuner;*" because I rallied them for dining when they ought to have breakfasted; dined again at nine o'clock in the morning, at Pont St. Mayence.—The next town is Chantilly; the Prince of Condè's Palace, too well known to bear description; the country is flat, but the different villages, and seats, make the environs very

pleasant. Partridges, and other game, are as abundant as sparrows in the Temple.

At night we reached Paris, and the terrors arising from the want of a passport, were now at their height; however, after a fearful pause of some minutes, to my unexpressible joy we passed the gates quietly;* and proceeded to Rue St. Denis, where I had my portmanteau broken open, and myself insulted. At length they suffered me to depart; so getting into a fiacre, I ordered the coachman to drive to the Hotel Vendôme, near the Louvre.

I walked into the court-yard with the air of a Marquis, and took a dignified turn around it; the master, mistress, and all the servants, following close at the heels of that then *rara avis,* an Englishman. After an examination, unable to pronounce me, either *noble,* or *roturier,* they made me that happy betwixt, and between, a *monsieur*; so, as the house was seven stories high, and as the opinion in favour of my rank rather preponderated, they shewed me, into the third.

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* To the obscurity of a Diligence, arriving from a German quarter, in all probability, I was indebted for the facility of my entrance; since to a wealthy, and conspicuous equipage, Lord Cholmondely might principally have owed his dismission.

Left to myself I gazed from my window, on the surrounding scene, and thought what a sapient fellow I was, to be in a city, at war with our own, without a passport; and consequently, in perpetual danger of an immediate consignment to the Bastile, as a spy. However, I comforted myself with the idea, that it was seeing life; so, I hired a French valet, supped and went to bed.

September the 6th.—At a little after five, I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door; in great terror, I proceeded to open it; when instantly marched into the room an officer of the municipality, and two whiskered *gens d'armes*—O, thought I, old Cole is right; and I and my tour are both finished!

I had again entered my bed; when, advancing close to me, the officer authoritatively demanded my passport; which, in course, not being able to produce, he exclaimed in a tone, which gave me an universal palsy,

"*Sacrebleu!—qui etes vous?*"—

So alarmed, and confused was I, by this abrupt inquiry, and their fierce manners, that all my little French vanishing, I was compelled to resort to my pocket dictionary for assistance. So long was this searching operation protracted, (owing to my panic banishing the total re-

collection of one word, while I sought the succeeding,) that quite infuriated, one of the *gens d'armes* pointed his bayonet; while the officer stamped, and vowed, that unless I could give him immediate proof that I was no spy, he would take me on the instant, to the Conciergerie—.

This word roused all my faculties.

"*Je ne suis pas spy,*" I replied energetically; "*je suis Amerique!—non, stop, arretez,*" again recurring to my pocket ally! "*je suis, je suis Americain!*"—

"*Eh bien! mais le temoignage?*"

"*Quoi?*" again losing the scent.

"*Le temoin—l'evidence?*"

"*O l'evidence!*" I rejoined, with no more idea at first, who should evidence to the truth of my assertion, than they had who required it—"*L'evidence—oui, oui je comprends—wait un moment! l'evidence? ho! Docteur Franklin, Messieurs!*"

"*L'ambassadeur!*" cried the officer; "*cela fait autre chose donc;*" he added with altered tone, and manner; and after a few more interrogatories, asked with less haughtiness, and answered with more assurance, they departed; granting me, till six in the evening, to procure from Doctor Franklin, a written document confirmatory of the truth of my statement.

Here was a dilemma! I knew personally no more of Doctor Franklin, than of Louis the Sixteenth himself, and I felt as if I had only gained a short respite, at the expense of a more severe punishment. Mr. Sayre might possibly have been able to assist me; but, in what part of Paris, was he to be found? However, with the Bastile, and racks, and tortures before my eyes, I started on an unsuccessful search for him. At last the clock striking twelve, and time fearfully pressing, as a last resource, as the forlorn hope, I determined to go to Passy, the place of Doctor Franklin's residence, and a few miles from Paris; resolved to make a pathetic recital of my misfortunes, and then to throw myself on his generosity.

On my arrival, the occurrence that I most dreaded, really happened; I was refused admittance; my expostulations, and intreaties were both equally fruitless: the gates remained shut, and my heart sank within me. I thought of home, and abandoning myself to my unlucky destiny, was about to return; almost resigning all hope, of ever again seeing those, I loved so dearly.

At this moment, those gates, so immoveable for me, readily opened to give egress to a gentleman on horseback; as he passed, he gave some directions to the stubborn porter, who re-

plied respectfully "*Oui, Monsieur le Secretaire.*"

Knowing that I could not lose, and hoping I might profit, by this unintentional information, I impeded the advance of the man in power; and made so forcible an appeal, that the secretary, (who most fortunately for me proved to be a really humane man,) interested himself in my griefs.

"He best can paint them, who shall feel them most."

Among other questions, (to learn in what manner, he could render me most effectual service,) he inquired whether I knew any of Doctor Franklin's acquaintance in London. I mentioned my father, who I told him was the legal adviser of Wilkes, and Sayre, and the friend of Horne Tooke, and other patriots. With this information, the secretary returned to the house, leaving me in a state of suspense, and agitation, such as I had never before, and probably shall never again, experience. My new, and kind friend, however, soon re-appeared, and joyously placed in my hands, a written permission, signed by the ambassador, to remain at large in Paris, for seven days, but no longer.

This, if not completely satisfactory, at any rate delayed the day of misfortune; so, after expressing my most grateful thanks to my com

passionate protector, I returned to the hotel, and ordered dinner. Before I had swallowed my second glass of Burgundy, the officer, and the *gens d'armes* entered, and demanded their answer. I shewed them the permission; they bowed respectfully, and were preparing to depart; but, I was too elated to allow them, till they had drank bumper after bumper to the Doctor's health, and mine. At length, they quitted me, lauding to the skies, the liberality of the "*magnifique Monsieur Americain;*" and I finished the second bottle, singing—

"O liberty, thou goddess, heav'nly bright."

In the evening, I went to the Opera. It was the first night of Beaumarchais' Tarare; and, owing to the immense popularity of the author, the crowd present was prodigious. That I succeeded in entering the theatre, was almost a miracle, though I gained but little profit, by my entry; for, while I was contemplating, with delight, the gorgeous and almost unparalleled magnificence of the properties, scenes, and dresses, at the termination of the first act, (owing to the intense heat, the pressure, and the agitation, I had previously encountered,) I, and the curtain, dropped simultaneously, and I was carried out in a fainting fit. On the following morning, I heard that the new piece was not nearly so successful, as, either the *Barbier de*

Seville, or the *Folle Journee;* indeed, the reception was of such a doubtful nature, that 'twas said Beaumarchais himself appeared on the stage, and addressed the audience, "in mitigation of judgment."

During the day, fortunately, discovering that Mr. Sayre lodged in the *Rue de Richelieu*, I waited on him, and he gave me, a most kind and friendly reception. Though his stocks were then, nearly as low as mine, he lent me five guineas; at the same time, reminded me, that he owed my father, nearly as many thousands.* I dined with him, and Mrs. Sayre, to whom he was "rather married," and in the evening, we proceeded to the *Foire de St. Laurent.*

It was a gay scene, where there were booths, swings, various other amusements, and a small theatre; in which, was represented the Capture of Gibraltar, by the Duc de Crillon, the Comte d'Artois, (who served under the former,) and other French heroes. Mr. Sayre laughed, and said, that by this time, Lord Howe must have re-

* It should be mentioned, that Mr. Sayre, owing to his impeachment for high treason, his commitment to the Tower, his former wealth, and influence as leading fashionable banker, his well known correspondence with Lord Chatham, and the remarkable handsomeness of his person, was, in spite of his reverses, even then, a most conspicuous personage.

lieved the garrison, and captured or defeated all the "French heroes;" and he added, also, that Lord Effingham had gallantly embarked, as a common volunteer, on board his fleet.* There was a strong report on the previous day, that Gibraltar had surrendered, and they shouted for joy in the streets. The *canaille* hooted us, and an old *poissarde* cried, thrusting her pole-cat visage close to mine, "Voila *Messieurs Gibraltars*—voila vous *dam Anglais*—*Gibraltars* is tekken!"†

* To shew the different eye, with which the most honourable may regard their duties, and yet, act in strict concordance with their most scrupulous feelings, I will relate the examples of Lord Effingham, and Cornwallis. When Lord Effingham was ordered to serve against the Americans, (for whose cause he was a most strenuous advocate,) he staunchly refused, and resigned his Colonelcy; conceiving that the injustice of the war, superseded all claims to his obedience:—but, when Lord Cornwallis, his intimate friend, and who was as ardent as himself in defence of our oppressed tributaries, was requested to serve against them, he immediately acceded, conceiving that the wishes of his country, superseded all the objections of his own private feelings.

† The French, and the French court, have been, from time immemorial, addicted to errors of this nature; even in the present day, there are Frenchmen, who write their positive convictions, that Buonaparte won the battle of Waterloo: and about one hundred and thirty years ago, Louis the Fourteenth, his court, and capital, were all engaged in rejoicings, and illuminations, as allies of the unfortunate James the Second, for the defeat, and death, in Ireland, of William, Prince of Orange, and King of England, at the very moment that he was conqueror of the Bourbons and Stuarts, at the Boyne.

As we returned, we went into a caricature shop. Here, I was particularly struck, by the evident discontent of the people; who, as if unable to give it a sufficient vent, by whispering, and printing, painted and engraved it. In one of these caricatures, fishes were seen flying in the air, while birds were drowning in the sea; a court of justice was inverted; the King, in his robes, stood attempting to water some drooping plants, but the water flew upwards. By his side, on its hinder legs, stood a large female wolf, to whom an immense pocket was attached into which several courtiers of the Austrian faction, were seen rapidly pouring gold; while in the wolf's paw was a large flambeau, whose long flame descending perpendicularly, fired their wigs.

On the *wolf's head*, which bore a most ridiculous resemblance to the *Queen*, were immense plumes of feathers; alluding to the *feather mania*, with which Marie Antoinette had infected the court, at a period, when they were only worn on the heads of horses. Never had fashion a greater rage; every week an additional, a handsomer, or a larger, feather was attached; until, at length, the Queen, her suite, and her horses, at a short distance from the beholder, were lost in one waving, undulating forest of feathers.

Mr. Sayre, told me, this innovation was so odious to the *coiffeurs*, and the other good people of Paris, (lovers of powder, pomatum, and the *etiquette Louis Quatorze,*) that, had it not been speedily abandoned, in all probability, there would have been a rebellion. It was on this occasion, Sir Charles Bunbury wrote the following epigram, with much success :—

> " Since to ape horses, sinks womankind,
> Heaven forefend, they lovers should find !
> For he that courts, and wins such fools,
> Must raise a race of horrid *mules !*"

I called the following morning, with Mr. Sayre, on an old lady—a friend of his, for whom, was the nominal visit, though, the real one, was for me to see her daughter, an extremely pretty girl. Madame was in a sad panic. Her nephew was an officer in the French army, serving in America, and, bitten by the Yankee republicanism, had sent home a letter, so daringly expressing liberty and equality, and abhorrence of royalty and despotism, that the old lady feared it might bring the police about her ears, should it reach theirs. Mr. Sayre shewed Madame how to avoid a possibility of discovery, by destroying the letter.*

* When the Duc de Lauzun, since known, (during the revolution) as the Duc de Biron, brought to Paris the news of the sur-

My valet was one of the best of all good natured fellows. As he had a name most discordant, and of difficult remembrance, we mutually agreed, that I should call him *La Fleur*; thus, affording me the opportunity of fancying myself, either a Sterne, or a Glorieux.

On the Sunday, he came to me early in the morning, dressed in a cut velvet coat, well embroidered with tarnished silver; a white satin waistcoat, worked with flowers, of different colours; black silk breeches, white silk stockings, and a *chapeau bras*. He bowed, and looked most smilingly, cheerfully, and significantly.

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render of Lord Cornwallis, and his army, Mr. Sayre informed me, that on the second night after his arrival, he was at a party given by the Duc de Choiseul's sister, the Duchess of Grammont, where each individual lady successively saluted the Duc de Lauzun, as one of the chief heroes of liberty. They afterwards proceeded to express their democratic predilections, by their usual frivolous methods:—there were Franklin hats, Franklin bonnets, Franklin reticules, and some ladies even went so far, as to dismount their tops, and toupets, and crop their hair, *à la mode Americaine*. Perhaps, almost the only person who rightly saw the mischievous tendency of these apparent fooleries, was the Queen herself; but the Duc d'Aiguillon, and the Anti-Austrian party, had by that time, so clipped her wings, that this amiable, but ill-fated lady, was compelled to confine her feelings and forebodings, to the public manifestation of favour and preference, for the few English then in Paris: to mark her dislike of Franklin, the Americans, and their principles.

I stared at him with astonishment. I only allowed him the meagre, and common, wages of a *laquais de place*, and yet, he was far better dressed than his master. He was young, tall, strait, and good-looking; his curls, and toupet, were all well powdered and arranged, and there was the sparkle of more than common intelligence, and benevolence, in his eye.

He came to learn my arrangements for the day; but, I was ashamed to give any menial command to a man of such gentlemanly and respectable appearance. Observing my examination, he smiled again, and with a low bow, hoped Monsieur thought his habit respectable?

"Why, La Fleur," I cried, "you must have your whole years' wages on your back?"

"*O que non Monsieur*," he replied; adding, that he had purchased them of a *fripier*, and had given ten livres for the coat; that he had banished the unnatural polish that had seized on the most prominent parts of his breeches, with the assistance of a little French chalk, and now they looked *assez bien*; and that he had exchanged his old waistcoat, and two francs, for the present one, with a Jew, who had received it in part of payment of a total of eighteen livres, from the third valet of the Duc de Penthievre, "to whom, *on peut supposer*, it originally be-

longed: — and all this, for the credit of Monsieur."

Such a tale, and so jovial a countenance, would have extracted two livres from the pocket of a miser; as for me, while I gazed on his grace's waistcoat, I felt so ashamed of the smallness of the sum, that I almost expected it would be refused. However, to my great relief, he pocketed the affront, without the slightest manifestation of disapprobation, and then smiling significantly, exclaimed,

"*Monsieur, n'ira-t-il pas a Versailles?*"

"Wherefore should I go?" I replied.

"*Pourquoi!*" he repeated, with as much vivacity and astonishment, as he could express within the limits of the most marked respect; "*pourquoi? Tout le monde va a Versailles, tous les Dimanches;*"—and then, he gave so vivid and ardent a description of the gaiety, and peculiarity, of this hebdomadal excursion, that I saw the poor fellow's very happiness, for at least, six hours and a half, was dependent on my decision. So, principally for his gratification, but to tell the whole truth, partly for my own, I at length acceded to his proposal.

The means of conveyance, then became a subject of discussion between us. We might have gone in the *coche* for twenty-five *sous;* or,

by water, as far as Sêve for five *sous;* or, more respectably, in the *carrosse,* for four *livres* each. But, there was an attraction in the exhibition of La Fleur, on the foot board of a *fiacre,* and thereby a swagger over the *badauds* of Paris, that was irresistible; so I commissioned him to hire a fiacre. After much haggling, (for the poor fellow was perhaps even more careful of my money than his own,) he at length obtained one, to convey us to Versailles and back, for fifteen *livres* for the proprietor, and a present of three, for M. le Cocher.

It is a charming road, between trees and lamps, the whole distance. These lamps were lit on my return, and though of a bad construction, they give an amazing light. Incessantly, we overtook, or were overtaken by, Parisians, going the same route, in every kind of vehicle, from the splendid and highly decorated *carrosse,* down to the jolting chariot, with its long and sharp axletree, of most convenient formation for mutual concussion and injury.

All were dressed after the fashion of La Fleur; few worse, and many, better. They were, indeed, very different from the mob of England; particularly, the women, who had a style and *ton* about them, that, in manners and in dress, would have placed them on a par with

many of our gentry. They were all cheerful, laughing, and grimacing; all recollection of the privations of the six days was obliterated, while they effected this *eclât* on the seventh.

It had threatened rain for some time, and before we had got six miles from Paris, it began to descend in large drops. I looked through the glass in the back of the *fiacre*, and never before, nor since, have I seen a countenance more expressive of terror, than poor La Fleur's, at that moment. In his bosom, he had found shelter and seclusion for his fine *chapeau;* but, its forsaken occupant, his head of powder and pomatum, was left to encounter all the horrors of dilution and dissolution, in the pitiless storm; his double handkerchief, spread over his shoulders and waistcoat, had ensured their safety for a time; but how were the extremities of his dear, his darling coat, to be preserved?

Why was I to sit in comfortable indolence, while a better man than myself, was absolutely to be soaked into a state of solution? My conscience pricked me, so I stopped the coachman, and made La Fleur enter. His delight and respect are scarcely to be expressed. "*O, Monsieur, Monsieur,*" he cried, in an ecstacy of gratitude, "*ce n'est pas la conservation de ces haillons,*" pointing to his smart clothes; "*mais c'est la con-*

descendance de Monsieur, c'est l'honneur, Monsieur!" I thought he would have had a little fit.

At length, we reached Versailles, which is seated on a rising ground, in the middle of a champaign country. The grand avenue, which leads to the palace, divides the town into two parts, old, and new, Versailles. The former, contained many good hotels, an old convent, and church; the latter, a market-place, and a large square, and is altogether more regularly built.

The new palace is a magnificent building, and of prodigious size; the whole summit of which was, and is, I believe, decorated with statues, vases, and other ornaments, beautifully executed. Remarking to La Fleur, that this palace was far larger and more splendid, than ours of St. James', he replied, with a naïveté, that expressed a perfect conviction of my unavoidable concurrence in his assertion.

"*Ah oui, Monsieur, les petits rois doivent avoir les petits palais; mais le grand roi—O mon Dieu!*"

The gardens of the palace were beautiful, and the menagerie in the park, at that time, the finest, in Europe. As we walked through the former, I was unexpectedly informed, by La Fleur, that if I were on the alert, I should now behold the grand spectacle, the main object of

my visit to Paris; for that, high mass being concluded, Louis the Sixteenth, and Marie Antoinette were about to return from the chapel, to their apartments in the palace.

My indefatigable valet then proceeded to business, and having some slight acquaintance with one of the royal servants, giving him an *ecu*, he prevailed upon him to station me in a large ante-chamber; through which, the King and Queen, were to pass in state.

Imagining, not only that La Fleur would remain, but that others would join me, I expected a tranquil scrutiny of the royal personages, from amidst the obscurity of a crowd; but, suddenly looking around, and discovering myself to be wholly alone, in a situation of unavoidable conspicuousness, violent and increasing nervous sensations seized on my mind.

Unable either to calm or re-assure myself, I ran to the door, determined on flight; when, at that very moment, hearing the approach of the King and his whole suite, I rushed back, and slunk into a corner, abashed and confounded: for, independent of constitutionally weak nerves, I had other grounds for agitation; first, as a foreigner, and that foreigner an Englishman; and secondly, on the score of etiquette, as boots, leather breeches, and plain, drab, frock-coat,

did not too well accord with the costume of the most splendid court in Europe.

The door opened, and Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, Monsieur, (the late King), and Mesdames, (the aunts of the King,) entered the room, followed by a train of courtly personages, in most magnificent attire. Engaged in gay, cheerful conversation, they reached the centre, without observing me, and I began to hope I should escape altogether without notice. Suddenly, however, the King catching my eye, pointed me out to the Queen, and then the whole procession abruptly stopped.

I trembled, and could scarcely support myself, when a gracious smile from Marie Antoinette in some degree restored me; and the King, also bestowing one, Monsieur, Mesdames, and the rest of the court in course, followed their examples. The King, then saluting me with a most affable inclination of his head, passed on; while the accordant train, again receiving the *ton* from their sovereign, overwhelmed me with their nods, and protecting graciousness: then, as the whole court walked out amused, at one door, I more than equally gratified, departed at the other.

The Queen was then in her twenty-seventh year; certainly, the most pleasing and command-

ing beauty I had ever seen. The King was rather above the common stature, of dignified deportment, and with a countenance expressive of the utmost benevolence. Of the other individuals of the court, I have not the slightest recollection—I do not think I even saw them, so engrossed was my attention by the two principals of the spectacle.

Mr. Sayre informed me, that a few years previously to this period, he had seen the royal family of France, dine in public. The crowd of idolaters, who flocked to pay their court to the youthful and fascinating daughter of Maria Theresa, was so great, that the saloon became almost insupportable from the heat: the Queen was nearly fainting, and those who attempted, being unable, to open the windows, Louis the Sixteenth ordered them to be broken, and instantly, hundreds of panes of the most costly plate glass, were shattered into fragments, in the eagerness of giving air to a Queen, whose breath that very people afterwards terminated, with frantic gratification, on a scaffold!*

* An action of gallantry once offered to majesty, which reduces the above almost below the level of common courtesy, was that I once heard from an old American gentleman, and which is too appropriate to the present context, to be omitted here. It

I returned to Paris with gratified sensations. I had been noticed by the Grand Monarque, la belle Reine, and the chief of the court of France; but, fortunately, though young, I was not conceited. I presume, the bladder of my vanity was pricked at Westminster, for I neither said, nor thought with Falstaff,

"I shall be sent for in private."

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related to an officer of the Household of an Indian Queen, who, superior to the *gêne* and restraints of our straight-laced European decorum, instead of concealing the graces of nature under a bathing-dress, used, constantly in conjunction with her blackest and most favourite nymphs of honour, (when at a distance from the shore most convenient for the observations of her loving subjects on it,) to plunge into the sea, out of a twelve-oared barge, filled with all the male fashion and beauty of the court. One day, when, like a porpoise, she had sufficiently spouted, tossed, and tumbled, she was swimming towards her boat, when a hungry shark appeared in rapid chace after this luxurious banquet of imperial beauty. The queen shrieked, and exerted her utmost speed; her attendants roared, the shark pursued, gained way, and was about to spring; but, at that very moment, when her preservation appeared beyond the reach of human power, with an address, and a presence of mind not to be sufficiently extolled, the above-mentioned officer cast a *little page*, wand, dress of state and all, between the queen and the enemy. The *morçeau* was finished in a moment, but *that* moment saved her majesty. The gallant officer was made Grand Chamberlain, and to gratify the manes of the poor little page, his brother was made a very great man, and exempted from attending the queen on her days of bathing.

Never had unfortunate princess a more difficult part to play, than Marie Antoinette. The party, that after so much violent opposition, at length, succeeded in placing her on that station of trial and peril, a throne, were vanquished almost before she attained it; leaving her the unsupported victim of the enemies, they had themselves excited. At the age of nineteen, Queen in a foreign court, surrounded by hostile interests, but not one friend, or protector, without even the confidence of her husband, and advised by an erring and prejudiced priest, (to whom, from her earliest infancy, she had been taught to pay an unlimited deference,) where is the woman that would not have erred?

But the errors of Marie Antoinette, were of the head, not of the heart; a word or look, inappropriately spoken or placed, were so many crimes, in this scandalizing court. A friend of Sayre, shewed me a copy of a most libellous and infamous song, that before she was eighteen, was circulated *sub rosâ*, containing a list of her lovers, which beginning with the Duc de Choiseul, included even that little dwarf the Duc de Fronsac. Similar attacks pursued her through the whole of her unfortunate career, and, frivolous as they may appear, conjoined with her

dislike of magnificent slavery, in a court, and nation, of etiquette, conduced, perhaps, more essentially to her fatal termination, than any other causes.

But, to my tale again. The two following days, I walked about the city, with my ever assiduous La Fleur; but, was so pressed for time, that in my eagerness to see every thing, in fact, I saw nothing. Having fairly galloped through the Louvre, the Thuilleries, the Palais Royal, the Bourbon Palace, the Hospital of Invalids, and Notre Dame, I began to feel that "my hour was almost come."

Profiting by my past imprudence, and aided by Sayre, I passed the fifth and six days, in attempting to procure a passport for England—in vain. Not daring again to apply to Dr. Franklin, since his secretary had informed me positively to expect no further assistance in that quarter, there was but one chance of escape; namely, the discovery of some American gentleman, who having a passport for himself and servants, would allow me to rank among the latter.

Certainly, I might have reached England, *viâ* Brussels, without much difficulty; but, I had not sufficient money to encounter the additional expenses of that prolonged route. Thus, my

troubles and perplexities only continued to increase, till the evening of the seventh day, when Sayre joyfully informed me that Mr. Watkins, an American gentleman, who had a passport for himself and servant, would cheerfully accommodate me. I waited immediately on him, was most cordially received, and *hired* as his valet, without the accustomed inquiry as to character;—perhaps, luckily for myself.

At ten, the same night, after taking leave of my kind friend Mr. Sayre, and poor faithful La Fleur, who literally, was considerably affected by the circumstances under which we parted, in a borrowed great coat of Mr. Watkins, I took my station behind his carriage. Having passed the *barrier*, I was again a gentleman, and seated by his side, travelled on merrily to Calais.

But here, much to my mortification, owing to his too retentive memory, I was discovered by Dessein. However, he most honourably kept the secret; and the packet sailing the same day, I hastily resumed my livery, and tremblingly proceeded to the Quay. By following my master, and carrying his small trunks, when he presented his passport, I passed the ordeal in triumph, and in less than three hours, once more trod on native ground. Then, I felt the

true pleasure of travelling,—the return to *home*, which is ever (to those who will speak truth,) made ten times more valuable by temporary loss.

Mr. Watkins, like the majority of his countrymen, at that time, had the greatest possible dread of highwaymen; such depredators being rarely, if ever, encountered in America. To guard, therefore, against danger, he took a place in the stage for London; I taking another, but only to Dartford; my purse being too low, to allow the expense of even one additional mile, and my pride too high, to permit me to apply for pecuniary assistance, to my fellow traveller.

On the road, we met with no adventures, and were not robbed by a single highwayman, though Mr. Watkins thought we were, by innkeepers. Arriving at Dartford, in the evening, we shook hands, and parted; he, towards London, and I, towards Southbarrow.

After walking six miles in a drizzling rain, cold, and cheerless, hungry, and thirsty; it became quite dark before I reached Chislehurst Common,—nothing but the thought of dear home, yielding relief,—when, suddenly, a carriage with lighted lamps overtook me. It was my father's;—honest old Harper, the coachman,

hailed me, jumped, or rather tumbled, down, opened the door, and in an another instant, I found myself clasped in my father's arms.

After a short pause, he exclaimed,

"Well, Fred, what have you done?"

"I have spent twenty-five pounds, Sir, and brought home with me a bill for five hundred, and send any body next Spring to Spa, and that sum will be doubled." I was again in his arms.

On arriving at Southbarrow, I met a reception from my mother, aunt, and old nurse Morgan, which would have amply compensated for ten times the number of difficulties I had experienced. It almost made me wish to travel again, though not exactly that night; so I retired to my old tent bed, and there, sinking into a profound sleep, nothing remains to be added to my Tour through France, Flanders, and Germany, but,

FINIS.

CHAP. VII.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

"As for you honest souls, who were never admitted into the Temple of Wisdom, nor ever visited the Sanctuaries of Wit, gather yourselves together from all parts, and hearken to what I am about to utter. But for you men of science, who weigh sense, scan syllables, and measure sounds,—Away hence! stand aloof!"

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Soon after my arrival from France, my father received an invitation from my travelling companion Mr. Watkins, to dine with him at his uncle's house in the city. I also was invited, and as we read on the card, that we were to meet amongst others, the celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had suddenly arrived in England, on a pacific mission, my father felt peculiarly gratified by the idea, of once more shaking hands with the venerable patriot.

The important day being arrived, my father, as he descended from his carriage, eagerly demanded whether Doctor Franklin had arrived? The servant replied in the affirmative, and then added, that he was at that moment in the drawing-room.

"Now, Fred," my father exclaimed, "you'll see what a reception I shall have." Up stairs he ran, and I, post haste, after him. On entering the room, we beheld the Doctor seated at a table near the fire, with a large folio volume lying open before him. His dress, considering the time, and the occasion, appeared to us rather disrespectful; a large, wrapping, morning gown, slippers, nightcap, and spectacles.

However, this surprise was nothing to that, which followed; for, when my father, with much self-satisfaction, exclaimed, "How do you do, Doctor?" he made not the slightest reply. "Probably, you do not recollect me," rejoined my father, after a considerable pause, "my name is Reynolds." Again, neither answer, nor action. My father, checked and disappointed, strutted towards the window, expressing in rather an alto tone, his unlimited disapprobation of American manners.

I endeavoured to exculpate the Doctor by pointing out to my father, how intent he was

on his book; though, at the same time, I could not help wondering that he could see to read on a misty October evening, solely by the light of the fire. Yet the chief cause of my surprise was, that, during the whole time we had been in the room, I had never seen him turn over a single leaf; but such was my respect, I was afraid of approaching to a close inspection, lest I should give offence.

More visitors entered, and were received with the same contemptuous silence. All were whispering, and complaining together, when Mr. Watkins entered, and bowing respectfully to the Doctor, advanced towards us, and shaking us by the hands, loudly expressed his hopes, that we had found his Excellency entertaining — "Not at all," was the general reply, though in a low tone — "Indeed!" exclaimed our host with assumed surprise; "then I must try if *I* cannot make him entertaining;" and rapidly approaching him, to our sudden dismay, he seized his nightcap, threw it up to the ceiling, knocked his spectacles from his nose, boxed his ears, and then to prove, that even dull Yankies can impose on credulous cocknies, undid his garment, and discovered a "*Man of Wax.*"

"Yesterday, Gentlemen," said Mr. Watkins,

I purchased this curious, and extraordinary resemblance of our illustrious friend, of Mrs. Wright, of Cockspur-street, for fifty guineas; and I believe, gentlemen, you will all agree with me, that I may venture to assert with Charles in the School for Scandal, 'This is the first time the Doctor was ever bought or sold.'"

Some laughed, some pouted, particularly my father, however, all was soon forgotten, and forgiven; Mr. Watkins at last wholly re-establishing the general good humour, by laughingly saying, "Having heard that a London dinner was nothing without a lion, I thought it better to offer you even a *waxen* one, than no lion at all."

I must now recur to an event of a very different nature. During the month of March, in the ensuing year, 1783, a disastrous duel occurred between Captain Riddell of the Horse Grenadiers, and Captain Cunningham of the Scotch Greys, which, owing to its peculiar circumstances, excited the greatest interest, and the account of which I afterwards received from Riddell's second, Topham.

The quarrel had been of long duration; but, owing to their separation for some years, their friends hoped that it had, at length, naturally died away. Unfortunately, however, encoun-

tering each other, one morning at their agent's Mr. Christie, high words ensued, and on the evening of that same day, Captain Cunningham wrote, demanding satisfaction.

The note arriving while the wafer was yet wet, at the house of the Captain's father, Sir James Riddell, he, not observing the superscription, and conceiving it to be intended for himself, opened it.—Such, however, was the high honour of this Roman Baronet, that though thus suddenly placed in possession of the fact of his son's intended rencontre, instead of interfering to prevent it, he calmly closed the letter, and re-stamped the wafer; acting no further on his knowledge of its contents, than to procure the secret attendance of two surgeons, of first rate abilities.

The meeting took place on the appointed day; Riddell, attended by Captain Topham; and Cunningham, by his cousin, Captain Cunningham. Eight paces were measured by the seconds, and they tossed up for the first fire, which being won by Riddell, he fired, and shot his antagonist.

The moment Captain Cunningham received the wound, he staggered, but did not fall. He opened his waistcoat, and appeared to be mortally wounded. All this time, Captain Riddell

remained on his ground, when, after a pause of about two minutes, Captain Cunningham declared that he would not be removed, till he had fired. Cunningham then presented his pistol, and shot Captain Riddell in the groin. He immediately fell, and was carried to Captain Topham's house in Bryanstone-street; where, on the following day, he died.

Captain Cunningham, after a long and dangerous illness, recovering, voluntarily surrendered himself to the judgment of the law: he was tried, and acquitted.

About this period, another melancholy domestic event occurred.

My brother Robert, (who had for some time been a student at Saint John's College, Oxford, and had lately taken orders,) frequently performed duty at Eltham, and Hayes, with so much success, that there was not only a prospect of his becoming a very popular preacher, but, from my father's interest and connection, a prosperous clergyman.

If a clear, flexible voice, mild engaging manners, and a handsome person, could ensure their owner the hearts of both hearers and beholders, Robert was that man—but, alas, it was decreed he should not long derive benefit from these advantages!

One afternoon, in the month of April of this year, riding on the Witney road, he stopped at Botley, about a mile from Oxford, and walked his horse into a pond, for the purpose of giving him drink. A woman at a farm-house adjoining, called from her window, in the hope of warning him of the depth of the water, but at that very moment, both my brother, and the horse, disappeared. The latter, however, soon again rose to the surface, and after much difficulty, at length succeeded in reaching the shore. He then galloped off violently towards Oxford; but, my poor brother rose no more!—

We were informed of this melancholy circumstance the following morning, by a letter from a fellow collegian with my brother, the present Mr. Serjeant Sellon. As may be supposed, the whole family was thrown into the deepest affliction; particularly, my affectionate mother, who did not recover the shock for many years.

I cannot conclude this brief account, without adding, that not only on this occasion, but on many others, I have been indebted to the kindness and friendship of Mr. Serjeant Sellon. He arranged the funeral, and with other fellow collegians, (amongst whom was Mr. Fon-

blanque, the King's Counsel,) followed their lamented friend to the grave.

Though, I had not quite passed the days of boyhood, when this favourite brother's existence was thus suddenly, and fatally, terminated, and though Gray, in his Eton College Ode, speaks of " the tear forgot as soon as shed," yet, can I remember that this, my first serious loss, caused me, perhaps, more lasting and heartfelt grief, than in colder manhood, I have ever experienced.

When I recall the sufferings of this period, and think of my present feelings, I must suspect that my philosophy, like that of many others, is of that species mentioned by Rochefoucault; which, though always triumphed over by present misfortunes, always *triumphs over* past and future misfortunes—for I now feel myself quite capable, of an immediate recurrence to less cheerless subjects.

I believe at the present period, it is pretty generally acknowledged, that there is not space in John Bull's head, for more than one object at a time; and whether that object be a learned man, or a learned pig, a great patriot, or a little conjuror, while the rage lasts, we bid *bon soir* to all other aspirants to our notice, and admiration. This very year, then, there ap-

peared a star of such magnitude, that every other " hid its diminished head."

I allude to the *Balloon* mania.

The origin of this ingenious invention, is too well known, for me to state more, than that, after Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, paper-manufacturers at Amonay, near Lyons, had distinguished themselves by exhibiting the first of these ærostatic machines, the philosophers of Paris, discovering that hydrogen gas was of a far less specific gravity, than the rarefied air of Montgolfier, Messrs. Roberts were employed to construct a new machine, which, after many difficulties, on the 27th of August, 1783, ascended from the *Champ de Mars*, before a prodigious concourse, to the height of above three thousand feet.

I cannot refrain from adding, that poor Pilatre de Rosier (who, in an ærostatic attempt to cross from Boulogne to Dover, lost his life,) was the first adventurer in ærial navigation. On the 15th of October, 1783, the balloon being inflated under the direction of M. M. Montgolfier, de Rosier with a philosophical intrepidity that will ever be recorded with applause in the history of ærostation, placed himself in the car, and to the astonishment of nearly all Paris, ascended to the height of ninety feet, and at

that elevation, contrived to remain stationary, by repeatedly throwing straw, on the fire. Then gradually, and gently descending, this intrepid chemist, alighted, and publicly proclaimed to the spectators, that he had not experienced the slightest inconvenience.

Soon afterwards M. M. Roberts made a successful voyage in a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas.

The reader may conceive the astonishment that the Londoners testified, on receiving the accounts of these occurrences. Indeed, all England was wild to witness this novel, and extraordinary exhibition. But, though each reproached the other with his want of spirit, and enterprise, none could be found sufficiently bold to commence operations.

At length, in the spring of 1784, Mr. George Biggin, afterwards known by the name of Coffee Biggin, an ingenious chemist, and a most gentlemanly man, employed Lunardi, to construct him a balloon; in which, he intended both should ascend, in the following September.

In the interim, every person, more or less, became ærostatically curious. For myself, owing to my intimacy with Mr. Biggin, I had considerably the start in this mania; and whilst

the secret still remained almost wholly unknown, I could make small "Montgolfiers," as the paper balloons were then termed. But, whether I made them to any good end, the following little anecdote will shew.

Lord Effingham giving a dinner party at the Ship at Greenwich, invited my father and me. Balloons were then so much in their infancy, that, guessing his Lordship, and the rest of the party had never seen one, I brought a small Montgolfier with me, in the hope of rendering myself conspicuous. His Lordship delighted with the intelligence, requested that it might be brought into the room. I obeyed, and then, for the *first time*, he, his friends, the landlord, and the waiters, beheld the *wonderful machine*.

The rumour spread through the town, and expectation being instantly excited to its utmost pitch, the whole shore, and river, were covered with spectators. My father, insisting that the best method of gratifying public curiosity, was, to effect the ascent from the middle of the river, he, Lord Effingham, and I, entered a wherry.

Perhaps, it will now be thought that I exaggerate, when I state, that, as we glided along with the balloon, and "all appurtenances, and means to boot," we were loudly, and universally cheered, and huzzaed; but, such was the fact.

At length, the awful moment arrived, and whilst the *sun* of our little world, became more and more, the object of universal admiration, and attention, I proceeded to ignite the spirits of wine, and tow. The balloon filled—the multitude shouted—I vapoured, and attitudinized—and then, making sure of a superb ascent, I let go my hold.

But, to my horror, and disgrace, not a foot, not an inch, nor the eight of an inch, would the obstinate beast ascend. Groans, cries, and hisses, immediately resounded around. Lord Effingham, knowing by experience, the savage nature of a disappointed mob, and beginning to grow both alarmed and angry, repeatedly called me "a little chemical coxcomb;" while I, in the most terrible panic, was attempting to effect the ascent of the balloon, as if my life depended on the result. Succeeding at last, upwards went the object of curiosity, amidst an universal astonishment, and silence, which continued until it had vanished from our sight.

On reaching the shore, I swaggered in all the pride of success, and returning to the dinner table, the whole party *injured* their *own* healths by *toasting mine.* In about an hour, however, the scene was again changed, for the landlord

entering the room, told us with a long face, that the balloon had fallen in a stack-yard, about half a mile distant, and that the amazed and terrified farmer, supposing it a falling meteor, or ball of fire, had instantly taken flight, leaving M. Montgolfier, in flaming possession of the property.

The result may be conceived; the farmer soon discovered his error, and arriving at our quarters, called us all incendiaries, &c.; and at last, was only appeased by the payment of compensation money to the amount of twenty pounds. So that we all went home, exclaiming with Lord Trinket, "We have cut a mighty ridiculous figure here, 'pon honor."

My father had at this period, for his client, a rich German nobleman, (Baron Palnitz, or Pilnitz, I cannot distinctly recollect which) a well-bred, and enlightened man; but, fashion in every thing bearing sovereign sway, soon after Lunardi's successful ascent, the Baron was seized with the prevailing mania, to an extent almost beyond credibility.

Being rich, he soon became the rallying point for all ærostatic adventurers. Amongst others, a French Count spun his cobwebs around him, and so completely caught him, that, with asto-

nishment, we heard the Baron gravely relate that he had given orders for the construction of an ærial machine, sufficiently large to contain stores, provisions, beds, and every other accommodation for passengers; and that, though balloons in the hands of Charles, Pilatré de Rosier, Lunardi, &c. had been useless toys, the French Count having discovered the means of creating an impelling power, by the aid of an artificial wind counteracting the effects of the natural wind, *their* balloon would be seen sailing like a ship, and with a facility of management, and a rapidity, that would soon manifest the superiority of the ærial, over the common navigation.

As the work proceeded, the Baron speedily grew so sanguine as to his ultimate success, that, (liberally wishing to secure the profits of the discovery to the French projector,) he requested my father to apply for a patent.

The Attorney General, Sir Pepper Arden, naturally surprised at this extraordinary application, desired an interview, and my father being out of town, I was compelled to conduct the Baron to the Attorney General's chambers in Portugal-street, when the following curious conversation ensued.

"So, young gentleman, where is your father?"

"He is out of town, Sir."

"Indeed! and pray what does this absurd application mean?"

"Mean, Sir?" I repeated in surprise; "it means, Sir, that by artificial wind counteracting the effects of the natural wind, we can direct balloons—"

"And what then?"

"What then, Sir?"

"Aye, and what then, Sir?"

"Why, Sir," I replied, with great consequence and volubility, "we shall not only raise botany to the highest pitch of perfection, by transplanting fresh roots, and fruits from one country to another; we shall not only *raise the sieges of garrisons*, by introducing armed men and provisions at our pleasure, but we shall *discover the North West passage*, and—"

"Aye," interrupted the Attorney General, scarcely able to suppress his laughter, "and in your mighty wisdoms, I suppose, not only defraud the customs and excise, but annihilate the revenue resulting from the post-office, &c. Pooh, nonsense!—artificial wind!"—(laughing heartily)—"stuff—who is to supply the wind?—your client there?"

The Baron seeing the Attorney General, as he conceived delighted, smiling, said—

"*L'avôcat general, que dit-il Monsieur Frederic?*"

I replied in my usual bad French, made worse by confusion—

"*Il demande Baron, si vous etes le personne qui fait le vent flatulen?*"

"*Diable!*" exclaimed the Baron.

The Attorney General then rose, bowed, and coolly desired me to tell my father, that the Baron's, was less a case, for a lawyer, than, a physician.

In consequence of this interview, and of some other unexpected disappointments, after a short interval, the eyes of our enterprising Baron were opened; and both he, and my father, feeling the justice of Sir Pepper Arden's irony, instead of bursting in the air, the bubble burst on *terra firma*.

The next mania of any note, was, the dog mania.

A subordinate, but enterprising, actor, of the name of Costello, collected, at the great fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic, a complete company of canine performers, and arriving with them in England, Wroughton, then manager of Sadler's Wells, engaged him and his wonderful troop. They were fourteen in all, and unlike those

straggling dancing dogs still occasionally seen in the streets, they all acted respondently, and conjointly, with a truth that appeared almost the effect of reason. The *star*, the real star of the company, was an actor named Moustache, and the piece produced, as a vehicle for their first appearance, was called the "Deserter."

As formerly, all London flocked to Goodman's Fields to see Garrick, so now the rage was to visit Spa Fields, to see Moustache and his coadjutors. The night I was first present at this performance, Sadler's Wells, in point of fashion, resembled the Opera House on a Saturday night, during the height of the season; princes, peers, puppies, and pickpockets, all crowding to see, what Jack Churchill, with his accustomed propensity to punning, used to term, the illustrious dog-*stars*.

On this evening, the late Duke of Gloucester was also present. Wroughton, who at that time frequently played at Drury Lane the parts of *Lear*, *Evander*, and other aged characters, was now, as manager of Sadler's Wells, dressed in court costume, and looking his real age, about thirty-five, lighted his Royal Highness to his box.

"Eh? how?" exclaimed the Duke, "who, what are you?"

"My name is Wroughton, please your Royal Highness."

"Oh! what," rejoined the Duke, "son of *old* Wroughton of Drury Lane?"

Wroughton, who told me of this whimsical error, said, that, at first, he knew not whether to receive it, as an affront, or, as a compliment; however, affecting to consider it as the latter, he paid the Duke his acknowledgments for unconsciously avowing, that his assumption of old age, was not distinguishable from the reality.

The curtain shortly afterwards rose. I will pass over the performance till the last scene, merely remarking, that the actors of *Simpkin*, *Skirmish*, and *Louisa* were so well dressed, and so much in earnest, that, in a slight degree, they actually, preserved the interest of the story, and the illusion of the scene. But Moustache, as the *Deserter!* I see him now, in his little uniform, military boots, with smart musket and helmet, cheering and inspiring his fellow soldiers, to follow him up scaling ladders, and storm the fort. The roars, barking, and confusion which resulted from this attack, may be better imagined, than described.

At the moment, when the gallant assailants seemed secure of victory, a retreat was sounded, and Moustache and his adherents were seen receding from the repulse, rushing down the ladders, and then, staggering towards the lamps, in a state of panic and dismay.

How was this grand military manœuvre so well managed? probably asks the reader. I will tell him—These great performers having had no food since breakfast, and knowing that a fine, *hot supper*, unseen by the audience, was placed for them at the top of the fort, they naturally speeded towards it, all hope, and exultation; when, just as they were about to commence operations, Costello, and his assistants commenced theirs, and by the smacking of whips, and other threats, drove the terrified combatants back in disgrace. This, brings to my recollection what old Astley once whimsically said to the late Mr. Harris:—

"Why do my performers act so much better than yours? Because mine know if they don't indeed work like horses, I give them *no corn*—whereas, if your performers do, or do not, walk over the course, they have their *prog* just the same."

Wroughton frequently told me, that he cleared upwards of seven thousand pounds, by these four legged *Roscii;* and the following year, the proprietors of the Opera House, gained a still larger sum by Vestris.*

"Immortal chief! who on one leg could do,
What erst no mortal could achieve on two!"

* This was the son of the original "*Dieu de la danse.*"

It may be truly said, there is always *life* about a theatre, and if beings of human form and talents, will not satisfy the cormorant appetite of the public, and allow the manager to pay his necessarily heavy nightly expenditure, *he* must indeed be a simpleton, who will not *empty every menagerie*, foreign, and native, rather than incur ruin, by allowing an *emptiness* in his own treasury. Certain pedants, however, demand the classical, legitimate drama. Now, I ask *what*, and *where*, is it?

Surely, they cannot allude to our immortal bard, who soared far above all the trammels of insipid regularity. So did Dryden, Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, and Vanbrugh. Are Cibber, Sir Richard Steel, Voltaire, and Racine, the real *legitimates?* Are we to see plots, and counterplots, poised, measured, and calculated with a geometrical nicety, and hear French soliloquizing *problems* uttered in a rant as passionately warm, as the matter is chillingly cold? I only know if "The Careless Husband," "The Conscious Lovers," "The Distressed Mother," or "Zara," be the standard; these pedantic gentlemen ought to pay handsomely to see them, for it appears, that nobody else will.

"And those who live to please, must please, to live."

In truth, a manager's is a hard life; theatrically speaking, a *bad part;* rather, the *Laertes,* than the *Hamlet,* of the drama; for, do all he can to conciliate behind, or before, the curtain, he seldom gets applause. Why then do so many court the office, particularly, as so many have failed in it? Because, as the elder Colman said, in his pamphlet, written concerning his quarrel with the late Messrs. Harris and Rutherford,

"Managing a Theatre is like stirring a fire, which every man thinks he can do better than another. Now, *I stir a fire* better than any man in England!"

On the 30th of September, 1783, I was present when Mr. Kemble made his first appearance on a London stage, in the character of Hamlet. Avowing myself to be one of those, who instead of being "*nothing if not critical,*" know that I am *nothing if critical,* I will not trouble my readers with useless observations, but, refer them to his classical biographer, Boaden; from whom, they will receive a description far superior to any I could offer. However, I shall hereafter have frequent occasion to speak of other performances of this truly great actor.

This year, not being particularly *flush,* presents in the prosecution of my *amourettes,*

having consumed the greater part of my money, I could not afford to attend the theatres so frequently, as I wished. From Mr. Harris, as also from my friend and schoolfellow Colman, and from Dive, and others, I could have occasionally procured an ORDER, or, to use a less plebeian appellation, an *admission.*

But, my family, like many other families at that time, voting an *order* to be a sort of eleemosynary mendicant contribution, and completely *infra dig.*, pride compelled me to decline the acceptance of one. It may now appear strange, though it is perfectly true, that, in those days, many most respectable individuals, who, from economical motives, declined paying to the boxes, would rather *mob it*, as they expressed themselves, in the gallery, than accept admissions to the best places, at no other expense, than, perhaps, a cold look from the donor, and a contemptuous one, from the check deliverer.

How different is the case now, and how ruinous is the present system! If the manager cannot fill his house by natural means, he immediately has recourse to hot-house measures, and *forces* one!—as if languor would not ensue as much after the use of stimuli in theatricals, as of stimuli in physic. But, "SQUEEZE," is now the watchword of every assembly, fashion-

able, dramatic, or political, throughout the kingdom.

As the prostitution, however, of this kind of accommodation paper, like the paper kite in commercial concerns, so frequently recoils, had not a manager better boldly look a few bad houses in the face, than by patching up appearances, continue to play nightly to *overflowing* audiences, and to an empty treasury.

For the exemplification of my theory, I must again recur to *self;* the very nature of my work, compels me to be personal, perhaps even to appear egotistical—so, I beg pardon, but must continue. I have had nearly fifty dramatic pieces performed, and for more than half my theatrical career, have had an unlimited power of writing orders. As during the long run of some of my comedies, I suppose, at least, five hundred people must have gained admission through my privilege, I very soon found, that, owing to the ease with which these passports were obtained, what was originally received from me, as a *favor*, was soon demanded from me, as a *right;* with the actual addition of a request to secure good places, or, to procure a private box in lieu.

I soon also found, that every person who received an order, conceived that there was

attached to it, all the coxcombry of criticism; and while the paying spectator spontaneously applauded, when his feelings prompted, the *liberty boy*, influenced by green-room opinions, party spleen, or self-consequence, if he clapped at all, would clap with gloved hands, and when he hissed, often his "custom in the afternoon," would say, in excuse for this unexpected courtesy, he thought it was the duty of every one of the author's *real* friends, to effectively aid his *future* improvement by *present* correction.

During the run of my really popular, half popular, really damned, and half damned pieces, I should imagine, that I have, on an average, written or procured, one hundred and fifty double orders to each; consequently, calculating from the commencement of my dramatic career, down to the present period, on the aggregate, above fifteen thousand people have, through my privilege alone, entered the theatre *gratis*.

But, to conclude this, in every respect, unprofitable subject, I will merely add, that the only token of gratitude, I ever remember to have received, from the aforesaid fifteen thousand *freemen*, was a short civil note from a pastry-cook's boy in Dean-street, thanking me for his four admissions to the gallery, and re-

questing my acceptance of a *raspberry puff*, and a little *pigeon pie!*

Only one word more.—In the opinion of those most skilled in the arcana of theatrical management, yearly free admissions, not transferable, rather serve a theatre, than injure it; but, were I manager, (which the gods prohibit!) I think I should say "Adieu for ever" to nightly ones—at least, I would only give them to particular friends, certainly not to the town at large, because in opposition to Churchill's well known line,

"And for a playhouse freedom lose their own,"

they now prove nightly that *they*, not the manager, are the *independent* party.

But to return from this digression.—It may be asked, whether, while I was thus pursuing ærostatic, canine, and other manias, I had *any* lucid intervals?—Did I report progress in the law? I candidly confess that I did not. On the contrary; instead of getting on, I got, during the spring assizes at Maidstone, a terrific *rap of the knuckles*, from no less a personage, than the great Lord Mansfield.

The cause list at these assizes, consisted of only eighteen, out of which I had five to conduct, instead of my father, who was absent,

either on pleasure, or more important business; on which of the two, I submit to the decision of those, who are *au fait* in knowledge of character. Holding almost a third of the causes, naturally, I was the great man of the day: and when I and my pony trotted into the town, half the bar trotted after us.

"How do you do, Fred?" cried Erskine, "I have not seen you a long time—how are your kind father, and mother?"

Then came more suitors, to the suits, with the same "generous questions, which no answer wait;" till, at length, I was forced to effect a flying retreat to my inn; where, I soon afterwards distributed, the so much coveted briefs, according to my instructions.

The first of our causes, was an action for defamation; and the second, against the same party, for an assault. We failed in both; two successive nonsuits! On this, Lord Mansfield emphatically cried,

"Who, and where, is the attorney in these causes?"

"Here, my Lord," replied Erskine; "stand up, Fred!"

I thought I was a dead man!

"So, Sir," exclaimed his Lordship, "you have brought two actions, with scarcely suffi-

cient grounds for one.—Take care, for the future, or you'll hear further from the Court."

Exit in disgrace!

In the next cause, we were more fortunate; for, we gained a verdict, owing, principally, to the ingenuity of Peckham, our counsel. In legal lore, *nisi prius* volubility, and undaunted browbeating of witnesses, he certainly, was surpassed by Dunning, Bearcroft, Lee, and others of his contemporaries; but, for the tact of tickling a jury, of creating that sort of *entre-nous-ship*, which leads to a mutual goodwill, and understanding, Peckham was unrivalled.

When, however, the case was clearly against him, in law and evidence, he was above any attempt at coquetry, with the grave twelve; but, when the cause was doubtful, when it hung justly poised, so winning were his manners, so captivating his address, that, often by a word, or look, he would turn the balance.

The opposing counsel in this cause, whose name I have forgotten, had an extraordinary habit of *correcting* himself into an *error;* whether from fun, love of singularity, or any other cause, I cannot pretend to say. On the cross-examination of one of our witnesses, he literally thus interrogated him.

"On your oath, Sir, what could induce you,

or more properly speaking, *conduce* you, to swear that the plaintiff could not rise from his chair?"

To which, the witness, a smart apothecary, replied —

"Sir, I swore what was the fact; for, at that very time, the plaintiff was confined with a lumbago, or more properly speaking, a *bumbago*."*

As may be supposed, this reply created great laughter in the court.

The fourth cause, (an action for seduction,) we lost; the fifth, (an action for crim. con.) we won. Then off I started for London; and the assizes being ended, and consequently, no more encountering either greetings, or salutations, in the market place, I said with Jane Shore—

> "Hark! methinks the roar that late pursued me,
> Sinks like the murmurs of a fallen wind,
> And softens into silence."

On arriving at the Adelphi, I met my father

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* This barrister, was also equally original in his similes, ex. gra.

"The witness, my Lord, stood plump opposite the defendant—plump, my Lord, *plump as a partridge.*"

at the door, who, inquiring how many causes I had won, I hung down my head and replied in a palliating tone,

"I have only gained two, Sir; but, I assure you, it was not my—"

"What, gained *two* causes out of *five!*" interrupted my father, "why you are a most capital agent, Fred.; and as you deserve a holiday, and I am sure, after my extraordinary fatigues, I also require one, do not send away your horse, for I will order mine, and then we will talk the matter over, as we trot down to Southbarrow."

Law, as usual, formed but a small part of our discourse; which turned principally on a recent addition to the live stock of Southbarrow, while I was absent,—a large wolf, who had been presented to my father by one of his clients, perhaps, in part of payment. He said, that I should see this fine wild animal, caged in the court-yard, and to my expressions of surprise and alarm, he cried—

"Nonsense! old Lion," (our house dog) "can no longer singly guard the premises, for we are so beset with thieves, that a few nights ago they got into the dairy, and stole all the valuable butter made from my two favourite Alderney cows; and, but for this new and

really vigilant watchman, not only all the stock of the farm, but even you, I, and the whole family might be in danger."

On my arrival, seeing this fierce monster in, what I thought, rather, an unsafe cage, I briskly retreated, with numerous shuddering reminiscences of the fate of the unfortunate Red Riding Hood.

Lord Effingham, Lord Rochford, (my brother Richard's friend,) Mr. Serjeant Adair, (the Recorder,) and Colonel Bird, dined that day at Southbarrow. To the former, I most inadvertently gave the greatest offence, by remarking, just after he had commenced the relation of a comic story,

"Ah, I have *often heard it*, and a devilish good one it is."

His Lordship thus suddenly checked, frowned, paused, hesitated, and then again resumed the thread of his discourse; but, my *mal à propos* interruption had completely disconcerted him, and the story terminated without the slightest effect.

In an hour or two afterwards, he commenced another tale, but suddenly stopping, he pointedly said—

"Perhaps, that young gentleman *has heard this*, also?"

This retort from Lord Effingham procured me a rebuke from my father and my mother; so, not finding myself exactly pleasant to the party, nor the party particularly pleasant to me, I shortly afterwards slunk from the scene of my disgrace, and as it was a fine moonlight evening, proceeded to saunter on the lawn.

Under the influence of "pale Diana's rays," I became romantic, love-lorn, and poetical; but had scarcely proceeded further in composition, than "Oh! mild as thy moonbeams," when my reveries were suddenly interrupted, by a howling noise. Looking up in the direction of the sound, I saw over the top of the lofty, close pales that separated the garden from the yard, the head of the personage with "*great eyes, great ears,* and *great teeth.*" "Heaven defend me," I exclaimed, "*the wolf! the wolf!*" What was to be done? He glared full upon me, mounted to the top, was about to spring, when, seeing there was no chance of reaching the great house, I rushed into a less house close at hand.

But to increase the horror of the scene, if possible, the bolt had been removed from the door; and I soon found by the *baying* and *sniffing* without, that my antagonist had pursued me. Placing therefore my back against the

door, and my feet against the wall, I remained in this situation for some minutes, all the time lustily roaring for help. Once, on seeing a part of the *wolf's nose* thrust through a hole in the door, I nearly fainted. But the moment of my deliverance was at hand; for, hearing the report of a gun, and the immediate succession of deep groans, I suspected that the enemy was either killed, or wounded.

Partially opening the door, and cautiously peeping through the small interstice, I discovered the wounded savage writhing on the ground, surrounded by my father, many of the servants, and my brother, as sportsman of the family, with his discharged rifle in his hand. Rushing forward, I soon learnt, that, to our bailiff, I was indebted for my emancipation; for he, having heard my cries, had informed my father of the wolf's escape; who, not content with killing one of his favourite Alderney cows, might probably also have killed one of his sons, if he, Richard, and the whole *posse comitatus* had not immediately marched to my assistance.*

* So great is the tenacity with which a wolf clings to life, that, though my brother's shot passed through his body, our's did not die till the following morning. But the second time I

Lord Rochford, the Recorder, and Colonel Bird, had departed before we returned into the parlour; where we found Lord Effingham alone, though in good company,—his own, and his bottle's. He was sitting in that dizzy state of lassitude and luxurious self-complacency which *increase* with the *decrease* of a second

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was in France, I heard a much more extraordinary instance of the vitality of this ferocious animal. Near a forest, on the borders of the Jura, a woman had been so unfortunate as to fall into one of the wolf pits, so abundant in that neighbourhood. She remained there till midnight, when something suddenly alighted on her head, with a force that beat her to the ground. Arising unhurt, she discovered by his hard breathing and low moans, that this unwelcome intruder was a wolf. Instead, however, of inflicting on her the instantaneous death the poor girl expected, her unexpected acquaintance commenced trotting up and down his new domicile, and raising himself on his hinder legs, and placing his huge paws on the terrified female's back, with low whines and howls expressive of the most abject terror, he conciliatingly licked her neck and hands, thus affording another example of a captured wolf being deprived of ferocity. In the morning, the hunters arriving, they released the girl from her disagreeable situation, and then fired their carbines into the pit. The wolf falling senseless, they descended, tied his legs with a cord, and throwing him across a pole, conveyed him to their home, and afterwards again repaired to the forest in quest of fresh sport. When they returned in the evening the wolf had fled, leaving behind him ample proofs of his *vitality* in the *dead* remnants of a fine sheep.

bottle, when we all burst into the room, charged with our escapes, moving accidents, battle, fire, and murder, and each trying to out-vociferate the other.

This sudden change from calm to storm, naturally again excited his Lordship's bile against *me,* whom he deemed the cause; so, after two or three vain attempts to impose silence, he raised his voice to a *super-alto,* exclaiming—

"Fred, I have heard a story like this before, and *a devilish good one it is!* Hear it, and judge for yourself. A traveller was once attacked in a desert, by three wild and ferocious beasts. 'After a tremendous conflict,' he said, 'I killed the first with my pistol; the head of the second, I severed from his body, with a single cut of my trusty scymetar, and,' 'Oh I see the end!' interrupted an impertinent auditor, 'you killed the third with your other pistol.'—'No,' replied the traveller, 'I did not, he KILLED me!'—I don't know," continued his Lordship, "whether this exactly applies to the present subject, but, I tell it in the hope of *killing* your story, as you *killed* mine."

After a pause, and an exchange of looks between me, and my father, I proceeded to offer an ample apology; when his Lordship

abruptly interrupting me, and meeting me more than half way in my attempt to regain his accustomed good-will, shook me kindly by the hand, and said,

"Now, brother story-teller, we start fair!"

CHAP. VIII.

THE DRAMA.

"E'en all mankind to some lov'd ills incline;
Great men choose greater sins,—ambition's mine!"

RICHARD THE THIRD.

I REPEAT, that not being a critic myself, but rather the cause of criticism in others, I shall not now attempt to offer a full, true, and particular account of the first appearances of Holman, in *Romeo*, October 26th, 1784; nor, of Pope, on the 5th of January, in the following year. Miss Brunton, and Mrs. Jordan likewise commenced their theatrical career in the ensuing October; but, I shall also omit all description of them; particularly, as a critical exami-

nation of the merits, and demerits of these performers, has been so ably executed in the Life of John Kemble, by my friend Boaden, a gentleman, who, as Addison says of Horace, "shews *that* candour which distinguishes a critic from a *caviller*."

I will, however, dwell for a moment on a last appearance which I witnessed, namely, that, of Mrs. Bellamy; who took her leave of the stage, May the 24th, 1785.

On this occasion, Mrs. Yates, who had retired from the profession, performed the part of the *Duchess of Braganza,* and Miss Farren, the present Countess of Derby, spoke an address, which concluded with the following couplet:—

> "But see, oppress'd with gratitude, and tears,
> To pay her duteous tribute, she appears."

The curtain then ascended, and Mrs. Bellamy being discovered, the whole house immediately arose, to mark their favourable inclinations towards her, and from anxiety to obtain a view of this once celebrated actress, and, in consequence of the publication of her life, then, celebrated authoress. She was seated in an arm chair, from which, she in vain attempted to rise, so completely was she subdued by her

feelings. She, however, succeeded in muttering a few words, expressive of her gratitude, and then sinking into her seat, the curtain dropped before her; having by these few farewell words, perhaps, more deeply affected her audience, than by her best efforts in *Juliet*, and *Cleone*.*

During the spring of this same year, Miss Eliza Proctor, the youngest sister of the Countess of Effingham, then about seventeen years of age, arrived in town, from Thorpe, her residence in Yorkshire. Amongst the many sighing and sonneteering victims, made by her artless engaging manners, and surprising and enchanting beauty, I was soon included.

Her person, accomplishments, wealth, and family, rendered her *recherchée* by every aspirant to gallantry and *ton*, within her circle of acquaintance; and at Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other public places, she literally attracted

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* Mrs. Bellamy was not only a beautiful woman, but a most accomplished actress. She was the successful rival of Miss Nossiter, during the tedious *Romeo and Juliet* contest, between Garrick and Barry. She also established Dodsley's play of *Cleone*, refused by Garrick; and without referring to the Apology for her Life, it will be seen in various publications, that in the opinion of Quin, Garrick, and other critical contemporaries, she surpassed even Mrs. Woffington in conversational powers.

crowds of young, aye, and of old, men, both of fashion, and no fashion. The late old Duke of ——— was so smitten by her, that he set in motion every engine, deemed by him, most capable of effecting a successful result; but, at length, conscious of his failure, he left London, and, as was his custom in cases of love rebuffs, proceeded to Bath, there to swallow his chagrin, and the waters, for a month.

As may be conceived, it was actually a service of danger to escort this splendid beauty to any public place; and though, I had frequently the honour of being selected for this arduous office, I can boldly aver, that I was not selected on account of my courage, and *martial* disposition, but, wholly owing to the intimacy of my father and my mother, with Lord and Lady Effingham.

At the Adelphi, and Southbarrow, I had continual opportunities of declaring my inclinations, and proffering my vows; but, Eliza's views naturally soared higher, than a young Temple student; and though, from good humour or some other cause, she would occasionally encourage me, in our *tête-à-tête* rambles by a kind look, or even kinder expressions, my rivals were too numerous, and too formidable both in rank and fortune, to allow me much

hope of ultimate success. "Under such untoward circumstances, how am I to withstand the efforts of my competitors?" I used to think. "How make an equal, and then, a paramount impression? Only, by obtaining celebrity, or notoriety;" at that time, as now, nearly synonymous terms.

But, how was either to be obtained? By entering the army? No. By entering the navy? No. By—yes—I have it—I have it. I'll write a *tragedy*, I'll be d—d if I *do not*," forgetting that others may say "you will be d—d if *you do*."

I soon proceeded to work, having chosen for my subject that popular hero of the sighing tribe, WERTER! After planning the outline, and writing the first speech, I had but one fear, that, of breaking, by my dramatic pathos, the heart of her, on whose life, I thought, my own depended.

When, my occupation became known to the family, my father grumbled and called it, folly; Richard smiled, and called it, vanity; Jack still charged with the "Indian Scalp," for which, his bookseller had sufficiently *charged* him, called it, insanity; but, as he and I no longer slept in the same chamber, I could not take advantage of the opportunity my tragedy presented, of

repaying him all his former poetical inflictions.

I soon began to think that I had emerged from obscurity; that I was another Otway, Rowe, or Southern; and sometimes, after a day of uncommon inspiration, fancied, that, in the stream of fame, the *goose* of the Adelphi might perhaps, at last, glide past the "*swan*" of Avon. In fact, I was very disagreeable; and though I perfectly understood what

"A youthful poet *fancied* when in love,"

I could not conceive there existed youthful poets, whom nobody *fancied*.

The tragedy being at length finished, the first friend I requested to peruse it, was, Mr. Fonblanque, the King's Counsel. Having a high opinion of his judgment, I was most satisfied, when, I heard him pronounce my tragedy "by no means contemptible;" as, from so good a critic and scholar, I deemed this great praise.

The next gentleman I consulted was another barrister, the late Mr. Serjeant Bolton, who, during the previous year, had become extremely intimate with our family. But, I here put my

head into the lion's jaws; for the Serjeant, either not choosing to exert his judgment, or wishing at once to damp my dramatic propensities, and thus induce me to return to the study of my profession, he told my father, that, if the cause came into court in its present state, unless we could procure a jury of *little masters and misses*, the plaintiff must inevitably be nonsuited.

But, the beautiful Eliza's opinion! On *that*, rested all my hopes and fears. I panted for my hour of trial, which, however, soon arrived; for, during the succeeding week, I was requested by Lady Effingham to dine with her, at her house in Great George-street; and to bring the manuscript with me, as no other person was to be present excepting her sister.

The important day being arrived, I hastened all anxiety to Great George-street. After hurrying down my dinner, and after making my hostess, I fear, follow my example, notwithstanding the learned Serjeant's hostile opinion, with little doubt of a verdict in my favour, I boldly opened the pleadings. Having read my list of the *dramatis personæ*, and a few introductory speeches, in the first act, between *Charlotte* and *Laura*, her confidante, I proceeded all exultation to the approach of my hero.

"Enter WERTER?" I exclaimed, energetically.

At this moment, the door opened, and a servant entered with a letter, which Lady Effingham having opened and read, calling for pens, ink, and paper, and apologizing to me for the interruption, as the writer was urgent for an immediate answer, she proceeded to write one.

Here was real *tragic* distress! It was not, however, of long continuance; for, her work soon concluded, mine again commenced; and I proceeded to the end of act the first, without further interruption; though, certainly, without any particular encouragement. At the close of a scene in the second act, where I had not anticipated any more than the common applause, which I considered due to the whole piece, to my surprise and joy I received a distinguished portion from Lady Effingham.

"Bravo! very good indeed!" she exclaimed, in a low, subdued tone, as if evidently affected, and overcome by the pathos of my hero and heroine.

I raised my head, preparing to utter a polite acknowledgment expressive of my gratitude and gratification, when to the utter discomfiture of my self-complacency, I perceived that

her Ladyship was *asleep*. Disturbed by the turbulent vehemence with which I enforced the sentiments of my two lovers, her Ladyship had half awakened, and mechanically and unconsciously muttering her little eulogium, had instantaneously relapsed into her slumber.

Eliza discovering my confusion, jogged her sister's arm, who now thoroughly aroused, and still affecting to be highly gratified, proceeded sympathetically and regularly to nod approbation, through the remainder of the act.

It should be here observed, that, by this time, I had completely read the *fire out;* but, warm with my subject, and feeling insensible to any change of temperature, I proceeded in my perusal, till I reached Werter's soliloquy on suicide. Here, I hoped Eliza would have so far applied his case to mine, as to have induced her to have shed some few tears of sympathy, particularly in the following passage :—

" WERTER.

" O, Charlotte, when the grave holds all that's left
Of that unhappy, agitated being,
Who knew no pleasure but in sight of thee :—
O! when you wander through your long lov'd vale,
Then think on Werter.
Look towards the church-yard that contains his bones,
And see with pity how the evening breeze
Waves the high grass that grows upon his grave."

Feeling certain, that sighs, at least, if not sobs, would respond to this pathetic invocation, none, but a tragic poet, can imagine the horrors inflicted by the sound which crossed my ears. It was—it was a *sneeze!* I looked up, and to increase, if possible, my mortification, found that my own beloved Eliza's little mouth was the cause of this harsh and humiliating interruption. Another, and another *sneeze* followed. Self-lover that I was! I had caused that chilliness in the atmosphere, which possibly might even cause her death.

A fire was immediately ordered to be lighted; and while this necessary ceremony was proceeding, Lord Effingham entered the room. He had just returned from the House, where he had carried a motion by a large majority, and was consequently in high spirits and good humour. Eliza's chilliness being at length expelled by a milder temperature, and by a hearty embrace from her affectionate brother-in-law, I was requested by all parties to proceed with my tragedy.

Once more, therefore, I commenced, and continued without interruption, till I reached the scene where *Albert* quits his wife, *Charlotte*, to attend the *Emperor;* leaving *Werter* in the neighbourhood, with free ingress to his own

house. Here, Lord Effingham, who, apparently, had heard of Serjeant Bolton's legal opinion relative to my play, exclaimed—

"I do not know, Fred, whether *you* will, or will not, be nonsuited; but, I am *certain*, that if your friend *Albert* comes into court, he cannot expect more than one shilling damages."

They both smiled, and most involuntarily I was compelled to attempt a melancholy copy of their example; but, that being terminated, without further preface, I again returned to the charge. However, I felt that the tide evidently flowed against me, until I reached the scene, where, the applicable readings from Ossian are introduced; and then, I saw, or fancied I saw, I was beginning to make some little progress towards the attainment of a less disagreeable opinion. The following extract particularly, produced an effect:—

"Her voice died away like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks; spent with grief she expired, and left thee, O Armin—alone!"

I then proceeded to read, after the example of the German school, the following instruction to the actors:—

[" *Here Werter throws down the book, seizes Charlotte's hand, and weeps over it. She leans on her other hand, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. In this unhappy story, they feel their own misfortunes. At length, Charlotte exclaims, as if exerting her utmost to recover her self-possession—* 'GO ON.' "]

Perceiving there was an increasing, and to me, most interesting, silence amongst my audience, I looked up, and beheld, with ecstacy, Eliza's beautiful blue eyes glistening through her tears; and even Lady Effingham, quite awake, sat apparently listening to every syllable; while Lord Effingham lolled on a sofa, quietly mixing his Madeira and water.

Scarcely, had I with a single *coup d'œil* embraced the whole of this scene, than wild with joy, and exulting in my subject, I returned to my readings from Ossian.

" The time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come—he who saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes shall search the field, but—they will not find me!"

Then I proceeded to read more of my German-like instructions to the performers.

[*Werter, in despair, throws himself on the ground at Char-*

lotte's feet, seizes her hand, and presses it energetically to his forehead. Here an apprehension of his fatal project for the first time crosses her, and she exclaims—

"Heavens! suicide! am I to be so cursed?
O Werter! Werter!"

[*Falls upon him.*

"WERTER.

"I will not lose thee—
Thus let me ever clasp thee to my heart!

[" *Here they lose sight of every thing, and the whole world disappears before them. He clasps her in his arms, he strains her to his bosom, and—*"*

"Stop, stop, Master Fred!" exclaimed Lord Effingham, to my horror and dismay, in a voice of thunder; and hastily depositing his empty tumbler on the table, he continued, "Though you, and your cursed tragedy, cannot corrupt either me or my wife, you may corrupt my young sister. Eliza, Fred is a fool, a *German fool*, unconsciously violating both decorum and decency; so, instead of sitting there, staring, sighing, and gasping for breath, I think you had better quit the room. Surely, I thought we had for ever had enough of this sighing, whining, German, Werter two months ago, when, our friend and neighbour, Miss G. was found self-destroyed in her bed, with this pitiful romance under her pillow."

* To shew that the above instructions to the performers are

Luckily for me, and poor Eliza, at this confounding moment, he was suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and immediately afterwards Mr. Beckford, and a friend entered the room. They seemed surprised at finding

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not exaggerated imitations of the original school, the following specimen from Reitzenstein's play of *Count Koeningsmark* will suffice.

"KOENINGSMARK.

"O transporting thought! To pass our days in peace, innocence, and sweet retirement.

"Oh! I lose myself in the beauty of the picture. *(In ecstacy.)* Oh! my friend—my—yes, I once called you Sophia! —Sophia—Oh! my Sophia."

["*He is unable to say more—the recollection of their former life draws their hearts irresistibly towards each other. With sympathetic eagerness and rapture, they fall into each other's arms.*"]

Again, in Schroeder's play of the *Ensign*:—

["*Baron walks to and fro in sullen meditation—becomes absent—and at once forgets everything which relates to the* "Ensign." *While endeavouring to recollect the subject, he passes from one idea to another until he finds the note, then remembers the cause of his agitation, and walks furiously up and down the stage.*"]

The unfortunate actor, from whom, the exacting author demands such unexampled versatility and expression of countenance, is placed in a situation more difficult, though probably, less *self-distressing*, to execute, than that, of the representative of *Rogero*, in the *Rovers*, who is ordered to "*dash his head against his prison walls, till he raises a visible contusion.*"

the whole party in a state of considerable agitation, and each manifesting it, in such opposite manners. Lady Effingham totally unable to speak, sat observing, and examining each individual in rotation, as if more astonished, than afflicted; Eliza, more afflicted than astonished, with her eyes still drowned in tears, vainly endeavoured to smother in her handkerchief, her sighs, and sobs; Lord Effingham, more indignant, than astonished or afflicted, sat banging his foot against the fender, as, after two or three gulps, he attempted to grumble out to Mr. Beckford some inquiry relative to Fonthill; while I, silent, solemn, frightened, insulted, and splenetic, stood,

> "Like Helen on the night that Troy was sacked,
> Spectat'ress of the mischief she had made."

After a few more ineffectual attempts, conversation at length *really* commenced; and Mr. Beckford, and his friend, being *belles lettres* men, they, and Lord Effingham, conversed principally on literary subjects. First, on Gibbon; then, on Miss Burney; when, Lord Effingham freely expressed his admiration for "Cecilia," particularly for that part of it, where the death of Harrell occurs; Doctor Johnson, (for whose opinions, his Lordship always ex-

hibited evident deference) having given that scene his decided approbation.

To the knowledge of character, and humor, displayed in Briggs, Miss Larolles, and Meadows, they also accorded their due applause. Cecilia herself they much admired: her fine pride, her warmth of attachment, and even her madness, though Lord Effingham wished the climax of it, had resulted from some stronger cause, than her being detained by a drunken coachman.

"Apropos of novels," exclaimed Mr. Beckford, "has your Ladyship read WERTER?"

"Oh, ho!" thought I, emerging from my sullen reverie, "*redivivos ignes!* Now comes my tragedy again!"—and I boldly arose, and traversing the room, planted myself close to Mr. Beckford, "ready for the fray."

"No, Sir," replied Lady Effingham confused by the question, but still more confused by my action; "no, Sir—in fact—*for that part,*" (a cant phrase of her Ladyship) "but, I have heard of it."

"It is very strange," rejoined Mr. Beckford, "that like other leading subjects of the day, it has never been dramatized?"

I hemmed triumphantly, and cast a look of exultation on his Lordship.

"What you say is indeed very strange," exclaimed Mr. Beckford's friend; "for WERTER would make a most capital *burlesque* interlude."

Dismayed, crest-fallen, I retreated to my chair; *Burlesque!* To sink me thus in my idol's opinion! Confusion! and muttering, I retired to my seat, endeavouring to collect sufficient courage, to say something terrible in vindication of my aspersed hero.

The gentleman, then, proceeded to state, that, during his travels, he had seen, at Manheim, the very person who was reported to have been Göethe's original Werter.

"Was he very handsome?" immediately inquired Lady Effingham, with truly feminine feelings.

"Handsome!" repeated with derision, my unintentional tormentor; "his appearance, and dress alone, would almost ensure the success of any burlesque. Imagine a squat, fat figure, with a swarthy complexion, and thick, shaggy eyebrows, placed diagonally enough to produce the most tragically sentimental expression of countenance, was not their effect completely counteracted by the twinkling of two little, half buried, comical eyes, resembling those of a kitten. Imagine also a pair of breeches more

fit for a family residence, than an individual's, and an immense Hecklingen hat, the circumference of which a snail would scarcely describe in a week absolutely engulphing the little head beneath it; and then, imagine, protruding from the back of the hat, a *little erect pig-tail*, similar to that, which our excellent buffo, Edwin wears in *Derby*; and there's WERTER for you!"

Here, Lord Effingham, more from examining my countenance, than from the effect of the description, could no longer contain his laughter. Lady Effingham tittered aloud, and, *horresco referens!* even the charming Eliza smiled! It was now, my turn to sigh and sob. I saw no more, heard no more, but, seizing a moment when I was not observed, I stole from the room, and hastening home, in a paroxysm of spleen and vexation flung myself on my bed; where, at last, I inveighed myself into sleep, and an oblivion of all the disgraces attached to WERTER, and myself, during this eventful scene, vowing with Terence,

"Henceforth I'll banish from my mind,
All thought of fickle womankind!"*

So much for the reading of a TRAGEDY!

* Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres—Ter. Eun. Act 2. Sc. 3.

Lord Effingham, the following morning, making the *amende honorable*, by assuring me, that, in spite of the burlesque allusions, and his own reprehensions, the ladies, and himself, were much pleased with the tragedy, I forgot all my vows, my sorrows, and became again as much *en l'air* as ever. He then proceeded to inform me, that, if I would give him the manuscript, after the correction of a few verbal errors, and the purification of the actor's instructions, from a portion of their glowing ardor, he would recommend it to his friend, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and exert himself to the utmost, to aid its success, both behind, and before, the curtain.

I had now gained one of my principal ends; my tragedy had drawn tears from Eliza Proctor, made her *miserable*, and, consequently, I was completely happy. Serjeant Bolton, calling the next day, and kindly informing me, that, though he had formerly endeavoured to check me, yet, as he saw I was determined to present my tragedy, he now also, would exert himself to procure it a favourable reception, from his friend, Mr. Harris. This, increased, if possible, my happiness.

In less, than a week, from the above period,

the famous Werter was accordingly sent, with a double recommendation to the manager, that magnificent, potent being, in my eyes, then the *greatest man* in the kingdom. Nor was I singular in this opinion, for I know, that, during the same year, a dramatic novice, actually sent his play to the theatre, thus directed:

"To the Right Honourable,
LORD HARRIS;
Theatre Royal,
Covent Garden."

So confident was I, of his Lordship's decision in my favour, and of the utter impossibility of a rejection, that, on the following day, meeting Serjeant Bolton in Pall Mall, and he informing me, he had heard from Mr. Harris, that my play had been *received*, I replied, adjusting my cravat with much importance, "Certainly—you don't think he could have refused it?"

"Why, Fred," exclaimed the Serjeant, "this tragic mania, has already driven you mad, or foolish; for, though I am not particularly conversant with theatrical technicalities, according to my construction, the word *received*, is

more likely to mean *arrived,* than accepted;" then shaking me by the hand, he continued his way, leaving me certainly, not quite so sanguine, as he found me.

Still, however, so firmly convinced was I, of WERTER, not only deserving, but, of commanding, acceptance, that I speedily rallied; and, though day after day passed, without any communication from Mr. Harris, with the most wilful blindness, I persisted in ascribing the delay to any cause, but the real one.

One evening, when my father and brothers, were sitting after dinner, listening, or rather turning a deaf ear, to my eternal, increasing, and sanguine speculations, relative to my tragedy, Owen, the footman, entered, and said, a person of the name of Ledger, wished to speak to me.

"Ledger, Ledger," repeated Jack; "I rather think it is I, whom he wants; has he not a parcel, Owen?"

Owen replied in the affirmative.

"Right!" rejoined Jack, and then added, turning towards my father, "It is our stationer's foreman, with a supply of foolscap, and goose-quills for the office—tell him to leave them."

Ledger obeyed, left the parcel, and the footman immediately returned with it.

On opening it, Jack evinced the utmost surprise; stared, turned over the papers, gazed at my father, and brother, and then casting on me, an odd, indescribable look, he exclaimed, in a tone of half real, half affected sympathy—

"Why, Fred, it is for you, after all!"

It was, indeed!—Instead of *foolscap*, and *goose quills*, lo, the *tragedy!**

There was a letter attached to it, from Mr. Harris, which I eagerly opened, and hurried over, almost breathless with agitation and impatience.

"On account—warm recommendation—Lord Effingham—Serjeant Bolton—also—young author, himself—wish—happy to give Tragedy a trial—but—but—convinced in representation totally—fail—fail—refuse!"

"Mercy on us!" cried I—and the letter dropped from my hand. I looked around, for sympathy and consolation, but father, brother, Jack, had all slyly stolen away, during the perusal, dreading a real tragic explosion. "See

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* Ledger was the name of the person, who, at that time held the situation of chief messenger in the Theatre.

how the deer trot after one another," and leave "thee, O Armin,—alone!"

That, the tragedy was afterwards refused at Drury-lane, and the Haymarket, and that, consequently, both I, and WERTER, went to Bath for *our healths*, has been so often obtruded on public notice, that I will now spare the reader the repetition of this most important event, and pass to the moment of our joint arrival in that city; where, I fixed my residence, at Miss Erskine's Boarding House, Queen-square.

On the following morning, with now scarcely any hope of success, I sent the fatal foolscap parcel to Messrs. Dimond, and Keasberry, the managers of the Bath Theatre. Here, again, I remained so considerable a time without an answer, that, aided by anxiety, ill-health, lowness of purse, and spirits, and solitary promenades, I passed a melancholy time, and daily felt, or fancied that I felt, "all was falling to decay."

Whilst in this pitiable state, I heard one morning, Mr. Armstrong, a fellow boarder at Miss Erskine's, say, that he had just quitted the theatre; where, he had seen the painters employed on a most beautiful garden scene, for a new tragedy, which was to be immediately produced. Was it—was it mine? "The

name of it!" I cried, starting from my chair, in an agony of hope and fear.

"WERTER," he replied.

"At *last!*" said I, and I felt my old hornpipe tendencies immediately return. Perhaps, I should even have yielded to them, and commenced capering on the spot, had I not, at that very moment, been interrupted by a letter from the manager, which in very complimentary language summoned me to a rehearsal on the following day.

After a restless joyous night, at the appointed time, I strutted behind the scenes, already wearing, in my own opinion, the laurel crown. The novelty of a rehearsal, my consequential instructions to the actors, of which they took not the slightest notice, and my condescending attentions to the actresses, for which they shewed a cool contempt, may be more easily conceived, than described. The consequent result of this style soon ensued;—Messrs. Dimond and Keaseberry finding me, though tolerable in theory, so deficient in practice, deposed me, made themselves viceroys over me, and produced *Werter* under their own immediate superintendence.

The awful, momentous night arrived on November 25th, 1785. As Dr. Johnson is reported

to have dressed himself in a gold laced waistcoat, and other decorations, on the first performance of his tragedy of *Irene*, I thought, though one of the *minores poetæ*, I was yet bound to attempt some little display, on the first performance of mine. I was therefore, conveyed in a sedan chair, even to the very door of the green room; where, I got out, in a dress, of which, though I cannot now detail the component parts, I can very well remember it was as a whole, a perfect failure.

Not finding myself sufficiently noticed by the company, I indignantly withdrew, and peeped through the hole in the green curtain, with the intent of noticing the audience. To my infinite gratification, I beheld the house crammed to the ceiling; and by the number of white handkerchiefs spread on the fronts of the boxes, in imitation of a similar ceremony which was regularly performed during the height of the Siddons mania, I guessed that fashion had prejudged *Werter;* and was even induced to hope, that amongst the worshippers of this popular name, a contest might arise, as to which should render him, or herself, most conspicuous in the various arduous arts, of clapping, weeping, and fainting.

The curtain arose, and soon came the proof

that I had not been over sanguine in my expectations. On the announcement of the approach of their idol, I heard "the hum of either army" preparing for the field; but, on the entrance of Mr. Dimond, (my hero,) then a very handsome man, and a most interesting actor, the whole theatre was shaken to its foundations by acclamations.

Before the end of the scene between *Charlotte* and *Werter*, in the first act, we knew that the handkerchiefs were in full request, by the grateful sound of certain nasal noises, most exhilarating to tragic authors, and actors. Still further, however, to gratify, and encourage us, Mrs. Bernard, the representative of *Charlotte*, on making her exit, proceeded straight to the green room, and there wished the manager and me, joy of our certain success, adding,

"Such is the storm of passion, or of fashion, I, and the other performers need give ourselves no further trouble—the actors in the *front* will alone secure the success of your tragedy."

In the garden scene, where *Albert* and *Charotte* mutually endeavour to compose *Werter*, we were delighted by the sound of the first fit, and by the scent of its usual concomitant, hartshorn. Shortly afterwards, I saw, from the stage door, one of the principal female com-

petitors in singularity and affectation, conveyed, in a highly interesting state of graceful insensibility, from one of the side boxes, into the lobby.

In the scene of the readings from Ossian, *where the whole world disappears from before Charlotte and Werter*, three more fainted, and so precisely at the same moment, that, being a complete *neck and neck* business, the best judges could not decide, which of them, had won the race.

Still, it should be understood, that, as usual, there were certain unprejudiced Johns and Joans in the house, who did not yield to the attacks of this meretricious mania, or at least, only submitted to it, for a time. The moment of retribution arrived in the fifth act; where, *Charlotte* seeking *Sebastian, Werter's* friend, suddenly meets, and wildly implores him to follow her lover, and save him from destruction. The actor, who played *Sebastian*, stared, started, and paused, as if his memory had been playing the traitor to him. The frantic *Charlotte*, with the view of screening him from detection, or of recalling his recollection, seized him by the arm, and in a tone of agony, exclaimed,

"Fly, lose not a moment—suicide!"

"Heavens!" replied *Sebastian*, in a most evident state of confusion, and then added,

"I'm *rooted* here, and have not *power* to *stir*!"

As he thus spoke, he crossed *Charlotte*, and made as *rapid* an *exit*, as ever was witnessed, on any stage.

The circumstance of this actor being a comedian, and rarely employed in tragedy, gave, if possible, additional zest to the sudden roars and confusion which now ensued. For a short time, the ardour of our predetermined admirers received a check; but, towards the close, fashion again carried all before it. On the death of *Werter*, and the madness of *Charlotte*, the curtain dropped amidst thunders of applause, and the play was announced for repetition on the ensuing evening, with "*Nem. con. egad!*".

I need not remind the theatrical reader, that, though we fortunately survived the effects of the above ludicrous exit, it had very nearly laid the foundation for a second death for *Werter*, at the close of the last act; and a first, and final, death, for the whole remainder of the characters. It is almost awful for a dramatist to reflect on the infinite number of fortunate causes, which must conjoin, or rather, of unlucky

events, that must *not* occur, to ensure the success of his piece.

The banging of a box-door has often engulphed the most admirable witticism, in its "noise of horror;" an inch of gauze, or silk, "absent without leave," from the corsage of an indecorous "*Entretenue*," attracting the turbulent, and dissonant reprehension of the moral galleries, has ruthlessly marred the effects of a whole scene of polished hexameters, and poetical imagery; and a north east wind, through its subservient coughs, catarrhs, and defluctions, has often commenced, and continued, its outrages on harmony and taste, during the finest cadenza of the most brilliant bravura. Dramatists, dramatists, on this latter grievance, (I speak from sad experience) produce your plays in summer, autumn, winter, if you will, but—"beware the ides of March!"

Independently, however, of errors in actors, an author is frequently indebted to his own incidents for his failure; which, though perhaps good in themselves, unfortunately allowing of a double interpretation, afford the malicious, or witty part of the audience, opportunities for a dangerous misapplication or allusion. Many are aware of the incident that occurred during the first representation of Voltaire's *Mariamne*,

which had proceeded with every mark of approbation to the middle of the fifth act, when the heroine takes poison. During this operation, a wag exclaiming, with assumed astonishment, "*ma foi*, the queen *drinks*," converted the whole pathos into burlesque, and the piece concluded amidst hisses, laughter, and execrations.

Another cause of failure is somewhere related; where, the two heroes of a tragedy, agreeing to divide the kingdom between them, a stentorian voice from the gallery exclaimed—

"Then there's *half-a-crown* a-piece for you, my boys!"

But a more ludicrous perversion than either of the above, in my opinion, was that, which I myself witnessed, during the first performance of a play called, to the best of my recollection, "*The Captives*." In the fifth act, a character, named *Rhyno*, rushed on the stage, declaring to the hero, "My Lord, the citadel is taken!" while we, the audience, had no idea that there was either a war, or even a pretence for one. The person addressed, after commanding various military manœuvres, and reciting an invocation to Mars, turned towards *Rhyno*, exclaiming with chivalrous enthusiasm—

"Charge, then charge!
Now—art thou *ready*, *Rhyno*?"

The laugh which followed this pecuniary interrogation, scarcely subsided after the falling of the curtain.

The epilogue to *Werter*, written by Mr. Meyler was extremely effective, particularly in the following appropriate lines, which, having never been published, deserve insertion here, were it only in the hope of giving additional notoriety, to the credit and reputation the Bath audience and management have already derived, from their production and encouragement of so many of our principal actors :—

"Who gave the bright theatric star a name,
And led the Siddons to the paths of fame?
You!
Who reared the tender bud, whose dawn now draws,
On *Juliet* and *Euphrasia* just applause?*
You!
Here Henderson!—but memory heaves a sigh,
And points to where, scarce cold, his ashes lie!†
Here, *here* his genuine worth did first appear,
And Comedy first found her Edwin here."

The Bath papers the following morning were very liberal in their praises and encouragement.

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* Miss Brunton, afterwards Mrs. Merry.

† This epilogue was first spoken on the day when Mr. Henderson was interred.

Werter, therefore, continued his career so prosperously, and my *importance* in society augmented so rapidly, that I was not much surprised when Mr. King, the then lately elected master of the ceremonies, (and who also boarded at Miss Erskine's,) informed me one morning at breakfast, that I must accompany him to the pump-room, where several people were waiting to be introduced to me.

I followed him, all exultation; and though, the band, on perceiving me, did not exactly commence, "See the conquering hero comes," yet, my reception was dangerously flattering. Amongst others, who warmly congratulated me on my success, was the late Archbishop of Armagh, Lady Abingdon, Miss Sophia Lee, (the authoress of the "*Chapter of Accidents*,") her sister, Miss Harriette Lee, Pratt, (the author of "*Sympathy*,") and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in early life the rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now, "Abroad and at Home," without a rival.

But, the great feather in my cap, was an intimation from Mrs. Macartney, the *old queen* of Bath, that she would visit the theatre on Tuesday, and if she approved of *Werter*, she would *honour* the author, by an invitation to her grand ball and supper, on Thursday.

Werter was afterwards performed at Bristol

on the 27th of the same month. I recollect nothing out of the common way which occurred in that town, except, the important events of being introduced to Miss Hannah More, her sisters, and Major Halliday, the great private actor; and of going to the theatre, mentally secure of another triumph; but of being compelled to make an ignominious retreat before the termination of the second act, owing to the too critical taste of a stranger who sat next me, and who, tapping my shoulder, exclaimed—

"Wretched sad stuff, Sir; and if you will begin to hiss, I will join you heart and soul."

Being suddenly summoned to London, I was relieved from the suspense of longer waiting the queen of Bath's decision. My reception at home was most gratifying. My fond mother, and my aunt exaggerating my success, and elated by this partial completion of their prophecy that I should become a great man, alluded contemptuously to the *Welch judgeship*. Richard, pursuing the idea, added that possibly without troubling Mr. Pitt, a niche might be found for me in the *History of England*. Jack declared that to him belonged all the merit of my success, for the *Indian Scalp* "had taught the boy to write." My father, doubting whether to adopt the tone of panegyric or censure, with hesitation asked me, if I had

gained anything besides the *vox populi?* I replied in the negative. "Then," he cried, "stick to a declaration, or a bill in chancery, my boy; for though they are pretty sure not to be applauded, they *may* be *encored*, and they *must* be *paid for*."

But the goddess of my idolatry, the chief object of my ambition—the soul, the essence of my real and dramatic existence, Eliza—how—how was she to receive me? Why, not at all. Her mother, alarmed, harassed, and persecuted, by the increasing admiration her daughter excited, had hurried her back to their mansion at Thorpe, in Yorkshire; and for twelve whole years I never saw her again. Thus, my love terminated, without even Waller's consolation; for, I could *not* be vain enough to say—

"I caught at love, and fill'd my arms with bays."

Werter, instead of *falling off*, to use the dramatic phrase, *got up*, and continued to attract full and fashionable audiences. Of this welcome intelligence, I was informed by Mr. Palmer, then, the principal proprietor of the Bath and Bristol theatres, and afterwards member for Bath, and inventor of a plan, which increased the revenue of the country, guarded private

property, and conveyed intelligence with a rapidity exceeding even conjecture. I allude to the present mode of conveying the mail.

I afterwards, frequently met him at Mrs. Nuttall's, whom I have before mentioned. He was very kind and complimentary to me on my success, and a few days afterwards introduced me to Miss Brunton, then, the tragic star of Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Brunton selecting *Werter* for his daughter's benefit, it was produced before a London audience, for the first time, on March the 14th, 1786.

Owing to the accustomed determination of the Londoners, not to be surpassed in fashion, and folly, by the provincials, and to the popularity of Holman and Miss Brunton, *Werter's* metropolitan, was equal, if not superior, to his rural success.

Thus much for *Werter*, my first dramatic attempt; of which, I cannot close the account, without stating, that if I had gained nothing else by it, it gained me more than a sufficient remuneration, by conducing to the formation of that strict friendship, which afterwards so long existed, between me, and the late George Holman; as also, to that, with Morton, which has endured uninterruptedly to the present moment. The latter may remember, that on the

day Holman introduced us to each other, in a room over Exeter 'Change, we had a violent quarrel concerning a point at billiards; our first and last, quarrel during an intimacy of forty years, and notwithstanding, that we have passed thirty of this period, in constant contact and competition, as rival dramatists.

While on a voyage of discovery, for a popular subject for my next tragedy, (for having once commenced, in course, I did not form the most distant idea of *concluding* under a clear *twenty*) it struck me, that, after *Werter*, no name could shine so attractively and enticingly, in a play bill, as *Eloisa*,—not poor Abelard's, but Rousseau's.

I commenced, and as a warning to present, and to future, young dramatists, never to enter rashly on a subject, and with the hope of teaching them to avoid my errors, I will describe my absurd and laborious style of composition. I was, in fact, a *thinker on paper;* and made it a rule, by asking myself written questions, and my characters questions, or by hints, references, and directions, to fill four pages every day. Of the quality of this quantity, *ecce signum!* In the rough outline of this tragedy, now before me, I read in the second page,

SCENE.

A GARDEN.

Enter Eloisa.

Then follows,

"Well now, my darling, what have you to say for yourself?"

Again in the following page:

"Vide Rousseau—St. Preux, Lord Edward Bomston, and M. Wolmar—three lovers—bravo Julie! Quære—Can I venture to introduce the letter of the French child of nature in the novel of ———I forget the name—

"My dear Mamma,

"Though I am dying for love of the Marquis, I cannot refuse the Count nightly assignations.—Can you tell me the reason?

"I remain, ma chere Maman,

"Yours, &c. &c."

"Apropos of scenery—not too much of the stage carpenter."

"I trusted to the carpenter, and the inconstant wind."

"But the actors—the cast—neither Holman, nor Pope, will play BOMSTON, notwithstanding he is a *lord*."

"The rose by any other name, would smell as sweet."

"Rousseau, when he named this proud charac-

ter, forgot the unfortunate associations, which the habit of converting the long open O, into the short sounding U, might create in the breasts of his English readers. But who is to play BOMSTON? Wroughton, Farren, or Frank Aikin?—Curse BOMSTON!—Come, Monsieur Jean Jacques, Citoyen de Genève, this is too broad!—Your *Julie*, unlike the *Clarissa* you affect to eulogise, or the *Calista* you affect to condemn, (though *Julie* is a half plagiarism from both;) your heroine, I say, *volunteers* to St. Preux, a rendezvous in her bed-chamber. Dangerous, confoundedly dangerous dramatically!—But her excuse?—That, having for a long time preserved her honour, and proved she can resist temptation, she is at last determined to lose the *former*, and to yield to the *latter*."

"Mem.—Remember Churchill's story of the desperate lover of pastry; who, for a wager of two pounds, having walked from Hyde Park Corner to Cornhill, without entering one of his accustomed haunts, exultingly exclaimed, 'Now I have shewn I can conquer my appetites, I'll take my compensation!'—so rushed into a confectioner's, and devoured a third of his profits."

This, I trust, affords a fair specimen of the folly of wasting time by *thinking* on paper. "Go to work doggedly, young dramatist," is the advice of Doctor Johnson; you must, at last, *ergo*, why not at first?—But to return to *Eloisa*, which, after the irregular labour of a few months, being at length finished, my father, urged by the intreaties of my mother and aunt, prevailed on Mr. Murphy, the dramatic author, to undertake the revision of it.

This gentleman, having expressed a desire for an interview with me, I waited on him, at his chambers, in Lincoln's-inn. I found him excessively obliging, and encouraging. He told me of the large sums, he had himself made by two of his tragedies, the *Orphan of China* and the *Grecian Daughter*, and politely hoped that I might obtain an equal remuneration for *Eloisa*. He, however, objected to the fourth act, and particularly disliked the catastrophe, adding, that he hoped, I would not, on my departure, say of him, what Pitt was then reported to have said of a great statesman, viz. that he *proposed* nothing, but *opposed* every thing.

The conversation then turning on newspapers, he asked me, whether I suffered under their attacks? I replied, that I had had no opportunity of judging, for hitherto, all I had seen had been favourable; but I did not think

the reverse would make much impression on me. He then confessed that during the early part of his dramatic career, he had writhed greatly under their lash; "but," he added, "I was cured for ever, through the interposition of a blessed shower of rain, which driving me into a small coffee-house in Whitechapel, for shelter, I there saw, a file of the preceding year's papers on the table, and glancing my eye over one of them, read in the first page, 'Mr. Murphy to-morrow!' Guessing, that this threat was only the prelude to a thorough punishment, I searched for the next day's paper, and there, according to my expectations found a most outrageous attack on 'Murphy's *flimsey, linsey woolsey, Way to Keep Him.*' In the following number was a more violent abuse, if possible, on the *Pilferer's All in the Wrong*, and then another, and another for Murphy, and all the rest of his plays in succession. Now, when I reflected that, that year, my plays had been particularly successful at night, though by this *ultra* Churchill condemned every morning, and that the whole time, owing to no 'good natured friend,' having shewn me these facetious criticisms, I had walked, talked, eaten, drunk, and slept, as well as ever, I left the coffee-house in high good humour, determined, for the future,

to 'let the gall'd jade wince; *our* withers are unwrung.'"

He then requested me to call again, when I should have made the alterations he had suggested, and to the correctness of which, I had acceded. He advised me also to get my epilogue written by Miles Peter Andrews. In this, I hoped to succeed without much difficulty, my father having frequently met Mr. Andrews, at Wilkes', and at Garrick's.

Wilkes, the following day, introduced me to Mr. Andrews, at his house in Gower-street; when he very handsomely, immediately consented to write the epilogue; and thus, commenced the intimacy, between us, which only terminated with his life.

After I had made the alterations, and emendations proposed by Mr. Murphy, I sent the piece, again to receive Mr. Harris' decision. But, in this case, I found the little reputation I had gained by *Werter*, stand more successfully my friend, than had, previously, the powerful recommendations of Lord Effingham, and, of Serjeant Bolton. ELOISA was really *received*, without delay, or hesitation, and was performed, for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on December the 20th, 1786.

Like *Werter*, ELOISA was met with thun-

ders of applause; not, however, owing to either its merit, or its fashion; but, in consequence of, at least, one hundred Westminster boys, rushing into the boxes, and pit, determined, "blow calm, blow rough," to support the production of a brother Westminster. In addition, to this hearty, and tumultuous gang, my mother had sent our head clerk, Crouch, into the gallery, together with about fifty young sprigs of the law, to maintain a proper circulation of the applause through all parts of the house. So loyally, and strenuously, did the whole party exert themselves, that, on the dropping of the curtain, amidst every possible demonstration of admiration, and enthusiasm, Mr. Harris took me by the hand, intending, as I imagined, to offer me the warmest congratulations on my complete success, but, in reality, to say,

"Though your tragedy will not do, my dear Fred, yet you ought to be most highly gratified; for, its reception has proved, that you have more *real friends* than any other man in London."

Mr. Harris' prognostication was perfectly correct. On the third night, *Eloisa* was withdrawn, for ever. Not so Miles Peter Andrews' epilogue, which met with considerable success, and was afterwards frequently spoken, by Mrs. Mattocks, at the end of "*Such things are,*"

and other plays. It alluded to the usual, important *dressy* preparations on the part of the civic masters, and misses, for the Lord Mayor's ball; which, that year, was stopped by the death of the Princess Amelia. The line which used to excite the shouts, as much of mischief, perhaps, as of merriment, was;

"Down came the order to suspend the ball!"

The third night of *Eloisa*, was reserved for the author's benefit. At that time, the usual charge for the expenses of the house, was one hundred pounds. As soon as the play had terminated, unable longer to restrain my anxiety, I rushed into the treasury, to learn the extent of my profits. After waiting a considerable time, I was informed with all due solemnity, that the total receipt of the house, was one hundred, and eight pounds; exactly, *eight pounds* more than the charge; which, being deducted, I pocketed the overplus, and withdrew from the treasury, somewhat doubtful whether I should consider the drama, a good, or a bad profession.

On my return into the front of the house, I there saw (for the first time, *off* the stage,) the celebrated Charles Macklin,—that astonishing old man, who was even then, I should conceive,

nearly ninety years of age. He was in conversation with the late Mr. White, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, who introduced me to the veteran, as the successful author of *Werter*, and, of *Eloisa*.

"Successful, indeed, Sir!" said I, at the same time producing the receipt. "For see, I have gained exactly *eight pounds*, by two tragedies!"

"And very good pay too, Sir," gruffly replied my orthodox patriarch. "So go home, and write two more tragedies, and if you gain four pounds by each of them, why, young man, the author of Paradise Lost, will be a *fool* to you."

I think, I need not add, that I never again applied to this modern Aretin, to sympathize with me in any deficiency in my theatrical remunerations.

When I returned home, and shewed the receipt to the family, my father said, that it was quite adequate to my deserts, and hoped I should now finally abandon so ridiculous a profession. My mother, and my aunt, were considerably disappointed; but Jack, who had lost money by his flight to Parnassus, and Dick, who had never received a single brief, since he had been called to the bar, considered eight pounds by no means a contemptible

remuneration. Both therefore cheered, and encouraged me, exclaiming,

"Never mind, Fred, it is a very fine profession."

Whether this proved to be the case will be seen hereafter. Thus, commenced, and thus, terminated, my brief tragic career.

CHAP. IX.

FAMILY DISTRESS, AND CONSEQUENT TOUR TO SWITZERLAND.

"Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a DUN,
Horrible monster, hated by gods, and men,
To my ærial citadel ascends!"

PHILLIPS.

"

My father, owing to the kind assistance he had received from several of his old friends, particularly, from Mr. Halliday, the banker, and Mr. Jefferies, a leading merchant in the city, had managed to continue a doubtful struggle with his pecuniary difficulties, until the present period, the commencement of the year 1787. In addition, however, to his own private

debts, he now began to suffer more and more from the losses he had sustained by Sayre's misfortunes, and by the ruinous state of his property in Dominica.

Yet, though my father saw the crisis of his affairs, now rapidly approaching, and felt conscious that all his old efforts would be vainly employed to delay it for another six months, he never once lost either his courage, or his spirits. I well remember that, when any of us desponded, he would say, "Something must be done!"—or, when, after the loud, threatening, single knock, (of which we had generally eight, or ten every day,) the servant entered with the usual message, that "another man was below insisting on payment," my father would invariably reply with the greatest coolness,

"If you can say any thing pleasant, Sir, do —if not, leave the room."

My mother, at this period, absolutely wanting a few pounds to settle the common, current expenses of the house, applied to my father. But he only shook his head, and muttered,

"Where, where, am I to get them?"

"Oh," my mother replied, "for so small a sum, I really think you need not scruple to ask Lord Effingham."

"Nonsense!" answered my father, "ask Lord Effingham for ten or twenty pounds—tease him about trifles! no." And, before my mother had had time to express her wonder, at this sudden influx of independent feeling, he added, smiling, "Perhaps, I shall pay his Lordship the compliment of reserving him, for a *great occasion.*"

About a month, after this conversation, returning one Saturday night from Sadler's Wells, the street door, to my great surprise, was opened by old faithful nurse, Morgan; who, having lived with us above thirty years, and having always proved herself, one of the most faithful, and disinterested of human beings, was then regarded by the family, less as a servant, than as a friend. Seizing my hand, and bursting into tears, the affectionate creature informed me, that one of my father's creditors, having issued a writ of execution, bailiffs were at that very moment in the house; and that my poor mother, was alone, in her bed-room, awaiting in extreme anxiety, my return, as my father, and all the rest of the family, were at Southbarrow.

I immediately rushed up stairs, and in her room, found my mother; who, being totally in-

capable of raising even ten pounds, towards the payment of a debt of upwards of three hundred pounds, I saw no chance of ridding the house of our troublesome visitors, and began to lament the necessity, of passing the whole of Sunday with them. To this, nurse rejoined, and truly rejoined, that, if in my mother's shattered state of health, this latter circumstance happened to her, it might be productive of the most fatal results; and advised me, therefore, to go immediately to Mr. Armstrong's, the officer, in Cary-street, state the afflicting case, and throw myself on his generosity.

I luckily found Armstrong at home, and he having, on several occasions, received obligations from my father, and having no fear of losing his money, by waiting till the following Monday, granted my request without hesitation, and gave me a short note to his followers; which, presenting to them on my return, they walked out of the house, as I walked into it.

My poor mother, and Morgan, wept from joy; and after jointly moralizing on the world's vicissitudes, on the folly of procrastination, and on the merit of surmounting pecuniary difficulties by industry, and prompt retrenchment, we all parted for the night, old nurse vowing, that if nobody else would assume the office of ad-

viser, she, herself, would shortly speak her mind to my father.

On the Monday, the family returned, and my father, vociferating about liberty, and an Englishman's house being his castle, &c. wondered, that whilst there remained a poker amongst the furniture, I, or any body, had permitted so outrageous an invasion. During his highest flight, a messenger arrived from Armstrong; immediately restored to his senses, and the commonplace of life, my father borrowed the three hundred pounds of Mr. Jefferies, and the debt was discharged. Not so, however, other debts and other costs; his difficulties daily increased; yet, still my father did not, or would not, see his danger, continually evading all remonstrances by the usual phrases, "*Carpe diem*"—"Banish sorrow till to-morrow," and "Am I the first man who has lost thousands?" usually tagging these dangerous maxims, with "Come, you must keep up your spirits, boys—Jack, ring the bell, and order another bottle of madeira."

Faithful old Morgan, who, as before stated, was replete with the necessity of immediately commencing the economical system, one day, on the additional madeira being ordered, rushed into the room, full of real *heart*, but also of

wild Welsh passion, and, to our utter surprise, openly remonstrated with my father on his imprudence. She implored him, for his own sake, if not for ours, to commence an immediate diminution of his expenses, and to meet his present difficulties, by living within his income. "You are not comfortable, now," she added, "I know you are not. Try then, the wise and prudent plan; you will be directly better satisfied with yourself, and in the end you will satisfy everybody, and I shall live to see you all once more happy!"

My father replied in his usual style—

"If you can say anything pleasant, do—if not, you had better quit the room. Jack, ring again for the madeira."

"You *will* have it then, Sir?"

My father returned a commanding nod.

"There is the key then, Sir," rejoined Morgan, "but *another* must fetch what you require; I have shared in your prosperity for more than thirty years, so I will not be accessary to your ruin; nor to the ruin of my mistress, nor to that, of these dear boys, all of whom I have nursed, and love as dearly as my own. You may get another housekeeper, Sir, far more useful, but, never will you find one, half so attached, to you; and though, from this

hour, I do not expect to see any of you again, I say—God for ever bless you all!"

Then, her eyes streaming with tears, and almost fainting under extreme agitation, the kind, affectionate creature, tottered from the room.

I do not know how my father looked, or how my brothers looked, but I know, that when I was able to cast my eyes around, the key remained, untouched, on the spot where old nurse had placed it. At length, my father arose, and exclaimed—

"Excellent old creature, she is right, and I consider myself personally wronged by the family, not one of whom, has had either the courage, or the candour, to speak fairly, and boldly to me before."

My father then followed, thanked her, and instead of quitting the family, she remained in it, till the day of her death; an event, which did not occur, till nearly three and twenty years afterwards.

The long talked of retrenchment, now actually commenced; but, was suddenly checked, after a few weeks continuance, by the announcement of the death of Mr. C. Purdon, in the daily papers.

My father, having insured this gentleman's

life for five thousand pounds, and having, amidst all difficulties, contrived to pay regularly on the policy, now felt secure of receiving a large ready money supply, and being thereby enabled, to use his own phrase, "to find time to turn himself about."

The next day, therefore, he sent to the Insurance Office for the money; when, as usual, they demanded the burial certificate. Of this, my father, in his hurry, had not thought; but he replied, that it should be immediately procured, and forwarded to them, as Mr. Purdon had died at Paddington. Thither I was sent; but neither there, nor in several other places, where we were induced by different reports to make inquiry, could we succeed in gaining the slightest intelligence, concerning either his death, or his burial.

While we were all in this distressed state, feeling as if this large sum (of which a few days before we had deemed ourselves perfectly secure) was now totally lost to us for ever, we heard that it was currently reported among his friends, that Mr. Purdon had been accidentally drowned in the Thames. But where? In what part? My father therefore, catching at a straw, had a part of the Thames dragged, but with-

out the slightest success. The usual mode of discovering burial as well as baptismal registers, was then immediately adopted—but not any information was received.

At length, when further search or inquiry appeared hopeless of success, we were informed, with a great degree of certainty, that Mr. Purdon died in some part of France, and that a Mr. Newell, an Englishman residing at Paris, knew the exact spot, where he was interred; but even, if we failed in receiving satisfactory information from this gentleman, we should be sure of obtaining it from Sir Francis Vincent, then residing at Berne, and an intimate friend of the deceased.

On these data, my father was determined speedily to act. "The foreign post," said he, "is both slow, and uncertain—expedition must be our motto—so, as you, Fred, so well executed your last continental mission, I must employ you on the present one. Be brisk, therefore, pack up this evening, and start to-morrow."

My aunt, who had long been most anxious to visit the Continent, and "see its sights," requested that she might be permitted to accompany me; and nobody opposing her, we started

together, from Southbarrow, in an old post-chaise of my father's, on a

TOUR THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND SAVOY,

IN

1787.

But, before I commence an account of it, as I hope we are to travel in company, it will be necessary to make my reader, (my fair one, especially,) acquainted with the person of my aunt. She was then about thirty years of age, of a gay, cheerful disposition, and though, not *decidedly* beautiful, was a most interesting *brunette*. She dressed well, talked well, and though our bill on Perigord the banker, was on the small scale, yet, like my father, always taking the bright side, she determined to make the most of it.

With these intentions, on our arrival at Paris, for I will not dwell a second time on the hacknied intermediate space, we drove to one of the first hotels in the city, the Hotel d'York.

Here, at night, I stepped from a cold, poverty stricken, naked brick floor, into a lofty canopied

bed, decorated with hangings of crimson satin, superb ornaments, and mouldings of gold, and brilliant looking-glasses, the whole displaying the French taste, in two words—"splendid discomfort," or, as Tighe says, "gilt, and bemired."

After breakfast, we proceeded to execute our mission, and asked the waiter whether he knew where a Mr. Newell lived. He could not inform us, but added, that by making inquiry, at the *restaurateurs* frequented by the English, he should easily be enabled to learn the gentleman's direction. Desiring him to lose no time, and promising him an *ecu*, if he procured it by the dinner hour, I and my aunt quitted the hotel, to view the Parisian lions.

On our return, our messenger exultingly informed us, that he had not only discovered the gentleman's abode, but seen the gentleman himself; by whom he was desired to say, that he would have the pleasure of waiting on us, during the course of the evening. We cheerfully gave our informer his promised reward; and having commenced our dinner, awaited in the utmost impatience and anxiety, the arrival of the important and obliging stranger.

The door opened, and he appeared. He was not a particularly handsome man, though

youthful, and of a most prepossessing appearance.

"Take a glass of wine, Sir," I exclaimed, at the same time, filling one, and offering it to him.

"Your health, Sir, and that lady's," he replied, bowing politely to my lively relative, with an expression of sudden interest.

True to the attributes of her sex, my fair companion quickly discovered the impression she had made.

"Pray—" she said, and after a short pause, added, "have you long left England?"

"Only a year, Madam," he rejoined; "but it has appeared to me a very, very long one; for, I derive neither gratification nor amusement, from the generality of French society."

"Then you wish, Sir, to return to your native land?"

"O that I could, Madam," he replied, "but if circumstances did not——" he stopped, and sighing, finished his glass.

Seeing that the original subject was completely lost in this extraneous matter, (a case of too frequent occurrence, both in public and private controversy,) and, that nobody seemed inclined to recur to it, after another short

pause, without preface, I brought it, at once, on the tapis.

"We are sorry, Mr. Newell, extremely sorry to trouble you, but the fact is ——"

He stared, and seemed about to speak. After a momentary pause, I resumed my conversation.

"My father, Mr. Newell, having insured Mr. Purdon's life, for a considerable sum, and being positively informed that he died in France, and that you know the exact spot where he was buried, I ——"

"I, Sir!" he answered, in utter astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Newell, and as we came from London, wholly for the purpose of receiving from you information, so essential to the interests of our family, I hope ——".

Rising abruptly, he said,

"Sir," in the first place, my name is not Newell, but *Nowell;* in the second place, of the very existence of the gentleman you have mentioned, I was in total ignorance, until the present moment; and, in the third place, I am a member of the medical profession, who being informed by your servant, that my attendance was immediately required, at the Hotel d'York, I told him, that I would follow him, the moment

I had dismissed the patients, then present, and accordingly hastened hither, expecting, it is true, to be examined concerning a dying case, though certainly not, as to a *dead* one. But, as I suspect, from his excessive alacrity, and eagerness, that you promised your messenger a reward, in the event of his success, my only wonder now is, that he should ever have taken the trouble to discover a name, so similar to *Newell*, as mine."

Though, as may be safely supposed, our disappointment on hearing this speech was by no means inconsiderable, yet, it was greatly augmented, when, he informed us, that he did not think there was any person resident in Paris, of the name, we sought. However, he added that he would make every possible inquiry, and let us know the result, on the following morning.

As he took his leave of my fellow traveller, they both "looked unutterable things;" I then returned him my thanks for his politeness, and with a low bow, he quitted the room.

The consequence of this interview was, that though we gained by it no news of the right gentleman, Mr. *Newell*, we commenced, and continued, during our short stay at Paris,

an intimacy with the *wrong* gentleman, Mr. *Nowell.*

In the evening, my aunt, and I proceeded to the Opera, where, we saw Beaumarchais' *Folle Journée,* acted for the hundredth time. Molé, though then sixty, looked and performed the *Count* admirably; and the delightful impression made upon my mind, by the acting of Contat in *Susanne,* can never be effaced. She combined, with the ease and elegance of the present Countess of Derby, all the rich, natural humour of Mrs. Jordan:—

> "The force of nature could no further go,
> To make a third, she join'd the former two."

The next night we visited the Théatre Italien, and saw Dugazon perform *Matilda,* in *Richard Cœur de Lion*; and so potent were the effects produced by her singing and acting, that I know not whether Gretry or Sedaine, was most indebted to this fascinating actress.

Of the French tragedians I can say scarcely anything, having only once witnessed their performance; when, during the whole evening, with the exception of their *outré* acting, the only

circumstance which struck me, as in the least remarkable, was, that, at the close of one of the longest and most insipid speeches, (which, in my opinion, was declaimed even more prosingly and insipidly, than it was written,) I saw the hands and eyes of more than half the pit, raised towards the ceiling, and heard them exclaim, in a tone of enthusiastic ecstacy—

"*C'est magnifique!—c'est trop!—c'est!—Oh ciel!*"

Mr. Nowell, (who had been for some time medical adviser to the deputy governor of the Bastile, and on terms of intimacy with him,) being required to attend him during the course of the following day, persuaded us to accompany him. The exterior of this formidable fortress and prison, was so hideous and appalling, that I almost felt, as I passed over the draw-bridge, I beheld the light of day, for the last time. As we advanced, our awe increased; till, at last, expecting not only to hear the groans of the dying, but to see the spectres of the dead, we were agreeably surprised, on entering the court-yard, to find all completely silent and calm.

Though we were not allowed to see much of the interior, (and, in course, not one of the state prisoners,) the deputy-governor, a most polite, obliging, and apparently a most humane

man, politely conducted us into the chamber, where the celebrated personage with the IRON MASK had been confined for so many years. Here, we were much interested by an examination of the very chair on which this unfortunate victim, and reputed twin-brother of Louis the Fourteenth, used constantly to sit; as also, by the various characters and signs scratched, or drawn, by him, on the wall, for the purpose of amusement, or, of preserving a calculation of the duration of his miserable captivity.

We also saw among other apartments, those, in which, Voltaire and Marmontel had been confined. Mine, and my aunt's, curiosity, and questions to the deputy-governor, on these, and other subjects, were endless. Confidentially, who really was the man with the *iron mask?* If *Monsieur* did not know, the governor, the Marquis de Launay must? How many prisoners had been put to the torture since he had been in office?—and how many had been starved?—and how many had been strangled?—and how many were at this moment in this horrid abyss?

The deputy-governor shook his head, and continued silent; but, after a short apology from Mr. Nowell, for our want of reflection, he smiled and replied—

"I see you think, as half France thinks, that hundreds of state prisoners are now immured within our loathsome dungeons, not only suffering from the loss of liberty, but, from the additional horrors of torture and starvation. However, the fact is, that M. de Launay has, at this moment, only *eight* prisoners under his care; and, if you could ask them how they are treated, they would tell you, that they had food, fire, and were well lodged; also, permission daily to enjoy an hour's air and exercise on the ramparts; and, finally, so anxious is the governor to soften their lots, that they are convinced he suffers, to see them suffer."

When it is recollected, that this statement was made but two years previously to the 14th of July, 1789; when, the Bastile was demolished by the ferocious perseverance and courage of a revolutionary mob, who only discovered *five* prisoners, there can be but little doubt of its veracity. But, as a further corroboration of the lieutenant-governor's testimony, it is only necessary to refer to the registers of the Bastile, published in 1789, by the *rebels themselves;* where, it is stated that only *three hundred* prisoners had been confined in that gloomy abode, during the lapse of *three centuries;* whereas, during eighteen months of Robespierre's

reign, two hundred and fifty thousand families were enclosed in state prisons. It may also be added, that before the expiration of the first five years of Buonaparte's government, the Temple alone had contained, *nine thousand five hundred* prisoners of both sexes.*

"VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!"

On the following evening, I saw Diderot's *Pere de Famille* performed on an entirely novel plan. The dialogue was given by actors behind the scenes; while those on the stage, by corresponding gestures, endeavoured to pass themselves for the real speakers. The effect was singular, but by no means, either satisfactory, or pleasing. The same attempt, it will be remembered, was lately made in a London theatre, and was equally unsuccessful.

After passing ten days at Paris, running the usual rounds, and pursuing pleasure so rapidly, that "panting time toiled after us in vain," we began to turn our thoughts towards Sir Francis Vincent, and towards Berne.

Early in the morning, therefore, of July the

* Les nouvelles à la main, Primaire, An. XIII.

14th, after a tender parting between my aunt and Mr. Nowell, who only consoled themselves with the hope of a speedy re-union in Paris, we started for Switzerland, and chose the Dijon road. The real cause of this unusual choice was, that, being still enamoured of the name of *Eloisa,* and having made eight pounds by Rousseau's, I thought, as a man of common gallantry, I could do no less than employ them in the attempt to gain a sight of the tomb of the real *Eloisa,* by a *pilgrimage to the Paraclet.*

The first night, we slept at Provins; a town, that, the landlord of our hotel informed us, was not only famous for its excellent roses, (of which they made a delicious perfume and preserve,) but, for many other curiosities, all equally extraordinary and interesting.

However, thank fortune, we had arrived too late, and left Provins too early, to be dragged about to see either dull churches, ruined castles, mines, mountains, and manufactories, or remains of *ancient Rome,* fabricated in *modern France.* But, unfortunately, my companion was of a very different opinion, and was so fond of sights, that, on our arrival (sometime afterwards) at Lyons, dreading that she would delay all further progress, till she had seen those far-

famed wonders, the cathedral's clock, and Marc Antony's aqueduct, I induced the waiter, by a bribe, to assure her, that the former had been *stolen*, and the latter *washed away*.

Leaving Provins at four o'clock the following morning, we arrived at Nogent-sur-Seine, shortly after five. "Here we are!" quoth I, triumphantly; and immediately ordered post horses for the Paraclet. The postilion stared, hesitated, and then replied, that the next regular stage was Granges. "*A la bonne heure*," I replied, "regular stages for regular travellers—*my* next stage is the Paraclet." The man shook his head and then walked away, adding, that I had better see his master, before I proceeded.

But impatient, *Eloisa* mad, I could not endure even momentary delay; so, descending from the carriage, and rapidly mounting the stairs of the inn, I soon found myself by the landlord's bed-side. Shaking the unfortunate sleeper (who would have slept with the seven Arabians and their dog for a wager) rather roughly, he at length awakened; and rubbing his great eyes, and opening his wide mouth to an awful extent, in half-a-dozen yawns, he exclaimed—

"*Diable! qu'est ce que vous voulez donc!*"—and

then added, after a deliberate examination of me from head to foot, "*Monsieur?*"

"Horses directly for the Paraclet," I replied.

"*Eh bien!—mais pourquoi?—Madame l' Abbesse ne vous permettra pas meme de passer les portes du couvent—non, jamais.*"

"That is my affair, *mon ami*," I replied; "but if you will put *on* your horses to my carriage, I will put *on* something to your regular charge, which shall more than sufficiently compensate to you, for the *irregularity* of their destination."

"*Finisson, finissons, vous avez raison partout, Milord,*" said my accordant postmaster, hastily throwing on a large half military cloak, and descending.

My *sop* having completely tamed my *Cerberus*, the whole transaction was speedily closed; and after a half hour's drive, we approached the wood, where Abelard is reported to have first taken up his abode, when he quitted the monastery of St. Denis; in which place he had long been detained against his consent. His life being threatened, he fled into Champagne; and on the death of the abbot of St. Denis, his principal persecutor, he obtained permission to live monastically where he pleased.

Accordingly, he built in this forest, a small oratory, which he called the Paraclet.

Eloisa says, that, when Abelard first arrived there, the forest was only the resort of banditti and wild beasts; but, when it was once known that Abelard was again free, so many lovers of science followed him, that, before the end of the first year, the number of his scholars exceeded six hundred; none of whom feared to expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather, without other shelter than wretched huts, or other food than roots and water, provided that they might enjoy the benefit of the lectures of this famous professor.

As the learned colony increased, both in wealth and numbers, they became dissatisfied with the humble oratory Abelard had raised, and built a huge edifice of wood and stone, that they named after the Paraclet, the Holy Virgin.

Thus, was originally erected this celebrated convent; which Abelard, after a lapse of some years gave to Eloisa, with the accordance of Pope Innocent the Second. Abelard then retired to Cluni, and in the year 1142, died at St. Marcellus, a priory dependent on the Abbey of Cluni. Eloisa, when the violence of her grief had abated, requested permission to have

his body removed to the Paraclet; which was not only granted, but the Abbot himself accompanied it thither. The nuns being assembled in the chapel, with Eloisa at their head, the service commenced, and when terminated, the body was raised from the bier, and conveyed to the vault. The venerable Abbot of Cluni having pronounced the supplication for the soul of the departed, dust was thrown upon the grave, and the tomb closed on Abelard, for ever.

But, to my pilgrimage. Leaving the wood, we entered an open country, somewhat resembling the Dorsetshire Downs, which not extending above a mile, at its termination we ascended a small hill, and from its summit beheld the long desired spectacle.

The Paraclet lay before us. Its lofty spire, gothic towers, high, conventual walls, and gate, certainly, gave it a grand monastic appearance; though its surrounding domain consisting of above two hundred well cultivated acres, its fine, large, walled garden, well stocked, stack-yard, barn, dairy, cattle, and all other agricultural appurtenances, made the whole, bear a greater resemblance to a chateau, than, to my idea of an ancient and celebrated

convent. The first glance, however, served to prove that the whole of Pope's fine description of it was ideal; for, there were neither "rugged rocks, nor falling floods."

Shortly after sun-rise, stopping on the lawn, before the great gate, opening into a quadrangular court, we ordered the postboy to ring the porter's bell. He obeyed, and had I been in a besieged town, and aroused from a profound sleep, by the sound of the alarum, I could not have been much more agitated. I felt as if this, were *really* "the most awful moment of my life;" and casting a glance on my fair companion, I discovered that her countenance expressed an almost equal share of curiosity, and anxiety.

The gates, "those lovely gates," at length opened; and an old porter, clad in the monastic habit, and apparently almost as much terrified as ourselves, (though from a different motive,) with considerable hesitation, advanced towards the carriage.

When, at a moderate distance, in a tremulous tone, he inquired what could be our business at so early an hour.

We answered, as may be supposed, in a corresponding tone, that, having travelled all the way from England, chiefly, for the purpose

of visiting the tomb of *Eloisa*, we hoped that the Abbess would grant to us her permission to enter.

"*C'est impossible, Monsieur,*" he replied, and tottering, he proceeded to return towards the gates; but, springing from the carriage, I gently detained him; then, having hastily written a few explanatory, or probably confusing, lines (as they were no doubt in bad French,) on the back of a card, I implored him to deliver it, to the Abbess.

After much hesitation, he at length consented, but, left us with a look, which did not promise much prospect of success; and made me fear that I should, after all exertions, be compelled to return to England with no other reward, than that, of being able to boast, that I had *left my card* at the Paraclet.

After a few minutes of dreadful suspense, he returned, beckoned the postboy, threw open the gates, and we drove triumphantly into the quadrangle of the Paraclet!

I was so absorbed in ecstacy, that I recollect nothing which occurred, until I found myself, with my companion leaning on my arm in a parlour, hung with gloomy tapestry, and decorated with a half-length portrait of a beautiful female,

and two prints of Abelard, and Eloisa, engraved after Angelica Kauffman, by Bartolozzi.

The door opened, and the Abbess, the Comtesse de Roucy, of the house of Montmorency, entered the room.* She was attired, according to the rules of the order of Benedictines, (to which the Abbey belonged) in black, with the cross, rosary, and a scarlet stole, reaching from her neck to her feet. She seemed about thirty years of age, and could fairly boast of possessing that assemblage of graces which result from a fine form, a handsome countenance, and a majestic manner.

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* The Abbesses of this convent were usually selected from among the first, and most ancient families in France. There is a catalogue of them from the first foundation of the Abbey in 1130, down to the year 1615, in Andrew du Chesne's History of the Misfortunes of Abelard. But, according to Bayle, a curious circumstance is omitted in it, which is, that towards the close of the seventeenth century, a Protestant Abbess was permitted to continue for a time at the head of the *Paraclet*. This name, as has been stated, originated with Abelard, but was perpetuated by Eloisa, who supported the propriety of the appellation, against those, who asserted, that it was not lawful to consecrate churches to the Holy Spirit. It was in commemoration of Eloisa's knowledge of Greek, that the nuns of the Paraclet were compelled by their rules to perform the service, once every year, in that language.

She desired us to be seated; and then, asked whether we had literally travelled all the way from England, merely to visit the tomb of Eloisa. Fearful of receiving my *congé*, if I abated a jot of my pretensions to admittance, I replied in the affirmative. The conversation proceeded, during which, gradually gathering resolution, I ventured to allude to the Tragedy. The Abbess smiled, and pointing to the picture, said,

"There is an original picture of your heroine."

I gazed on it with rapture, and inquired whether it were not esteemed a very fine resemblance?

"I believe, that it is so considered," replied the Abbess, with some surprise; "but, is not *Eloisa*, even more beautiful, than Mr. Pope's poem has induced the most enthusiastic of you English, to imagine her?"

By this time, the living Abbess had, imperceptibly made such havoc with the dead Abbess, in the estimation of my youthful fickle tendencies, that I declined answering, hesitated, and looked away.

At this moment, a little girl, and, as we were afterwards informed, a niece of Madame de Roucy, entered, followed by the porter, who bore in his hand a large bunch of keys.

"Come," said the Abbess, "and I will lead you through the cloisters to the Chapel;—a place, to which, during my Abbiciate, only two strangers have been admitted, and each, with the same passport as your own,—the name of an Englishman."

The porter now unlocking the gate that communicated with the interior; we entered the cloisters, and were about to ascend the steps which led to the Chapel, when the Abbess, suddenly pausing, stopped, and thus addressed us,

"I hope you will not resemble my last English visitor, and express a vehement dissatisfaction, because, I can only shew you the tomb, and not the *bodies*, of these celebrated lovers."

All reply was totally prevented, by the awe, delight, astonishment, and gratitude, with which I was seized, on entering the Chapel. It was a fine, handsome structure, in the Gothic style of architecture, with a nave, and side aisles, resembling, in many respects, our magnificent, and unique specimen of its kind, Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

The first object which attracted my attention, was a young nun, kneeling before the altar. Such was the ardour and devotion of this enthusiast, that, though almost in contact with

beings of the world, and these beings, English, (to her *raræ aves*, whose strange language, and dress alone, would have excited the most dormant curiosity in social life) yet, during the whole time we remained there, she literally, never cast one worldly lingering look around; "So sweet is zealous contemplation."

The next object which attracted our observation, was the tomb of the late Abbess, aunt to the Duke of Rochefoucauld, and sister to the Cardinal. Madame de Roucy informed us, that her predecessor was an Englishwoman, descended from the Stafford and Lifford families; and was proceeding in her relation, when suddenly turning my eye to the left, I discovered a large lamp, burning over a handsome black marble slab, surrounded by a gilt railing.

Filled with imaginary and real admiration, I exclaimed, in a voice, half interrogative, half decisive, "*Eloisa!*" The Abbess inclining her head assented; and then, my pre-determined enthusiasm, so rapidly increased, that though, like the worshippers of Thomas à Becket, and other saints, I did not exactly fall on my knees, I could scarcely retain the perpendicular position. Again, and again, I read the Latin epitaph, engraved on the tomb, till

the whole was impressed on my recollection. The following, is nearly a literal translation—

HERE, AND
UNDER THE SAME STONE, REPOSE
PETER ABELARD, THE FOUNDER,
AND HELOISA, THE FIRST ABBESS,
OF THIS MONASTERY.
ALIKE IN DISPOSITION, AND IN LOVE,
THEY WERE ONCE UNITED IN THE SAME PURSUITS,
THE SAME FATAL MARRIAGE, AND THE SAME REPENTANCE;
AND NOW IN ETERNAL HAPPINESS,
WE TRUST THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED.
PETER ABELARD,
DIED,
ON THE TWENTY-FIRST OF APRIL,
ONE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED, AND FORTY-TWO.
HELOISA,
THE SEVENTEENTH OF MAY,
ONE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED, AND SIXTY-THREE.

I gazed and gazed, till I almost fancied I saw the black marble yawn, and *Eloisa* in her shroud, ascend from her sepulchre; and at the same time, as if supernatural agency had already commenced its operation on me, I felt that an imperceptible, and mysterious power, was gradually drawing me towards the tomb.

At this moment, to my surprise, and to the utter dispersion of my ghostly illusions, the Abbess said, in a commanding tone, "*Be quiet, Nannette!*"

Directing my attention towards the cause of the reproof, I discovered, that the Abbess' little niece, had untied the strings which attached my leather breeches to my knee, and was gently drawing me towards her, as she played with them; thus, causing all my sensations of supernatural attraction. Here, was the "*ludere cum sacris*," in the fullest extent of its signification; and the strong, opposing contrast between the devout nun, and the sportive niece, the marble monument, and my leather habiliments, inclined me to imitate Du Sart's boor, and cry with one eye, while I laughed with the other.

The convent bell ringing for matins, we were requested to return into the parlour, where the Abbess was again most communicative, and obliging.

"The Englishman," she said, "who presented me with those engravings, after Angelica Kauffman, asked me whether it were not a positive fact, that, when the vault was opened to receive the body of Eloisa, her husband, Abelard did not arise, *publicly embrace her*,

and then again *lie down*.* Pray," she continued, "am I to be allowed to infer from the few specimens I have beheld, that your whole nation is remarkable for credulity? You must not be offended, for you may remember, my specimens are only *three*. The first, was mad enough to expect to see the *bodies* of Abelard and Eloisa, after they had been buried above five hundred years; the second, was mad enough to expect that I would confirm the veracity of a false miracle; and——"

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* Bayle says, "this is nothing, for there are many instances recorded of similar cases; and then with the utmost *naïveté*, proceeds, ex. gra. to repeat, what Gregorius Turonensis relates concerning two married persons, who always remained virgins, and whom the inhabitants of the country, ycleped, "The two Lovers!" The wife died first. The husband, during her interment, said with enthusiasm, "I thank Heaven! that I have returned this treasure, in the same state of virgin purity, in which it was graciously committed to me."

The dead wife hearing this thanksgiving, raised herself, and smiling with a sweet expression, exclaimed—

"Why dost thou, love, boast of a thing that was *not required* of thee?"

"The husband died a little after, and was buried over against his spouse; but on the morrow, they were *both found in the same grave!*" Bayle then concludes with this learned decision: "That it is not *thus*, the *depositum* should have been preserved; it was not restoring it well, to *render* it as it was *received*."

" And the third," interrupted I, hastily, " was more mad than either of the preceding; for, he selected as the heroine of his tragedy, the deceased Abbess, when the living one, as far surpasses her, as"—Here I was stopped short in my rhapsodical flight, by a look from its object, expressing her conviction, that I was not, certainly, the *least insane* of the *three*.

At length, involuntarily forced to perceive, that we detained her from her duties, I slowly arose, and said, " That on our return from Switzerland, I hoped, Madame, would allow us the pleasure of seeing her again?" She curtsied, made no reply, and quitted the room, bestowing on us, however, a look, so interesting and so benignant, that it increased, rather than assuaged, my delirium.

Thus, ended my trip to the Paraclet; and unlike other trips, not altogether in *eternal hope*, and *perpetual disappointment*.

Having departed from the regular track, we travelled seventy-two miles, over wretched cross roads, without either rest or refreshment; for, though we did not again find post-masters, either curious or scrupulous, concerning the destination of their horses, we found many, who only offered us a kind of horrid black bread, that served as principal provender, for

both themselves and their animals. Preferring to this, even the cameleon's food, we urged the postboys to their greatest speed, which, being by no means immoderate, we did not enter Dijon, till nearly eight in the evening; when, we were more than half dead with hunger and fatigue.

The next night, we reached Dole; and the following evening, arrived at the foot of the Jura mountains; where, the post-master, compelled us to add another pair of horses to our carriage. In spite, however, of the addition, partly owing to the regular, and rather steep ascent, but, principally owing to the laziness and badness of our drivers, and cattle, by one o'clock in the morning, we had not proceeded nine miles.

My fellow traveller became so exhausted, by the continued fatigue, that I was compelled to inquire of the post-boy, whether there were no place near, where we might receive even a temporary relief. He replied, that there was an excellent one, within a quarter of a mile of the road; and immediately drove us to a convent. Ringing the bell, a monk, of a most humane, and venerable appearance, advanced, and literally almost supplied our wants, before we could name them; so stored, was he, "with the

milk of human kindness." He presented us with a bottle of old Burgundy, a horn cup, and a small basket of excellent sweet biscuits. Then, giving us his benediction, this real professor of charity departed, positively refusing the smallest pecuniary remuneration.

Now, without being personal, there *are* countries, where, if two strangers, at one o'clock in the morning, rang the bell of a lonely country house, to request refreshment, instead of obtaining it, they would, *perhaps*, be dismissed with contempt, or detained all night, as disturbers of the public peace.

We continued our slow and tiresome ascent, till exhausted, and doubtful whether we should ever reach the summit, from very dole, we at last, fell asleep. But, we were shortly afterwards awakened by the postboy, loudly tapping the window. Rubbing our eyes and yawning, we proceeded harshly to inquire into the cause of this sudden disturbance; when, our disturber terminated our chagrin, as quickly as it had commenced, exultingly exclaiming, as he pointed to the prospect before us, "*Voila!*"

We had, at length, reached the summit of the hill, up which we had been so long toiling. It was then, about five o'clock on a delightful July morning, and the sun had already

risen. The Lake of Geneva glittering beneath us, over all its vast expanse of waters; the snow capt Alps, Glacières, and the giant-like Mont Blanc in the south; and the picturesque white cottages, fertile pasturage, lofty woods, and splendid vallies, displayed altogether, such transcendent natural beauty, that, though, as may have been observed, I was far from being a *scenery hunter*, all cockney feeling, immediately vanished, and left me so filled with pleasure, and admiration, that, for a few moments, I stood enchanted and entranced, almost believing myself in Fairy Land.

Descending the Jura mountains, somewhat more quickly than we ascended them, we soon reached the Hotel d'Angleterre, seated on the very shore of the Lake. Our finances, being in no very flourishing condition, owing to our expenses at Paris, before we alighted from our English post-chaise, we began to treat with Dejean, the landlord, for the sale of it. As Sterne says, "It must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (or seller) though only of a sorry post-chaise, views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde Park Corner, to fight a duel. For my own part," (continues Sterne) "being but a poor swordsman, and no

way a match for Monsieur, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, incident to my situation. I looked at Monsieur, through and through—eyed him as he walked along in profile—then, *en face*—thought he looked like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—cursed him by my gods—wished him at the devil:"—Such, for a time, were my feelings as to Dejean; but I suddenly acknowledged my error, and vowed he looked like an angel, while he offered me seventy louis, for my English post-chaise.

I accepted the proposal, and immediately pocketed the money; evidently no bad bargain, as in London, Hatchett and other coach-makers, had refused to give forty pounds for it, and as I should very much suspect, that, unlike its master, the value and importance of my old friend, were not increased, either by its visit to the Paraclet; or its travels among rocky, and picturesque mountains.

During breakfast, we were attended by an English waiter, a smart lad, about eighteen, and nearly as theatrically mad as myself. He told us, that he was related to an old retired comic actor on the London stages, named Phil. Harvey. This man being naturally of a melancholy disposition, after he had retired from the stage, acquired a habit of weeping, and groan-

ing, which he carried to such an extent, that when reminded by a friend, with intent to console him, that the Duke of Devonshire, still allowed him two shillings and sixpence per day, he burst into a paroxysm of grief, and cried—

"His Grace might as well make it *three shillings*. Oh, oh, oh!"

Asking the waiter whether he liked Switzerland, its scenery, and its people, he replied,

"Not at all, Sir; and amongst other reasons, because there is but one theatre in the whole thirteen dull Cantons, and even *that*, a very small shabby one, is never allowed to be open more than three months in the year. Then, Sir, as to Swiss scenery, pooh! why the Alps, Mont Blanc, and the Glacières, are always the same; but when I saw them at Drury Lane, in the last new pantomime, they not only looked better at first sight, but when Harlequin in a twinkling changed them into the Adam and Eve tea-gardens, with playing grounds for *skittles* and *bumble puppy!*——Oh! capital!—Sir, there is nothing like a playhouse for fine prospects; and when, without fatigue, and trouble, one can see all Europe, *well lighted for a shilling*, I wonder how any body can be so foolish, (no allusion to you, Sir,) as to waste both time, and money, for the chance of viewing it in dark, and bad weather,

merely from the vanity of saying you *have seen*, what very likely you *never saw*."

"Why you know a little, Mr. Eugene," cried I.

"Ah, Sir," he replied importantly, "and so would you also, if like me, you had been able to get behind the scenes, and peep into the green room."

"Why, you young monkey," said my aunt, "you are now talking to the author of two most successful tragedies, *Werter*, and *Eloisa*."

From this moment his respect, and attention, became perfectly ridiculous. To none did he bow so low, nor add, "Sir," with such profound respect; and he would have answered our bell prior to a prince's. At dinner hearing my aunt say, that she was so tired of Neufchatel and Parmasan cheeses, that she could no longer eat them, he hastened from the room, but speedily returned bearing on a platter, a fragment of real Cheshire.

"There," he cried with exultation, as he placed it upon the table, "and it is none the worse, Ma'am, I assure you, for having been bought in Little Russel-street, exactly opposite Drury Lane Theatre."

On the following morning, we hired a carriage, and proceeded towards Berne, leaving our

theatrical *garçon* in particularly high spirits; as, he had heard that his neighbour the Marquis of Villette, (Voltaire's heir;) intended to re-open the private theatre at Ferney, and that there was even a distant chance of himself getting an engagement.*

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* I now regret that I did not apply for admission to Voltaire's residence; "amidst whose walls," as Rousseau says, "grosser, and more disgusting adulation had been practised, than in the palace of the most craving Eastern despot." It was reported while I was in the neighbourhood, that a picture was even then to be viewed, in which, by his own command, Voltaire was represented at the age of seventy, as Dorilas, the youthful hero of his own tragedy of Merope. Another anecdote that I heard of him, was of a more amusing description. He would occasionally arise with the sun, on some fine morning, and booting himself, and placing a hunting cap on his head, he would commence a rapid, and noisy promenade along the corridors, communicating with the bed-chambers of the *petits maitres* whom his intrigues, and his reputation had attracted, and of the titled females from whom, on their first introduction to the *grand homme*, any mark of admiration short of a fit, was deemed a breach of politeness. Then, loudly blowing his horn, and smacking his whip, he would exclaim, "*A la chasse! A la chasse!*" till all had prepared themselves, and rushing from their chambers, eager for the invigorating, and exhilarating sport. Then, directing them to follow him, Voltaire would importantly lead the way to his bed-chamber, where, withdrawing the sheets, and pointing to the fleas, he would exclaim, in his stentorian voice, "*Voila, le gibier!*"

We stopped at Lausanne, and supped at the *table d'hôte;* where, my schoolfellow, Lord Paget, now the Marquis of Anglesea, sat opposite me. He seemed to wish to enter into conversation with me, and I am sure, I was more than equally anxious to chat over with him "auld lang syne;" but *Westminster pride* allowing neither of us to make the first overture, we parted, as we met, in dignified silence.

I remember that, during the three years my most pleasant and favourite school fellow, George Colman, lived in chambers close to mine in the Temple, we never spoke; and, probably, to this hour, should not have exchanged a syllable, had he not, when we met at the Westminster School anniversary, coolly, said,

"Come, Reynolds, let us toss up who speaks first."

Late the following evening we reached Berne, only two miles from which, was situated the residence of Sir Francis Vincent; the gentleman, the reader will remember, on whose information relative to the death of Mr. C. Purdon, the weal, or woe, of our family, now wholly depended.

Early the next morning, all nervousness, and anxiety, I hastened to his house, where, he

received me with great politeness; but, so impatient was I, to gain the desired intelligence, that, I am afraid, I did not meet him with an equal return. Abruptly intruding my subject, I proceeded to tell him, that I had travelled all the way from London to Berne, wholly for the purpose of learning from him, in what part of France, the late Mr. C. Purdon was buried.

"The *late* C. Purdon!" exclaimed Sir Francis, "what is he dead?"

This question, or rather, answer, left me more dead, than alive!

After a few efforts, however, I recovered myself sufficiently to mention the five thousand pounds insurance, our vain enquiries in England and Paris, the information we had received, relative to himself, and was continuing my piteous account, when he stopped me, and exclaimed,

"Is it possible, Sir, that you have travelled the whole distance from London to this place, *solely* for the purpose of seeing me on the subject you mention? Sir, though in early life I was very intimate with Mr. C. Purdon, and during the whole period of our acquaintance, I always respected him for his frank and honourable conduct, yet for some years, I have never

once *seen;* or even *heard* of him; and I am truly sorry, that on such apparently loose information, you should have proceeded on this *wild goose chace*; pray tell my old friend, your father, that I sincerely lament this most peculiarly cruel misfortune; but, when a letter, or private communication, might have—However, I will not increase your distress by censuring errors, which cannot now be remedied; but, simply add, that as long as you remain at Berne, I shall be happy to have the pleasure of seeing you, as often as it may suit your convenience."

I thanked Sir Francis, and, retiring, I returned to my inn; where communicating to my companion the unhappy result of all our wanderings, she became even more dejected than myself. However, after the real *screwing up* time, dinner, she revived a little, and advised me to support the disappointment as my father would, when he should be informed of it.

"My life on it," she added, "he will only cut some good-humoured joke on the folly of the expedition, and then exclaim, 'Come now, say something pleasant; for, these are not the first thousands I have lost, nor will they be the last I shall gain.'"

The next day, we retraced our road to Geneva; and *chemin faisant,* in spite of our failure,

with the buoyancy and inconsiderateness of youth, instead of immediately returning to England, we mutually agreed to proceed towards Savoy, in the determination of seeing Italy. Putting this sage plan into immediate execution, we journeyed over rugged, gigantic mountains, half lost, and half suffocated, in clouds and vapours, till we reached Anneci, about an hour before midnight.

Here, we literally supped on a stewed crow, garnished with black horse beans; and slept between sheets so thin and rotten, that the straw perforating their whole extent, "tickled slumber" during the livelong night.

At four, the next morning, we both arose, and finding neither carriage, horses, nor coachman ready, we demanded where, the latter slept. Being informed, we proceeded to a miserable looking hovel, and the door being closed, knocked loudly against it; but, receiving no answer, I boldly opened it, and entering a long room, discovered on the floor an infinite variety of two, and four, legged animals. Post-boys, dogs, cats, carriers, pigs, waiters, sheep, Savoyard mountebanks, Savoyard monkies, *filles-de-chambre*, children, and fleas. I loudly called my coachman, and after a desperate vocal exertion, the whole farm-yard began first

to grunt, then to stretch, and then to rise. The two last actions produced an effect too much for mortal endurance. With my finger on my nose, I retired, crying with Trinculo—

"Truly a most ancient and fish-like smell."

The following night, at Chamberri, we got no bed whatever; and our health, money, and courage failing us, on the next day, turning our backs on the land of saints, stilettos, and starvation, we directed our course towards the land of good roads, good living, and good inns. To this new, and somewhat more sensible arrangement, only one objection was proposed, viz.—that, when asked, on our return, our opinions concerning Italy, we should be compelled to confess that we had advanced, no further, than Savoy. However, I soon exposed to my aunt the futility of her fear; and the result proved the correctness of my anticipation; for, nobody ever demanded our opinions, nor troubled their heads either about us, or our tour.

On our arrival at Lyons, we took places in the Diligence for Paris: and, after suffering a stewing confinement, during four long hot days and nights, in this suffocating slow waggon, we once more entered the French capital. At the Hotel d'York, as I expected, we found Mr.

Nowell waiting to receive us; and, as the reader may *not* have expected, the conclusion of my aunt's tour, was, the acquirement of a real *living husband*, instead of the discovery of a *dead widower*. She returned with me to London; but, was speedily followed by Mr. Nowell, and in a few months afterwards, they were married. To the end of his life, her husband loved, and respected her, but, he would frequently jocularly say—

"What an escape, the *right* man, Mr. *Newell* has had."

On my return, my father complained much of those officious friends, who had thus deceived him; and then asked me, what their absurd *cock and bull* stories had cost him?—I replied by informing him of the sale of the old carriage at Geneva; and then added, that the profits had very nearly paid all our expenses. With much gratification, he patted me on the shoulder, and, though singular, it is true, that he *did* cut his jokes, on the failure of our tour, and added—

"I think, Fred, you ought to be nicknamed the unsuccessful *resurrection man*."

We heard some years afterwards, that Mr. Purdon died a natural death in the East Indies. Owing to the lapse of time, (I presume) my

father received no money from the insurance office; but, I believe, he was benefited by dividends. I never met Mr. Purdon, but I have heard my father say he was a mild, friendly, liberal man; and that, descended from an ancient family, and enabled to keep a splendid establishment, he was visited by personages of the highest rank and talent: as a proof, at his house Sheridan was first introduced to the late Duchess of Devonshire. For myself, whether Mr. Purdon be dead or alive, I have to thank him, as I hope my readers have, for a very agreeable *Tour* to *Switzerland*.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

SHACKELL, ARROWSMITH, AND HODGES, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

ERRATA IN VOL. I.

PAGE 1,2, 3, &c.	for "FREDERIC," read, "FREDERICK."
45,	for "unhesitating," read, "unperplexed."
62,	for "malcontents," read, "malecontents."
135,	for "*pour*," read, "*pur*."
155,	for "them," read, "him."
188,	for "you will be damned," read, "you are a fool."
257,	for "eight," read, "eighth."
307,	for "Siddons' *mania*," read, "Siddons' *rage*."

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